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THE  
STUDENT'S  
TOPICAL SHAKESPEARE.

THIRTY-SEVEN PLAYS,

ANALYZED AND TOPICALLY ARRANGED FOR THE USE OF CLERGYMEN,  
LAWYERS, STUDENTS, ETC.

- BY

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34  
New Edition, Revised and Enlarged.

Come and take thy choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrows. --TITUS ANDRONICUS.



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DEDICATED  
TO ALL PROFESSIONAL MEN AND  
STUDENTS,  
WHO ADMIRE THE COPIOUSNESS OF, AND SEEK TO USE IN ITS GREATEST POWER,  
THE ENGLISH TONGUE;  
ESPECIALLY TO  
THE CLERGY OF EVERY DENOMINATION,  
WHO, MORE THAN ANY OTHER BODY OF MEN,  
EMPLOY IT FOR THE  
DEFENCE OF TRUTH, VIRTUE AND  
RELIGION.





## PREFACE.

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In presenting this book to the public I feel impelled to state somewhat specifically the object I had in view in its compilation. I do not lay claim to superhuman disinterestedness. Iago's advice to Roderigo, "put money in thy purse," is by no means in my opinion a soul-damning heresy; I should only be too glad if this venture enabled me to act upon the wily Venetian's advice with unaccustomed frequency. But if the hope of pecuniary gain had been the controlling motive the book to which the labor of so many years has been devoted would never have been put in type.

The book was begun as an aid in lecturing to a college class on English literature. Its growth, and its obviously increasing value as it grew, suggested that it might perhaps be as useful to others as I had found it to be to myself.

I make no claim to being a critic of the great author whose words I have so often "rolled as a sweet morsel under my tongue;" nor do I make any pretension to be able to determine *ex cathedra* any questions of texts, or the value of various readings. In no sense do I aspire to belong to the illustrious guild of Shakespearean scholars. Antony's friend Ventidius never spoke more wisely than when he said,--

"Better leave undone than by our deed acquire  
Too high a fame."—*A. C.*, III: 1.

Hence this disclaimer. I have simply endeavored, as a plain man in a plain way, to put the thoughts of Shakespeare at the command of every ordinary English reader.

In determining what portions of our great author were unsuitable for my purpose I had, of course, to take my own judgment as my exclusive guide. My English origin and training may have made me less fastidious than I otherwise might have been. Others doubtless could have done much better, but I have done the best I could. If I am only the means of making the best of Shakespeare's sayings more generally "household words" I shall have achieved one of the great objects at which I aimed.

I beg the indulgence of Shakespearean critics in the matter of my sub-headings. They are not intended as comments on the meaning of the poet, or as in any sense fixing the specific meaning of the passages to which they are attached; they are only designed to be aids in finding any desired passage. Of course a concordance would effect this with even greater certainty, but where there is one reader with a concordance there are thousands without. To sum up what I wish to say in this connection, I have not aspired to be regarded as an acute critic, nor an erudite commentator; all my ambition has been to be recognized as a painstaking and reliable compiler.

I commenced my work with Boydell's sumptuous folios before me. I soon found that this edition was too great a rarity for popular use; I therefore laid my work

aside, and began anew. In selecting the edition to which finally I have made reference for the verification of the quotations given I was not influenced by the conviction that it was the best to be secured; I am convinced that there are many equally good, and some that are incomparably better. The editions of Richard Grant White, Hudson, Rolfe, and especially Furness's *New Variorum*, are an honor to American scholarship, and entitle these erudite men to high literary fame. These editions, however, are either only published in part, or are confined to the libraries of scholarly men; I selected therefore an edition more generally at the command of ordinary readers.

I have taken the greatest possible precaution against errors; some have, however, doubtless crept in. The last revision of the electrotyped plates revealed a few that had escaped the previous revisions. These have all been carefully corrected, and as new editions may be demanded the work of correction will still go on. In this I hope to be assisted by the suggestions of every lover of literature into whose hands the book may fall.

To facilitate the finding of certain passages they have, in some cases, been repeated under synonymical headings; in a very few instances they have been even re-repeated. This, however, instead of being a blemish may be regarded as making the book the more valuable.

To secure typographical accuracy the proof has not only been repeatedly read by myself, but it has also been subjected to a careful revision by the Rev. Edward A. Manning, whose long practice as a proof reader entitles him to be regarded as a trustworthy expert. I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to this kind and painstaking gentleman.

Inviting a manly criticism, and trusting implicitly to the generous treatment of all true *litterateurs*, I cast my Shakespearean bread upon the waters, convinced that, however imperfectly my work may have been done, the text of my great author will illumine the pathway and quicken the intellectual life of all to whom its precious treasures may come.

*Ulyss.* \* \* "No man is the lord of anything,  
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they are extended; which, like an arch, reverberates  
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat."—*T. C.*, III: 3.

HENRY J. FOX.

Boston, 1880.



## PREFACE TO NEW EDITION.



The kind and even flattering reception which has been accorded to the first edition of this work, by distinguished and scholarly men, has been an agreeable surprise to the compiler, who begs that this preface may be regarded as a grateful recognition of the same. That the volume would prove an acceptable addition to the library of the student its author never doubted; but that it should be received with a cordiality bordering on enthusiasm was as unexpected to him, as it was gratifying. It is seldom that a new edition of so large a work is so soon demanded. Four months, however, had not passed after the first edition was issued, before a new and larger edition was called for.

That there should have been in the first issue some typographical errors was inevitable. They have, however, proved to be but few, and, as far as they have been discovered, corrections have been made.<sup>1</sup> The mechanical execution has been greatly improved. Valuable addenda have also been made, including an Index to the inferior characters, as well as to some of the principal characters heretofore omitted. With the hope that it may become a standard in all our institutions of learning, a solace and an inspiration to every family in the land, "The Student's Shakespeare" is again commended to the courtesy of all admirers of the great poet, and to the daily perusal of all who aspire to be great by being familiar with the good and the true.

"*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,  
The self-same way, with more advised watch."—*M. V.*, 1: 1.

HENRY J. FOX.

<sup>1</sup> For the most important of these corrections I would here acknowledge my great indebtedness to William J. Rolfe, Esq., the distinguished Shakespearian scholar, of Cambridge, Mass., and the Rev. Alfred A. Wright, of Lynn.

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Ind., INDUCTION.      C., CHORUS.		

\*.\* Acts, Roman numerals; Scenes, Arabic numerals. After Acts and Scenes the Arabic numerals refer to the page on which the passage can be found in Knight's Johnson, Fry & Company's Royal octavo, 1861.

# THE

## STUDENT'S TOPICAL SHAKESPEARE.

### ABANDONMENT.—Acknowledged.

*Cal.* \* \* To Jove  
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession.  
*T. C.*, III: 3. 1123.

#### —By Friends.

*Eno.* \* \* Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee.  
*A. C.*, III: 11. 1566.

1 *Lord.* \* \*  
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends.  
*A. Y.*, II: 1. 414.

#### —Counseled.

*Touch.* \* \* Abandon the society of  
this female.  
*A. Y.*, V: 1. 433.

#### —Of the Unfortunate.

*Sal.* \* \*  
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;  
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.  
*R. II.*, II: 4. 699.

#### —Utter.

*Cleo.* \* \*  
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
Have buried them for prey!  
*A. C.*, III: 11. 1567.

### ABDICATION.—Offered.

*York.* Great duke of Lancaster I come  
to thee  
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with  
willing soul  
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields  
To the possession of thy royal hand:  
Ascend his throne, descending now from  
him,—  
And long live Henry, of that name the  
fourth!

*R. II.*, IV: 1. 708.

### ABHORRENCE.—Utter.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler  
toad.  
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.  
*R. III.*, I: 2. 1005.

### ABILITIES.—Disparaged.

*Men.* \* \* Your abilities are too infant-like.  
*C.*, II: 1. 1160.

#### —Great, Aggravate Wrong.

*K. Hen.* It grieves many:  
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare  
speaker,  
To nature none more bound; his training  
such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great  
teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself.  
Yet see  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once  
corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more  
ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so  
complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and  
when we,  
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not  
find  
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell.

*H. VIII.*, I: 2. 1061.

### ABILITY.—Acknowledged.

*Iago.* \* \* Sure, he fills it up with  
great ability.  
*O.*, III: 3. 1512.

#### —All, Promised.

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will  
do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.  
*O.*, III: 3. 1509.

#### —Disparaged.

*Vio.* \* \* My lean and low ability.  
*T. N.*, III: 4. 561.



## — Its Value.

*Nor.* \* \*

The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.***ABJECTNESS.—Enkindles Fury.**

*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is  
so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with  
flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!  
I am far better born than is the king;  
More like a king, more kingly in my  
thoughts:

But I must make fair weather yet a while,  
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

*H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 942.*

## — Of an Old Man.

*Reg.* O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led  
By some discretion, that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself: Therefore, I pray  
you,

That to our sister you do make return;  
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

*Lear.* Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the  
house:

“Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg,  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and  
food.”

*Reg.* Good sir, no more; these are un-  
sightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

*K. L., II: 4. 1460.***ABOMINATIONS.—Distinguishing.***Mec.* \* \* Antony, most large

In his abominations.

*A. C., III: 6. 1561.***ABSENCE.—A Debt.***Cas.* \* \*

Strike off this score of absence.

*O., III: 4. 1517.*

## — Dangerous.

*Mar.* \* \* My lady will hang thee for  
thy absence.

*T. X., I: 5. 543.*

## — Deplored.

*Cleo.* \* \*

Give me to drink mandragora,  
That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.

*A. C., I: 5. 1546.*

## — Does not Change Character.

*Cor.* Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee: and thou art  
too full

Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one  
That's yet unbruised; bring me but out at  
gate.—

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother,  
and

My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,  
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you,  
come.

While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still: and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.

*C., IV: 1. 1178.*

## — Gives License.

*K. Hen.* \* \* As 't is ever common,

That men are merriest when they are from  
home.

*H. V., I: 2. 823.*

## — Gives Transgression Opportunity.

*Lucio.* \* \* Lord Angelo dukes it well  
in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

*M. M., III: 2. 160.*

## — Injurious.

*1 Gent.* \* \* Our absence makes us  
unthrifty.

*W. T., V: 2. 615.*

## — Of a Lover Mourned.

*Val.* \* \*

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was!

*T. G., V: 4. 71.*

—Protracted, Deplored.

*Bian.* \* \*

What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

*O.*, III: 4. 1517.

—Sometimes Prudent.

*Fool.* \* \* Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it.

*K. L.*, II: 4. 1459.

—Unimproved.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope: yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths.

*C.*, I: 3. 1154.

**ABSENT.**—The, Remembrance of.

*Pro.* Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest

Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:  
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
When thou dost meet good hap: and in thy danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

*T. G.*, I: 1. 47.

**ABSTINENCE.**—Pretended. (See Fasting.)

*Duke.* \* \*

I have deliver'd to lord Angelo  
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence.)

*M. M.*, I: 3. 146.

**ABSURDITY**—In Dress.

*Pet.* \* \*

A sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon,  
Carv'd like an apple-tart.

*T. S.*, IV: 3. 476.

—Of Conduct, in Love.

*Biron.* \* \*

O, what a scene of fool'ry have I seen,  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!  
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformed to a gnat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
And profound Solomon tuning a jig,  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 288.

—Poor Proof of Love.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then;—

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven: They are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

*A. C.*, I: 3. 1544.

**ACCIDENT.**—Determined by Heaven.

*Duke.* O, 't is an accident that heaven provides!

Despatch it presently.

*M. M.*, IV: 3. 167.

—Fortune by.

*Pro.* \* \*

By accident most strange.

*T.*, I: 2. 10.

—Under our Control.

*Flo.* \* \*

As th' unthought-on accident is guilty  
To what we wildly do, so we profess

Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies

Of every wind that blows.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 607.

**ACCIDENTS.**—Disastrous.

*Oth.* \* \*

I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field.

*O.*, I: 3. 1496.

—Desired.

*P. Hen.* \* \*

Nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 730.

—Foreshadowed.

*Puc.* \* \*

Help, ye charming spells, and periapts;

And ye choice spirits that admonish me,  
And give me signs of future accidents!

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., V: 3. 892.

— **Made an Excuse.**

*Iago.* \* \*

These bloody accidents must excuse my  
manners.

*O.*, V: 1. 1527.

**ABUSE.—Low, Language of.**

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin,  
you dried neats-tongue, \* \* \* \* you  
stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is  
like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath,  
you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

*P. Hen.* Well, breathe awhile, and then  
to it again: and when thou hast tired thy-  
self in base comparisons, hear me speak but  
this.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 740.

**ACCESSORIES.—Cheated of their  
Reward.**

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due  
by promise,  
For which your honour and your faith is  
pawn'd;  
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife; if  
she convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my  
just request?

*K. Rich.* I do remember me,—Henry  
the Sixth

Did prophesy, that Richmond should be  
king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* How chance, the prophet could  
not at that time,

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill  
him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the  
earldom.—

*K. Rich.* Richmond!—When last I was  
at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name,  
I started;

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold

To put your grace in mind of what you  
promis'd me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what is 't o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke

Of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why let it strike?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack, thou  
keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whe'r you  
will, or no.

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me; I am not  
in the vein.

*Buck.* And is it thus? repays he my deep  
service

With such contempt? made I him king for  
this?

O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone  
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

*R. III.*, IV: 2. 1032.

**ACCOMPLICE.—To be put out of the  
way.**

*Wor.* And 't is no little reason bids us  
speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head:

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt;

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

And see already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 733.

**ACCOMPLICES.—Their Danger.**

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin  
king,

That wish'd him on the barren mountains  
starv'd.

But shall it be, that you,—that set the  
crown

Upon the head of this forgetful man;

And, for his sake, wear the detested blot

Of murd'rous subordination,—shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo:



Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman  
rather?—

O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
To show the line, and the predicament,  
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—  
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power,  
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker, Boling-  
broke?

And shall it, in more shame, be further  
spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook  
off

By him, for whom these shames ye under-  
went?

No; yet time serves, wherein you may re-  
deem

Your banish'd honours, and restore your-  
selves

Into the good thoughts of the world again:  
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,  
Of this proud king; who studies, day and  
night,

To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
Even with the bloody payment of your  
deaths.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

#### ACCOMPLISHMENTS. — Pretension to High.

*King.* Aye, that there is: our court, you  
know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;  
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,  
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:  
One who the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;  
A man of complements, whom right and  
wrong

Hath chose as umpire of their mutiny:  
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,  
For interim to our studies, shall relate,  
In high-born words, the worth of many a  
knight

From tawny Spain, lost in the world's  
debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;

But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,  
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

*L. L.*, I: 1. 273.

#### —Rare, Grouped.

*Agam.* \* \*

When rank Thersites opes his mastiff jaws,  
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1108.

#### ACCUSATION.—Doubtful.

*Hor.* Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I  
spake the words. My accuser is my 'pre-  
ntice; and when I did correct him for his  
fault the other day, he did vow upon his  
knees he would be even with me: I have  
good witness of this; therefore, I beseech  
your majesty, do not cast away an honest  
man for a villain's accusation.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 3. 913.

#### —False, Its Effect.

*Claud.* O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou  
been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd  
About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy  
heart:

But, fare thee well! most foul, most fair,  
farewell!

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity;  
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,  
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
And never shall it more be gracious.

*Leo.* Hath no man's dagger here a point  
for me?

*Beat.* Why, how now, cousin? where-  
fore sink you down?

*D. John.* Come, let us go: these things,  
come thus to light,  
Smother her spirits up.

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 245.

#### —Resented, as Though False.

*Aum.* Princes, and noble lords,  
What answer shall I make to this base man?  
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,  
On equal terms to give him chastisement?  
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd  
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—  
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,  
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou  
liest,

And will maintain, what thou hast said, is  
false,  
In thy heart-blood, though being all too  
base  
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

*R. II., IV: 1. 707.*

—Self, Intemperate.

*Mal.* \* \* There's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your  
daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not  
fill up  
The cistern of my lust; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,  
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*M., IV: 3. 1373.*

**ACCUSATIONS.—Against the Great.**

*Per.* \* \* The blind mole casts  
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the  
earth is wrong'd  
By man's oppression; and the poor worm  
doth die for 't.  
Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's  
their will;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth  
ill?  
It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
What being more known grows worse, to  
smother it.

*P., I: 1. 1643.*

—Answered by a Pun.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, sir John,  
you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt,  
cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender,  
and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would  
my means were greater, and my waist slender.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.*

—Easily Made.

*1st Cit.* If I must not, I need not be  
barren of accusations; he hath faults, with  
surplus, to tire in repetition.

*C., I: 1. 1149.*

—False to Disarm a Creditor.

*Fal.* \* \*  
How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you  
inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

*Host.* Why, sir John! what do you think,  
sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in  
my house? I have searched, I have inquired,  
so has my husband, man by man, boy  
by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a  
hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* You lie, hostess; Bardolph was  
shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be  
sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you  
are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who I? I defy thee: I was never  
called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, sir John; you do not know  
me, sir John: I know you, sir John: you  
owe me money, sir John, and now you pick  
a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you  
a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given  
them away to bakers' wives, and they have  
made bolters of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, hol-  
land of eight shillings an ell. You owe  
money here besides, sir John, for your diet,  
and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-  
and-twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath no-  
thing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face:  
What call you rich? let them coin his nose,  
let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a  
denier. What, will you make a younker of  
me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn,  
but I shall have my pocket picked? I have  
lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth  
forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu! I have heard the prince  
tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring  
was copper.

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-  
cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel  
him like a dog, if he would say so.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 750.*

**ACCUSED.—His Right to be Heard.**

*Car.* Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,  
Yet best beseeeming me to speak the truth.  
Would God, that any in this noble presence  
Were enough noble to be upright judge  
Of noble Richard; then true nobless would  
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
What subject can give sentence on his king?  
And who sits here, that is not Richard's  
subject?

Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to  
hear,

Although apparent guilt be seen in them :  
And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
His captain, steward, deputy elect,  
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,  
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,  
And he himself not present? O, forbid it,  
God,  
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd  
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a  
deed!

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his  
king.

*R. II., IV: 1. 708.*

**ACCUSER.—Pleasure of being an.  
(See Justice.)**

*Laer.* \* \* But let him come ;  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
"Thus diddest thou."

*H., IV: 7. 1427.*

**ACCUSERS.—To Face the Accused.**

*Cran.* \* \* Men, that make  
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lord-  
ships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to  
face,  
And freely urge against me.

*H. VIII., V: 2. 1090.*

**ACHIEVEMENTS.—Mock us.**

*Tro.* How my achievements mock me !  
I will go meet them.

*T. C., IV: 2. 1129.*

**—Only Present Worshiped.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*  
The present eye praises the present object :  
Then marvel not, thou great and complete  
man,  
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax ;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
Than what not stirs.

*T. C., III: 3. 1125.*

**ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—All that  
Modesty asks.**

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is  
o'erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth ;  
Nor more, nor clipp'd, but so.

*K. L., IV: 7. 1478.*

**ACQUAINTANCE.—Honored.**

*Bass.* \* \*

Return in haste, for I do feast to-night  
My best-esteem'd acquaintance.

*M. V., II: 2. 369.*

**—Not Forgotten.**

*Oth.* \* \*

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?

*O., II: 1. 1502.*

**—Renewed.**

*Shal.* \* \* As you return, visit my  
house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed.

*H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 794.*

**ACTION.—Admired.**

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*A. C., III: 7. 1562.*

**—Appropriate.**

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let  
your own discretion be your tutor : suit the  
action to the word, the word to the action ;  
with this special observance, that you o'er-  
step not the modesty of nature.

*H., III: 2. 1412.*

**—Better than Resolves.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*

How some men creep in skittish fortune's  
hall,

Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes !

How one man eats into another's pride,

While pride is fasting in his wantonness !

*T. C., III: 3. 1124.*

**—Eloquent.**

*Vol.* \* \*

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the  
ignorant

More learned than the ears.

*C., III: 2. 1174.*

**—Inspiration of.**

*War.* Why, therefore Warwick came to  
seek you out :

And therefore comes my brother Montague.

\* \*



*Rich.* Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak :

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,  
That cries — Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

\* \*

*War.* No longer earl of March, but duke of York ;

The next degree is, England's royal throne :  
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In every borough as we pass along ;  
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,  
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.  
King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,  
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 964.

#### —Respected.

*Agam.* A stirring dwarf we do allowance give

Before a sleeping giant.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1117.

#### —Should Equal Thought.

*Bast.* \* \*

Be great in act, as you have been in thought.

*K. J.*, V: 1. 671.

#### —Should Overtake Purpose.

*Macb.* \* \*

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it.

*M.*, IV: 2. 1376.

#### ACTIONS.—As Noble as Thoughts.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,

That never relished of a base descent.

*P.*, II: 5. 1654.

#### —Correspond to Reasons.

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strong actions.

*K. J.*, III: 4. 663.

#### ACTORS.—Bottom's Instructions to.

*Bot.* \* \* Get your apparel together ; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps ; meet presently at the palace ; every man look o'er his part ; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisbe have clean linen ; and

let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath ; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy.

*M. N.*, IV: 2. 341.

#### —Ill Will of, Deprecated.

*Ham.* \* \* Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used ; for they are the abstract, and brief chronicles of the times : After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

*H.*, II: 2. 1409.

#### —Reprove Heartlessness.

*Ham.* \* \*

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That from her working, all his visage wann'd ;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her?

\* \*

But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

*H.*, II: 2. 1409.

#### —Universal Genius of.

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

*H.*, II: 2. 1407.

#### ADMIRATION.—Infatuated.

*Pan.* \* \* Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way ; had I a sister were a grace, or a

daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

\* \*

*Cres.* There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

*Pan.* Achilles? a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

*Cres.* Well, well.

*Pan.* Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

*T. C.*, I: 2. 1106.

#### —Of a False Woman.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is!—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

*O.*, IV: 1. 1520.

#### —Of Women.

*Hel.* \* \*

Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongues sweet air.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 323.

*Dem.* \* \*

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 334.

*Eno.* \* \* Antony,

Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air: which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

*A. C.*, II: 2. 1550.

#### ADOPTION.—Strives with Nature.

*Count.* \* \* 'Tis often seen,  
Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds  
A native slip to us from foreign seeds.

*A. W.*, I: 3. 500.

#### ADULTERY.—Described.

*Ham.* Such an act,  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;  
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage  
vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words.

*H.*, III: 4. 1418.

#### —The Penalty of.

*Oth.* \* \* If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,

I'd whistle her off, and let her down the  
wind,

To prey at fortune.

*O.*, III: 2. 1512.

#### ADVANTAGES.—False Ground of Trust.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia trebles that  
account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of  
strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:—  
Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

*R. III.*, V: 3. 1042.

#### ADVENTURE.—Scatters. (See page 559.)

*Pet.* Such wind as scatters young men  
through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home,  
Where small experience grows.

*T. S.*, I: 2. 458.

#### ADVENTURER.—His Motto.

*Pist.* Why, then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open.

*M. W.*, II: 2. 97.

#### ADVENTURERS.—Described.

*Chat.* \* \*

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—

Have sold their fortunes at their native  
homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their  
backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

*K. J.*, II: 1. 650.

**ADVERSARIES.—In Law.***Tra.* \* \*

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;  
And do as adversaries do in law,—  
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

*T. S.*, I: 2. 461.**ADVERSARY.—Unknown, Noble.***Edg.*

Know, my name is lost;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit:

Yet am I noble, as the adversary  
I come to cope withal.

*K. L.*, V: 3. 1483.**ADVERSITY.—All Encompassing.***Lucy.* \* \*

Who, ring'd about with bold adversity.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV: 4. 888.**—Desertion in.***Tim.* \* \*

That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open,  
bare  
For every storm that blows.

*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1308.**—Ever Present.***Ros.* \* \*

O, how full of briars is this working-day  
world!

*A. Y.*, I: 3. 412.**—Helpless.***Apm.* \* \* What, think'st

That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamber-  
lain,

Will put thy shirt on warm?

*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1308.**—Its Compensations.***K. Rich.* \* \*

What! we have many goodly days to see:  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient  
pearl;

Advantaging their loan, with interest  
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1038.**—Its Uses.**

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates, and brothers  
in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more  
sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these  
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?  
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam:

The seasons' difference,—as, the icy fang,  
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
(Which when it bites and blows upon my  
body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say  
This is no flattery,)—these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running  
brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

*A. Y.*, II: 1. 414.**—Of Others Easily Borne.**

*Adr.* Patience unmov'd! no marvel  
though she pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause.  
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of

pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves  
complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve  
thee,

With urging helpless patience would relieve  
me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,  
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

*C. E.*, II: 1. 195.**—Separates Friends.***2 Serv.* \* \*

So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
Slink all away; leave their false vows with  
him,

Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,  
A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.

*T. A.*, IV: 2. 1304.



## —Transforms Foes.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius,  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded  
from my heart  
A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter  
Should from yon cloud speak divine things,  
and say,  
"T is true;" I 'd not believe them more  
than thee,  
All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine  
Mine arms about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath  
broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters! Here  
I clip  
The anvil of my sword; and do contest  
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,  
As ever in ambitious strength I did  
Contend against thy valour. Know thou  
first,  
I loved the maid I married; never man  
Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee  
here,  
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt  
heart,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold.

C., IV: 5. 1181.

## —Unrelenting.

*Apem.* \* \* Will these moss'd trees,  
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the  
cold brook,  
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er night's surfeit?

T. A., IV: 3. 1308.

## —Welcomed.

*K. Hen.* Let me embrace these four  
adversities,  
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

H. VI., 3 pt., III: 1. 971.

## —Wintry.

*Luc. Serv.* \* \*  
'T is deepest winter in lord Timon's purse.

T. A., III: 4. 1299.

## ADVERTISEMENT.—Not Needed.

*Ros.* \* \* "Good wine needs no bush."

A. Y., V: 4. 438.

## ADVICE.—Based on Probabilities.

*Wor.* \* \*

I speak not this in estimation,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

H. IV., 1 pt., II: 3. 733.

## —Despised.

*Iago.* Zounds, sir, you are one of those  
that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.  
Because we come to do you service, and  
you think we are ruffians.

O., I: 1. 1492.

## —Easily Given. (See page 363.)

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know  
what were good to do, 'chapels had been  
churches, and poor men's cottages princes'  
palaces. It is a good divine that follows his  
own instructions. I can easier teach twenty  
what were good to be done, than be one of  
the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

M. V., I: 2. 363.

## —Hamlet's, to the Players.

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as  
I pronounce it to you, trippingly on the  
tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our  
players do, I had as lief the town-crier  
spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too  
much with your hand, thus; but use all  
gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and  
(as I may say) whirlwind of passion, you  
must acquire and beget a temperance, that  
may give it smoothness. O, it offends me  
to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-  
pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very  
rags, to split the ears of the groundlings;  
who, for the most part, are capable of noth-  
ing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise:  
I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-  
doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod:  
pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither; but let  
your own discretion be your tutor: suit  
the action to the word, the word to the  
action; with this special observance, that  
you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for  
anything so overdone is from the purpose of  
playing, whose end, both at the first, and  
now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the  
mirror up to nature; to show virtue her  
own feature, scorn her own image, and the  
very age and body of the time, his form and  
pressure. Now, this overdone, or come  
tardy off, though it make the unskilful  
laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve;  
the censure of which one, must in your

allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christians, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominable.

*H., III: 2. 1412.*

—**Polonius' to his Son.**

*Pol.* \* \* Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption  
tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of  
steel:

But do not dull thy palm with entertain-  
ment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.

Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,  
Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy  
voice:

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy  
judgment.

Costly thy habit, as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in France, of the best rank and  
station,

Are of a most select and generous choice in  
that.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
For a loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

*H., I: 3. 1397.*

**ADVISERS.—Bad, Reproached.**

*Boling.* I will unfold some causes of  
your deaths.

You have misled a prince, a royal king,  
A happy gentleman in blood and line-  
aments,

By you unhappied and disfigur'd clean.

You have, in manner, with your sinful  
hours,

Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;  
Broke the possession of a royal bed,  
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's  
cheeks

With tears drawn from her eyes by your  
foul wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;  
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,  
Till you did make him misinterpret me,—  
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,  
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign  
clouds,

Eating the bitter bread of banishment:

Whilst you have fed upon my signories,  
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest  
woods,

From mine own windows torn my household  
coat,

Raz'd out my impress, leaving me no sign,—  
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—  
To show the world I am a gentleman.

This, and much more, much more than  
twice all this,

Condemns you to the death.

*R. II., III: 1. 700.*

**AFFECTATION.—Forsworn.**

*Biron.* \* \*

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostenta-  
tion:

I do forswear them: and I here protest,

By this white glove (how white the hand,  
God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be ex-  
press'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.

*L. L., V: 2. 298.*

**AFFECTION.—Ardent.**

*Duke.* O, she that hath a heart of that  
fine frame,

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
How will she love, when the rich golden  
shaft

Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else

That live in her! when liver, brain, and  
heart,

These sovereign thrones, are all supplied  
and fill'd,

(Her sweet perfections,) with one self-same king!

*T. N.*, I. 1. 540.

—Bottomless.

*Ros.* \* \* My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 430.

—Degrading.

*Phi.* Nay, but this dotage of our general's

O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,

That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd, like plated Mars, now bend,  
now turn,

The office and devotion of their view

Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,

Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst

The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper;

And is become the bellows and the fan

To cool a gipsy's lust.

*A. C.*, I: 1. 1540.

—Its Decline Observed.

*Cas.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,

And show of love, as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

*J. C.*, I: 2. 1323.

—Its Object Should be Young.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent.

*T. N.*, II: 4. 551.

—Its Signs Withheld.

*Bru.* Cassius,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,

Of late, with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper to myself,

Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;

(Among which number, Cassius, be you one;)

Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*J. C.*, I: 2. 1323.

—Natural.

*L. Mach.* \* \* For the poor wren,  
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

*M.*, IV: 2. 1376.

—Natural, Its Power.

*Cor.* O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens  
do ope,

The gods look down, and this unnatural scene

They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!

You have won a happy victory to Rome:

But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,  
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,

If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,  
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good

Aufidius,

Were you in my stead, would you have heard

A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

*C.*, V: 3. 1190.

—Popular.

*King.* \* \* The other motive,

Why to a public count I might not go,

Is, the great love the general gender bear him:

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Work like the spring that turneth wood to

stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,

Would have reverted to my bow again,

And not where I had aim'd them.

*H.*, IV: 7. 1427.

—Shelters.

*Suf.* \* \*

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., V: 3. 893.



## —Strength of Misplaced.

*Cres.* If you love an addle egg as well  
as you love an idle head, you would eat  
chickens i' the shell.

*T. C.*, I: 2. 1105.

## —Undying.

*Fath.* \* \*

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre!  
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall  
go.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 5. 963.

*Hub.* 'T is not an hour since I left him  
well:

I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*K. J.*, IV: 3. 670.

## AFFLICTION.—Its Divine Source.

*Oth.* This sorrow 's heavenly;  
It strikes, where it doth love.

*O.*, V: 2. 1523.

## —Medicinal.

*Isab.* \* \* For 't is a physic  
That 's bitter to sweet end.

*M. M.*, IV: 6. 169.

## —Support in.

*K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd! that to  
believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II: 1. 916.

## —The Body its Grave.

*K. Phi.* \* \*

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:—  
I pry'thee, lady, go away with me.

*K. J.*, III: 4. 662.

## AGE.—Abused.

*Gon.* \* \* Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities,  
That he hath given away!—Now, by my  
life,  
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd  
With checks as flatteries,—when they are  
seen abus'd.  
Remember what I have said.

*K. L.*, I: 3. 1449.

## —Commendatory.

*Met.* O let us have him; for his silver  
hairs

Will purchase us a good opinion,  
And buy men's voices to commend our  
deeds:

It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;  
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit  
appear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

*J. C.*, II: 1. 1330.

## —Garrulous.

*Dogb.* A good old man, sir; he will be  
talking; as they say, 'When the age is in,  
the wit is out.'

*M. A.*, III: 5. 243.

## —Haggish, Stealing on.

*King.* \* \* He did look far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Discipl'd of the bravest: he lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act.

*A. W.*, I: 2. 498.

## —Honor Due to.

*Pro.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour  
cannot  
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

*T.*, V: 1. 31.

## —Increases Some Charms.

*K. Hen.* \* \* But, in faith, Kate, the  
elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my  
comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of  
beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face:  
thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst;  
and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me,  
better and better: And therefore tell me,  
most fair Katharine, will you have me?

*H. V.*, V: 2. 855.

## —Infirmities of.

*Ulyss.* \* \* To cough, and spit,  
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,  
Shake in and out the rivet.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1109.

*Mor.* \* \* These grey locks, the pur-  
suivants of death,  
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,  
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :

Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief;

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine  
That droops his sapless branches to the ground.—

Yet are these feet,—whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,—

Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,

As witting I no other comfort have.

*H., VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 876.*

#### —Its Ameliorations.

*Æge. \* \**

Though now this grained face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,  
Yet hath my night of life some memory,  
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,  
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.

*C. E., V: 1. 213.*

#### —Its Folly.

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother.

\* \* I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou has pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle. Here comes one o' the parings.

*K. L., I: 4. 1451.*

#### —Its Sear and Yellow Leaf.

*Macb. \* \**

I have liv'd long enough: my way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

*M., V: 3. 1382.*

#### —Its Signs.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, sir John!

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.*

#### —Its Appeal.

*Lear. \* \**

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?

*K. L., II: 4. 1460.*

#### —Its Chivalry.

*Nest.* Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man

When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;

But, if there be not in our Grecian host  
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire,  
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—  
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,  
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;

And, meeting him, will tell him, That my lady

Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste

As may be in the world: His youth in flood,  
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

*T. C., I: 3. 1110.*

#### —Lusty.

*Adam. \* \**

Though I look old, yet am I strong and lusty:

For in my youth I never did apply

Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,

Frosty, but kindly.

*A. Y., II: 3. 415.*

## — Old.

*Pet.* \* \*

As old as Sibyl.

*T. S.*, I: 2. 458.*Lear.* \* \*

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,  
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

*K. L.*, II. 4. 1462.*Lear.*

Pray, do not mock me:

I am a very foolish fond old man,  
Fourscore and upward.

*K. L.*, IV: 7. 1479.

## —Should be Discreet.

*Reg.*

O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge  
Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and  
led

By some discretion, that discerns your  
state

Better than you yourself.

*K. L.*, II. 4. 1460.

## —Should be Wise.

*Fool.* Thou should'st not have been old,  
before thou hadst been wise.

*K. L.*, I: 5. 1454.

## —Sign of.

*Fal.* \* \* Why, my skin hangs about  
me like an old lady's loose gown; I am  
wither'd like an old apple-John.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 749.

## —Sorrowful.

*Duch.* \* \*

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,  
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of  
teen.

*R. III.*, IV: 1. 1031.

## —Sweet.

*Leon.* \* \*

For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort.

*W. T.*, V: 3. 617.

## —Taunted.

*Tal.* Foul fiend of France, \* \*

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 2. 881.**AID. — Uncertain, Poor Dependence.**

*Bard.* Ay, marry, there's the point,  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till he had his assistance by the hand:  
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 3. 779.

## —Withheld Through Fear.

*Stan.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond  
this from me:—

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,  
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in  
hold:

If I revolt, off goes young George's head;  
The fear of that with-holds my present aid.

*R. III.*, IV: 5. 1041.**ARTS. — Magic, Their Potency.**

*Pro.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing  
lakes, and groves;

And ye that, on the sands with printless foot,  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly  
him,

When he comes back; you demi-puppets,  
that

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets  
make,

Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose  
pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that re-  
joice

To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid  
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-  
dimin'd

The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous  
winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling  
thunder

Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout  
oak

With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd prom-  
ontory

Have I made shake, and by the spurs  
pluck'd up

The pine and cedar: graves, at my com-  
mand,

Have wak'd their sleepers,—op'd, and let  
them forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music, (which even now  
I do)



To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,  
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
I 'll drown my book.

*T.*, V: 1. 30.

**ALACRITY.—A Bridegroom's.**

*Dei.* Let us make ready straight.

*Æne.* Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh  
alacrity.

*T. C.*, IV: 4. 1131.

**ALARM.—Hints to.**

*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as  
they may: men may sleep, and they may  
have their throats about them at that time;  
and, some say, knives have edges. It must  
be as it may; though patience be a tired  
mare, yet she will plod. There must be  
conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*H. F.*, II: 1. 825.

**—On Unexpected Departure.**

*Her.* \* \*

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no  
word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you  
hear;

Speak, of all loves! I sround almost with  
fear.

No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:  
Either death, or you, I 'll find immediately.

*M. N.*, II: 2. 330.

**ALLEGIANCE.—Due to Husband.**

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty:  
To you, I am bound for life, and education;  
My life, and education, both do learn me  
How to respect you; you are the lord of  
duty,

I am hitherto your daughter: But here 's  
my husband;

And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*O.*, I: 3. 1497.

**—Transferred.**

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up and  
spoke,

He was my master; and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters. If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I 'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*A. C.*, V: 1. 1576.

**ALLIANCE.—Broken.**

*War.* \* \*

Did I forget, that by the house of York  
My father came untimely to his death?  
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?  
Did I impale him with the regal crown?  
Did I put Henry from his native right;  
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?  
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.  
And, to repair my honour lost for him,  
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 3. 977

**ALLIANCES.—Motives in.**

*Q. Mar.* \* \* His demand  
Springs not from Edward's well-meant  
honest love,  
But from deceit, bred by necessity;  
For how can tyrants safely govern home,  
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?  
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,  
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,  
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's  
son.

Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league  
and marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dis-  
honour:

For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,  
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth  
wrongs.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 3. 975.

**ALLITERATION.—Ridiculed.**

*Pro.* \* \*

Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful  
blade,

He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody  
breast.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 343.

**ALTERNATIVE.—A Desperate.**

*Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i'  
the earth,  
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

*M. W.*, III: 4. 108.

**ALTERNATIVES.—Desperate.**

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry  
 Paris,  
 From off the battlements of yonder tower;  
 Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk  
 Where serpents are; chain me with roaring  
 bears;  
 Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,  
 O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling  
 bones,  
 With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless  
 skulls;  
 Or bid me go into a new-made grave,  
 And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;  
 Things that, to hear them told, have made  
 me tremble;  
 And I will do it without fear or doubt,  
 To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

*R. J., IV: 1. 1269.*

**AMAZEMENT.—Depicted.**

*1 Gent.* \* \* But the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed.

*W. T., V: 2. 614.*

**—Extraordinary.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at.  
 \* \*  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen, but wondered at.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 2. 748.*

**—Sudden.**

*Hor.* \* \*  
 And there I stood amazed for a while,  
 As on a pillory.

*T. S., II: 1. 463.*

**AMBUSH.—A Hero always in.**

*Nest.* Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;  
 And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm for shame.  
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field:  
 Now here he fights on Galathea's horse,  
 And there lacks work; anon, he's there  
 afoot,  
 And there they fly, or die, like scaled skulls

Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,  
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his  
 edge,  
 Fall down before him like the mower's  
 swath:  
 Here, there, and everywhere, he leaves, and  
 takes;  
 Dexterity so obeying appetite  
 That what he will he does; and does so  
 much,  
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

*T. C., V: 5. 1141.*

**AMBITION.—A Disturber. (See Antony's Speech, also Death of Cæsar.)**

*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not  
 ever said,  
 How that ambitious Constance would not  
 cease,  
 Till she had kindled France, and all the  
 world,  
 Upon the right and party of her son?

*K. J., I: 1. 646.*

**—A Murderer.**

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
 Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:  
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
 (With thee, and all thy best parts bound  
 together,)  
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your  
 policy!  
 You sent me deputy for Ireland;  
 Far from his succour, from the king, from  
 all  
 That might have mercy on the fault thou  
 gav'st him;  
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy  
 pity,  
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

*H. VIII., III: 2. 1080.*

**—Arrogance of Sensual.**

*Aaron.* \* \* Aaron, arm thy heart, and  
 fit thy thoughts,  
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
 And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph  
 long  
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous  
 chains;

And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds, and servile  
thoughts!

I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new-made empress.

To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this nymph,  
This syren, that will charm Rome's Satur-  
nine,

And see his shipwrack, and his common-  
weal's.

Hollo! what storm is this?

*Tit. And.*, II: 1. 1207.

—**Bewails its Fall.**

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed  
a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me  
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me,  
Cromwell;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no  
mention

Of me more must be heard of,—say, I  
taught thee.

*H. VIII.*, IV: 2. 108.

—**Boundless.**

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail  
so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her  
wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*A. C.*, IV: 13. 1575.

—**Boastful.**

*K. Rich.* Down, down, I come; like  
glistening Phaeton,  
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

*R. II.*, III: 3. 705.

—**Brave, Honorably Treated.**

*P. Hen.* For worms, brave Percy: Fare  
thee well, great heart! —  
Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou  
shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough:—This earth, that bears  
thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so great a show of zeal:—  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to  
heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

—**Chokes Virtue.**

*Glo.* \* \* \*

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,  
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's  
hand.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 1. 923.

—**CrUEL.**

*Cap.* \* \* \*

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd  
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding  
heart.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 1. 933.

—**Deceptive.**

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when  
he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he  
refused the crown, he plucked me ope his  
doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.  
—An I had been a man of any occupation,  
if I would not have taken him at a word, I  
would I might go to hell among the rogues:  
—and so he fell. When he came to him-  
self again, he said, If he had done or said  
anything amiss, he desired their worship to  
think it was his infirmity. Three or four  
wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good  
soul!"—and forgave him with all their  
hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of  
them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers,  
they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad,  
away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say anything?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er  
look you i' the face again.

*J. C.*, I: 3. 1326.

—**Deprecated.**

*Glo.* O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost  
love thy lord,  
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:



And may that thought, when I imagine ill  
Against my king and nephew, virtuous  
Henry,  
Be my last breathing in this mortal world!  
My troublous dream this night doth make  
me sad.

*H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 910.*

—Efforts to Restrain.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them  
thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's  
wing,

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who else would soar above the view of  
men,

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

*J. C., I: 1. 1323.*

—End Bitter.

*Vol.* \* \*

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambi-  
tion:

By that sin fell the angels; how can man,  
then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that  
hate thee:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and  
fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy  
country's,

Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,  
O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the  
king,

And,—pr'ythee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,

To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell,  
Cromwell,

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal  
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*H. VIII., III: 2. 1082.*

—Fostered by Conspirators.

*Dec.* \* \* The senate have concluded  
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word, you will not  
come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were  
a mock

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

“Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better  
dreams.”

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whis-  
per,

“Lo, Cæsar is afraid?”

*J. C., II: 2. 1333.*

—Gratified, of Short Duration.

*Ban.* Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor,  
Glamis, all,

As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for 't: yet it was  
said,

It should not stand in thy posterity;

But that myself should be the root, and  
father

Of many kings.

*M., III: 1. 1363.*

—Greedy.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's  
pie is free'd

From his ambitious finger.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.*

—Insatiable.

*Ulyss.* \* \*

And appetite, an universal wolf,

So doubly seconded with will and power,

Must make perforce an universal prey,

And, last, eat up himself.

*T. C., I: 3. 1108.*

—Its Defeat Bewailed.

*Vol.* So farewell to the little good you  
bear me.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my great-  
ness!

This is the state of man: To-day he puts  
forth

The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blos-  
soms,

And bears his blushing honours thick upon  
him:

The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full  
surely

His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ven-  
tur'd,

Like little wanton boys that swim on blad-  
ders,

This many summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown  
pride

At length broke under me; and now has  
left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide  
me.

Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate  
ye;

I feel my heart new open'd: O, how  
wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes'  
favours:

There is, betwixt that smile we would as-  
pire to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their  
ruin,

More pangs and fears than wars or women  
have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.*

—Its Ladder.

*Bru.* \* \* But 't is a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base de-  
grees

By which he did ascend.

*J. C., II: 1. 1329.*

—Must be Watchful.

*Ulyss.* \* \* Take the instant way;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast; keep then the  
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue: If you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'er-run and trampled on.

*T. C., III: 3. 1125.*

—Overreaching.

*Macb.* \* \* I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other.

*M., I: 7. 1362.*

—Soars Ignobly.

*Glo.* My lord, 't is but a base ignoble  
mind

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 915.*

—The Dream of a Shadow's  
Shadow.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so  
light a quality, that it is but a shadow's  
shadow.

*H., II: 2. 1405.*

—Thriftless and Against Nature.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still:  
Thriftless ambition, that wilt raven up  
Thine own life's means!

*M., II: 4. 1363.*

—Unscrupulous, and Ready.

*Glo.* \* \*

And leave the world for me to bustle in!  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest  
daughter:

What though I kill'd her husband, and her  
father?

The readiest way to, make the wench  
amends,

Is—to become her husband, and her father:  
The which will I; not all so much for love,

As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market:  
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives,  
and reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my  
gains.

*R. III., I: 1. 1003.*

—Wicked.

*Glo.* \* \* Between my soul's desire,  
and me,

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young  
Edward,  
And all the unlook'd-for issue of their  
bodies,  
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:  
A cold premeditation for my purpose!  
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;  
Like one that stands upon a promontory,  
And spies a far-off shore where he would  
tread,  
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;  
And chides the sea that sunders him from  
thence,  
Saying—he 'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;  
And so I chide the means that keep me from  
it;  
And so I say—I 'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.

*H. VI., 3 pt., III: 2. 974.*

—Wicked and Desperate.

*Glo. \* \**

And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
For many lives stand between me and home:  
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the  
thorns;  
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;  
Not knowing how to find the open air,  
But toiling desperately to find it out,—  
Torment myself to catch the English crown:  
And from that torment I will free myself,  
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;  
And cry, content, to that which grieves my  
heart;  
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
And frame my face to all occasions.  
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid  
shall;  
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;  
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,  
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:  
I can add colours to the chameleon;  
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advan-  
tages,  
And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut! were it further off, I 'll pluck it down.

*H. VI., 3 pt., III: 2. 974.*

—Woman's, Rebuked.

*Glo.* Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide  
outright:

Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!  
Art thou not second woman in the realm;  
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?  
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,  
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?  
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,  
To tumble down thy husband and thyself,  
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?  
Away from me, and let me hear no more.

*H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 910.*

—Woman's, Resistless.

*Duch.* Yes, good my lord, I 'll follow  
presently.

Follow I must, I cannot go before,  
While Gloucester bears this base and humble  
mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling-  
blocks,

And smooth my way upon their headless  
necks:

And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in fortune's pageant.

*H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 910.*

—Woman's, Stronger than Man's.

*Duch.* Why droops my lord, like over-  
ripen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?  
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit  
his brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?  
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,  
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?  
What see'st thou there? king Henry's  
diadem,

Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?  
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,  
Until thy head be circled with the same.  
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious  
gold:—

What, is 't too short? I 'll lengthen it with  
mine:

And, having both together heav'd it up,  
We 'll both together lift our heads to heaven;  
And never more abase our sight so low,  
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

*H. VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 910.*



**AMEN.—Prompt.**

*Solan.* Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

*M. V., III: 1. 375.*

**AMENITIES.—International.**

*Cam.* Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The Heavens continue their loves!

*W. T., I: 1. 580.*

**AMITY.—Hypocritical Assumption.**

*Glo. \* \**

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:  
'T is death to me, to be at enmity;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—  
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous  
service;—  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;  
-Of you, lord Rivers,—and, lord Grey, of  
you,—  
That all without desert have frown'd on  
me;—  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of  
all.

I do not know that Englishman alive,  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
More than the infant that is born to-night;  
I thank my God for my humility.

*R. III., II: 1. 1015.*

**AMOROUSNESS.—Indelicately Earnest.**

*Tam.* My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;  
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground;

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—  
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:

And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—  
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;

While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song  
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

*Tit. And., II: 3. 1209.*

**AMUSEMENT.—Lengthens Life.**

*Serv.* Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,  
Are come to play a pleasant comedy,  
For so your doctors hold it very meet:  
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,  
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.

*T. S., Ind: 2. 454.*

**—When Useful.**

*Prin.* There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown.

*L. L., V: 2. 295.*

**ANARCHY.—Its Cause.**

*Ulyss. \* \**

This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking.

*T. C., I: 3. 1108.*

**ANCESTORS.—Spirit of Invoked.**

*Cant. \* \** Gracious lord,  
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;  
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:  
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike  
spirit,  
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black  
Prince;  
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
Making defeat on the full power of France;  
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp  
Forage in blood of French nobility.

*H. V., I: 2: 822.*

#### ANCESTRY.—Pride of.

*Sly.* Y' are a baggage; the Slys are no  
rogues. Look in the chronicles, we came  
in with Richard Conqueror.

*T. S., Ind: 1: 451.*

*Poins.* "John Falstaff, knight," —  
Every man must know that, as oft as he has  
occasion to name himself. Even like those  
that are kin to the king; for they never  
prick their finger, but they say, "There is  
some of the king's blood spilt: How comes  
that?" says he, that takes upon him not to  
conceive: the answer is as ready as a bor-  
rower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin,  
sir."

*P. Hen.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or  
they will fetch it from Japhet. But the  
letter:—

*Poins.* "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to  
the son of the king, nearest his father,  
Harry prince of Wales, greeting." — Why,  
this is a certificate.

*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 2: 783.*

#### ANDIRONS.—Imogen's.

*Iach.* \* \* Her andirons  
(I had forgot them) were two winged Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.

*Cym., II: 4: 1603.*

#### ANGELS.—Joy in Heaven.

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.

*A. Y., V: 4: 437.*

#### —Still Bright.

*Mal.* \* \*

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,  
In an imperial charge. But 'crave your  
pardon;  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot  
transpose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest  
fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows  
of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*M., IV: 3: 1378.*

#### —Weeping.

*Isab.* \* \* But man, proud man!

Dress'd in a little brief authority, —  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high  
heaven,

As make the angels weep:

*M. M., II: 2: 152.*

#### ANGER.—Alarming.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the  
cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air;  
And, like the devil, from his very arm

Puff'd his own brother:—And can he be  
angry?

Something of moment, then: I will go meet  
him;

There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

*O., III: 4: 1517.*

#### —All-Absorbing.

*Vol.* Anger's my meat; I sup upon my-  
self,

And so shall starve with feeding.—Come,  
let's go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,  
In anger, Juno-like.

*C., IV: 2: 1179.*

#### —An Opportunity.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,

When one so great begins to rage, he's  
hunted

Even to falling. Give him no breath, but  
now

Make boot of his distraction: Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*A. C., IV: 1: 1563.*

#### —Best Restrained.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler ques-  
tion

What 't is you go about: To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first.  
\* \*  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor till it run  
o'er,

In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be  
advis'd:

I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.*

—Controlled by Intellect.

*Vol.* Pray be counsel'd:

I have a heart as little apt as yours,  
[To brook control without the use of  
anger,]

But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,  
To better vantage.

*C., III: 2. 1173.*

—Hasty.

*Bru.* \* \*

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*J. C., IV: 3. 1345.*

—Impetuous.

*Cleo.* \* \* It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;  
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
Till they had stolen our jewel.

*A. C., IV: 13. 1576.*

—Natural.

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came  
to France

Until this instant. — Take a trumpet, herald;  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;  
If they will fight with us, bid them come  
down,

Or void the field; they do offend our sight:  
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them;  
And make them skirr away, as swift as  
stones

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:  
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we  
have;

And not a man of them, that we shall take,  
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them  
so.

*H. V., IV: 7. 848.*

—Noble.

*Lear.* \* \*

You see me here, you gods, a poor old  
man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!  
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts  
Against their father, fool me not so much  
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble  
anger!

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!—

Or ere I 'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

*K. L., II: 4. 1462.*

—Ridiculed.

*Bru.* You shall digest the venom of  
your spleen,

Though it do split you: for, from this day  
forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my  
laughter

When you are waspish.

*J. C., IV: 3. 1344.*

—Soft, but Powerful.

*Bel.* \* \* They are as gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,

Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as  
rough,

Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st  
wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale,

*Cym., IV: 2. 1616.*

—Ungratified, Destroys.

*Nor.* \* \* Anger is like

A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.*

—Universal.

*Alcib.* \* \*

To be in anger, is impiety;

But who is man, that is not angry?

*T. A., III: 5. 1302*



—Unrestrained.

*Nest.* \* \*

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid  
mountains cut,  
Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse: Where 's then the  
saucy boat,  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1107.

**ANGLING.—A Woman's, Skillful.**

*Ber.* \* \*

She knew her distance, and did angle for  
me,  
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,  
As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,  
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace,  
Subdu'd me to her rate.

*A. W.*, V: 3. 528.

—The Pleasantest.

*Urs.* The pleasantest angling is to see  
the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait.

*M. A.*, III: 1. 238.

**ANGUISH.—A Father's.**

*Leon.* \* \* Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
Why had I not, with charitable hand,  
Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;  
Who, smirched thus, and mir'd with in-  
famy,  
I might have said, "No part of it is mine;  
This shame derives itself from unknown  
loins"!   
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I  
prais'd,  
And mine that I was proud on; mine so  
much,  
That I myself was to myself not mine,  
Valuing of her; why, she — O, she is fall'n  
Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;  
And salt too little, which may season give  
To her foul tainted flesh!

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 245.

*K. Hen.* \* \* O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will over-  
whelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few  
hours,

Were thine without offence; and, at my  
death,

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:  
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
Thou had'st a thousand daggers in thy  
thoughts;

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an  
hour?

Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thy-  
self;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my  
hearse,

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:  
Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the  
worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
\* \*

For the fifth Harry from curb'd license  
plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
When that my care could not withhold thy  
riots,

What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 803.

—At Infidelity.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction; had it rain'd  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare  
head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;  
I should have found in some part of my soul  
A drop of patience: but alas! to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—  
O! O!  
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:  
But there, where I have garner'd up my  
heart;  
Where either I must live, or bear no life;  
The fountain from the which my current  
runs,  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!  
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
To knot and gender in!

*O.*, IV, 2. 1522.

—Heavy.

*Y. Clif.* \* \*

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
But then Æneas bare a living load,  
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

*H.* VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 945.

—Its Language.

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh  
would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew?

*H.*, I: 2. 1395.

—Of Little Things.

*Glo.* Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,  
And useth it to patronage his theft.

*H.* VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

ANSWER.—An Universal.

*Clo.* \* \* But for me, I have an answer  
will serve all men.

*Count.* Marry, that's a bountiful answer  
that fits all questions.

*A. W.*, II: 2. 504.

ANTAGONISTS.—Heroic.

*Mar.* I'll fight with none but thee; for I  
do hate thee  
Worse than a promise-breaker.

*Auf.* We hate alike;  
Not Africk owns a serpent, I abhor  
More than thy fame I envy; Fix thy foot.

*Mar.* Let the first budger die the other's  
slave,  
And the gods doom him after!

*Auf.* If I fly, Marcius,  
Halloo me like a hare.

*C.*, I: 8. 1157.

ANTICIPATION.—Disappointed.

*Hel.* \* \* Oft expectation fails, and  
most oft there  
Where most it promises.

*A. W.*, II: 1. 503.

—Its Joy.

*Cres.* \* \* Things won are done, joy's  
soul lies in the doing.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1107.

—Its Pleasures.

*Salar.* His hour is almost  
past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his  
hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons  
fly

To seal love's bonds new made, than they  
are wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: who riseth from  
a feast,

With that keen appetite that he sits down?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures, with the unabated  
fire

That he did pace them first? All things  
that are,

Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

*M. V.*, II: 6. 371.

ANTIPATHIES.—Not to be Account-  
ed for.

*Shy.* \* \*

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
Why he, a woollen bagpipe,—but of force  
Must yield to such inevitable shame,  
As to offend, himself being offended;  
So can I give no reason, nor I will not.

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 383.

APATHY.—Protest Against.

*Con.* \* \* O, for honour of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more  
frosty people  
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich  
fields.

*H. V.*, III: 5. 835.

**APPAREL.—Petrucio's Wonderful.**

*Bion.* Why, Petrucio is coming, in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches thrice turn'd; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another lac'd; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points; his horse hipp'd with an old mothly saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of windgalls, sped with spavins, raied with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoil'd with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; sway'd in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er legged before; and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather, which, being restrain'd to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there piec'd with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparison'd like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "The humour of forty fancies" pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel.

*T. S.*, III: 2. 468.

**APPEAL.—Queen Katharine's.**

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,

In what have I offended you? what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,

That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable:

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour, I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? what friend of mine That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind

That I have been your wife, in this obedience,

Upward of twenty years, and have been blest

With many children by you: If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught,

My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me, and so give me up To the sharpest kind of justice.

*H. VIII.*, II: 4. 1071.

**APPEARANCE.—May Cover Valor.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin While the beast lived, was kill'd with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt, Find native graves; upon the which, I trust, Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,

They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your climate,

The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.

Mark then a bounding valour in our English;

That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,

Break out into a second course of mischief,



Killing in relapse of mortality.  
 Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,  
 We are but warriors for the working day:  
 Our gayness, and our gilt, are all be-smirch'd  
 With rainy marching in the painful field;  
 There's not a piece of feather in our host,  
 (Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)  
 And time hath worn us into slovenry:  
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:  
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night  
 They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck  
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
 And turn them out of service.

*H. V., IV: 3. 845.*

—Admonishes.

*Suf. \* \**

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep;  
 And in his simple show he harbours treason.  
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 922.*

—Deceitful.

*Cle. \* \**

Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.

*P., 1: 4. 1647.*

—Deceives.

*P. John.* But soft! whom have we here?  
 Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

*P. Hen.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding  
 Upon the ground.—  
 Art thou alive? or is it phantasy  
 That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak:  
 We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—  
 Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 761.*

—Never to be Trusted.

*Bass. \* \**

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!

And these assume but valour's excrement,  
 To render them redoubted! Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see 't is purchas'd by the weight;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:  
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween man and man. But thou, thou meagre lead,

Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,

Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence.

*J. V., III: 2. 377.*

APPETITE.—A Wolf.

*Ulyss. \* \** Appetite, an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded with will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And, last, eat up himself.

*T. C., I: 3. 1108.*

—Variable.

*Bene. \* \** But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth,  
 that he cannot endure in his age.

*M. A., II: 2. 237.*

**APPLAUSE.**

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as  
they pass through them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears like great  
triumphers

In their applauding gates.

*T. A., V: 2. 1314.*

**—Bewilders.**

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all  
words;

Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude,  
Where every something, being blent to-  
gether,

Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd, and not express'd.

*M. V., III: 2. 373.*

**—Mixed.**

*Ant.* \* \* Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;  
That heaven and earth may strike their  
sounds together,  
Applauding our approach.

*A. C., IV: 8. 1571.*

**—Popular, not Safe.**

*Duke.* \* \* I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it.

*M. M., I: 1. 144.*

**—Reciprocal.**

*Macb.* \* \*

I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
That should applaud again.

*M., V: 3. 1333.*

**—Tempestuous.**

3 *Gent.* \* \* Which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest.

*H. VIII., IV: 1. 1033.*

**—Undeserved.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrinking.

*T. C., III: 3. 1125.*

**—Vehement.**

3 *Gent.* \* \*

As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,  
(Doublets, I think,) flew up; and had their  
faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost.  
Such joy

I never saw before.

*H. VIII., IV: 1. 1033.*

**APPRECIATION.—Destroyed by Possession.**

*Cres.* Men prize the thing ungain'd more  
than it is.

*T. C., I: 2. 1107.*

**—Lack of.**

*Fal.* Not so, my lord; your ill angel is  
light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me,  
will take me without weighing: and yet, in  
some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I can-  
not tell: Virtue is of so little regard in  
these costermonger times, that true valour  
is turned bear-herd: Pregnancy is made a  
tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in  
giving reckonings: all the other gifts apper-  
tinent to man, as the malice of this age  
shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry.  
You, that are old, consider not the capaci-  
ties of us that are young: you measure the  
heat of our livers with the bitterness of your  
galls: and we that are in the vaward of our  
youth, I must confess, are wags too.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.*

**APPROPRIATION.—Of Glory of Good Acts.**

*K. Hen.*

Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from  
fear;

Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe, not any.

We must not rend our subjects from our  
laws,

And stick them in our will. Sixth part of  
each?

A trebling contribution. Why, we take,  
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the  
timber;

And, though we leave it with a root, thus  
 hack'd,  
 The air will drink the sap. To every  
 county,  
 Where this is question'd, send our letters,  
 with  
 Free pardon to each man that has denied  
 The force of this commission.

*H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.*

#### **APOPLEXY.—Its Signs.**

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a  
 kind of lethargy, an 't please your lordship;  
 a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson  
 tingling.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.*

#### **APOTHECARY.—Person Described.**

*Rom.* \* \*

I do remember an apothecary,—  
 And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I  
 noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty  
 seeds,  
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of  
 roses

Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.  
 Noting this penury, to myself I said—  
 An if a man did need a poison now,  
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,  
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

*R. J., V: 1. 1273.*

#### **ARDOR.—Youthful.**

*Hot.* No more, no more; worse than the  
 sun in March,  
 This praise doth nourish agues.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.*

#### **ARGUMENT.—Confusion in.**

*The.* His speech was like a tangled  
 chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered.

*M. N., V: 1. 343.*

#### **ARMOR.—Putting on.**

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:  
 He that unbuckles this, till we do please  
 To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.

*A. C., IV: 4. 1569.*

#### **ARREST.—Not Desirable.**

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under  
 an arrest, I would send for certain of my  
 creditors. And yet, to say the truth, I had  
 as lief have the foppery of freedom as the  
 morality of imprisonment.

*M. M., I: 2. 145.*

#### **ARROGANCE.—Charged and Re- buked.**

*Agam.* \* \* \* Go and tell him,  
 We come to speak with him: and you shall  
 not sin,  
 If you do say—we think him over-proud,  
 And under-honest; in self-assumption great-  
 er,  
 Than in the note of judgment; and worthier  
 than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on;  
 Disguise the holy strength of their com-  
 mand,

And underwrite in an observing kind  
 His humorous predominance; yea, watch  
 His pettish luns, his ebbs, his flows, as if  
 The passage and whole carriage of this action  
 Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and  
 add,

That, if he overhold his price so much,  
 We 'll none of him; but let him like an  
 engine

Not portable, lie under this report—  
 Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:  
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give  
 Before a sleeping giant.

*T. C., II: 3. 1117.*

#### **—Does not Hurt.**

*War.* \* \*

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt  
 not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;  
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
 Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine  
 ears.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 6. 970.*

#### **—Excites Contempt.**

*Suf.* O that I were a god, to shoot forth  
 thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!  
 Small things make base men proud: this  
 villain here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more



Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.  
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.  
It is impossible, that I should die  
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.  
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 933.*

—**Extenuated.**

*Q. Eliz.* The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,  
To your good prayer will scarcely say—amen.  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Stan.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers;  
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*R. III., I: 3. 1006.*

—**Of Office.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.

*H. VIII., V: 2. 1090.*

—**Priestly.**

*Win.* Now, Winchester will not submit,  
I trow,  
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.  
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,  
That, neither in birth, or for authority,  
The bishop will be overborne by thee:  
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,  
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

*H. VI., 1 pt., V: 1. 892.*

*Win.* Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;  
This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,  
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

*Glo.* I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth  
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

*Win.* Do what thou dar'st; I heard thee to thy face.

*Glo.* What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;  
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly:  
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat;  
In spite of Pope or dignities of church,  
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

*Win.* Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the Pope.

*Glo.* Winchester goose, I cry—a rope! a rope!—

Now beat them hence: Why do you let them stay!—

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—

Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 3. 868.*

**ART.—Mends Nature.**

*Pol.* \* \* This is an art  
Which does mend nature,—change it rather:  
but

The art itself is nature.

*W. T., IV: 3. 601.*

**ARTILLERY.—All Conquering.**

*Chorus.* \* \* And the nimble gunner  
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

And down goes all before them.

*H. V., III: C. 831.*

—**Its Power.**

*K. John.* \* \*

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;  
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:  
All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,  
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;  
And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones

That as a waist do girdle you about,  
By the compulsion of their ordnance  
By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made  
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.

*K. J.*, II: 1. 652.

#### ARTISTS.—Some Good.

*Sim.* \* \*

In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,  
To make some good, but others to exceed;  
And you 're her labour'd scholar.

*P.*, II: 3. 1651.

#### ARTS.—Black.

*Bra.* \* \*

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,  
For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—  
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*O.*, I: 2. 1494.

#### ASPIRATION.—Defeated.

*Iago.* \* \* By the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a  
place:  
But he, as loving his own pride and pur-  
poses,  
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;  
And, in conclusion, nonsuits  
My mediators; "for, certes," says he,  
"I have already chose my officer."  
And what was he?  
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife:  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster; unless the bookish  
theoric,  
Wherein the toged consuls can propose  
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without  
practice,  
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the  
election.

*O.*, I: 1. 1491.

#### ASS.—Detected.

*Fal.* I do begin to perceive that I am  
made an ass.

*M. W.*, V: 5. 119.

*The.* With the help of a surgeon, he  
might yet recover, and prove an ass.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 344.

#### —Dogberry's Desire to be an.

*Con.* Away! you are an ass! you are an  
ass!

*Dogb.* Dost thou not suspect my place?  
Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that  
he were here to write me down an ass! but,  
masters, remember that I am an ass; though  
it be not written down, yet forget not that I  
am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full  
of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee, by  
good witness. I am a wise fellow; and,  
which is more, an officer; and, which is  
more, a householder; and, which is more,  
as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Mes-  
sina; and one that knows the law, go to;  
and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fel-  
low that hath had losses; and one that hath  
two gowns and everything handsome about  
him:—Bring him away. O, that I had  
been writ down an ass!

*M. A.*, IV: 2. 248.

#### —How Bottom was Transformed into an.

*Puck.* My mistress with a monster is in  
love.

Near to her close and consecrated bower,  
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,  
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,  
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,  
Were met together to rehearse a play,  
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.  
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren  
sort,

Who Pyramus presented in their sport,  
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,  
When I did at him this advantage take.  
An ass's now! I fixed on his head;  
Anon, his Thisby must be answered,  
And forth my mimic comes. When they  
him spy,

As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,  
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,  
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,  
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky;  
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,  
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one  
falls;

He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.  
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears  
thus strong,

Made senseless, things begin to do them  
wrong;

For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;  
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders  
all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,  
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:  
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)  
Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 332.

#### —May be Loved.

*Quin.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee!  
thou art translated.

*Bot.* I see their knavery: This is to  
make an ass of me; to fright me, if they  
could. But I will not stir from this place,  
do what they can; I will walk up and down  
here, and I will sing, that they shall hear  
I am not afraid.

The woosel cock, so black of hue,  
With orange-tawny bill,  
The throstle with his note so true,  
The wren with little quill;

*Tita.* What angel wakes me from my  
flow'ry bed?

*Bot.*  
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,  
The plain-song cuckoo gray,  
Whose note full many a man doth mark,  
And dares not answer, nay—

for, indeed, who would set his wit to so fool-  
ish a bird? who would give a bird the lie,  
though he cry “Cuckoo” never so?

*Tita.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing  
again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,  
So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;  
And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth  
move me,  
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love  
thee.

*Bot.* Methinks, mistress, you should have  
little reason for that: and yet, to say the  
truth, reason and love keep little company  
together now-a-days: the more the pity, that  
some honest neighbours will not make them  
friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

*Tita.* Thou art as wise as thou art beau-  
tiful.

*M. N.*, III: 1. 331.

#### —Poor Example.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass and a fool,  
and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think

you, that we should also, look you, be an  
ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in  
your own conscience now?

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 840.

#### ASSIGNEES.—Described.

*Post.* \* \* Vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement.

*Cym.*, V: 4. 1623.

#### ASSOCIATES.—Evil.

*Fal.* \* \* Company, villanous com-  
pany, hath been the spoil of me.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 749.

#### —Influence of.

*Fal.* \* \* It is certain, that either wise  
bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as  
men take diseases, one of another: there-  
fore let men take heed of their company.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

#### ASSOCIATIONS.—Bad, Demand Care.

*Dro. S.* Marry, he must have a long  
spoon that must eat with the devil.

*C. E.*, IV: 2. 206.

#### ASSAULT.—Impetuous.

*Fr. King.* \* \*  
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat  
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.

*H. V.*, III: 5. 835.

#### —Violent.

*Reig.* \* \*  
The other lords, like lions wanting food,  
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 866.

#### ATONEMENT.—An Inspiration.

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed  
cross

We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
 Fortwith a power of English shall we levy;  
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's  
womb,

To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,



Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were  
 nail'd  
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 1. 727.*

—Recognized.

*War.* As surely as my soul intends to  
 live  
 With that dread King that took our state  
 upon him  
 To free us from his Father's wrathful curse.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 928.*

ATTEMPTS.—Foolish.

*Will.* \* \*

You may as well go about to turn the sun  
 to ice,  
 With fanning in his face with a peacock's  
 feather.

*H. V., IV: 1. 842.*

—Fruitless.

*York.* \* \* But, out, alas!  
 We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan  
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,  
 And spend her strength with over-matching  
 waves.

*H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.*

—More Alarming than Deeds.

*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have  
 awak'd,  
 And 't is not done:—the attempt, and not  
 the deed,  
 Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their dag-  
 gers ready,  
 He could not miss them.—Had he not re-  
 sembled  
 My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My  
 husband?

*M., II: 2. 1364.*

ATTENDANCE.—Dancing, Tedious.

*Ber.* I shall stay here the forehorse to a  
 smock,  
 Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,  
 Till honour be bought up, and no sword  
 worn  
 But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll  
 steal away.

*A. W., II: 1. 502.*

ATTRACTION.—Of Love, its Power.

*Rom.* Can I go forward, when my heart  
 is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre  
 out.

*R. J., II. 1. 1250.*

AUDACITY.—Invoked.

*Iach.* Boldness be my friend!  
 Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
 Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
 Rather, directly fly.

*Cym., I: 7. 1596.*

AUDIENCE.—Private on Public Af-  
 fairs.

*Agam.* What's your affair, I pray you?

*Æne.* Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamem-  
 non's ears.

*Agam.* He hears nought privately, that  
 comes from Troy.

*Æne.* Nor I from Troy come not to  
 whisper him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;  
 To set his sense on the attentive bent,  
 And then to speak.

*Agam.* Speak frankly as the wind;  
 It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:  
 That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,  
 He tells thee so himself.

*T. C., I: 3. 1110.*

AUSTERITY.—Belonging to a Father.

*Tra.* 'T is well; and hold your own, in  
 any case,  
 With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

*T. S., IV: 4. 477.*

—Rebellion Against.

*Bron.* I can but say their protestation  
 over,  
 So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,  
 That is,—To live and study here three  
 years.

But there are other strict observances:  
 As, not to see a woman in that term;  
 Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:  
 And, one day in a week to touch no food,  
 And but one meal on every day beside;  
 The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:  
 And then to sleep but three hours in the  
 night,

And not to be seen to wink of all the day ;  
(When I was wont to think no harm all  
night,  
And make a dark night too of half the day ;)  
Which, I hope well is not enrolled there :  
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep ;  
Not to see ladies, — study, fast, — not sleep.

*L. L., I: 1. 271.*

**AUTHORITY.—A Birthright.**

*K. Rich.* We were not born to sue, but  
to command.

*R. II., I: 1. 686.*

**—Consequence of Disputing.**

*Nest.* \* \* In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being  
smooth,  
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk?

*T. C., I: 3. 1107.*

**—Controlled by Gold.**

*Clo.* \* \* Though authority be a stub-  
born bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with  
gold.

*W. T., IV: 3. 610.*

**—Curative.**

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err  
like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top.

*M. M., II: 3. 153.*

**—Demands Patience.**

*Par.* Well, thou hast a son shall take  
this disgrace off me, scurvy, old, filthy,  
scurvy lord!— Well, I must be patient;  
there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat  
him, by my life, if I can meet him with any  
convenience, an he were double and double  
a lord.

*A. W., II: 3. 508.*

**—God-bestowed.**

*K. Rich.* We are amazed ; and thus long  
have we stood  
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,  
Because we thought ourself thy lawful  
king :  
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?

If we be not, show us the hand of God  
That hath dismiss'd us from our steward-  
ship ;  
For well we know, no hand of blood and  
bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.  
And though you think, that all, as you have  
done,

Have torn their souls, by turning them from  
us,  
And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;—  
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,  
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,  
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike  
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,  
That lift your vassal hands against my  
head,  
And threat the glory of my precious crown.  
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he  
is,)

That every stride he makes upon my land,  
Is dangerous treason : he is come to ope  
The purple testament of bleeding war ;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers'  
sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's  
face ;

Change the complexion of her maid-pale  
peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English  
blood.

*R. II., III: 3. 704.*

**—III Defined.**

*Escal.* I shall desire you, sir, to give me  
leave  
To have free speech with you ; and it con-  
cerns me  
To look into the bottom of my place :  
A pow'r I have ; but of what strength and  
nature  
I am not yet instructed.

*M. M., I: 1. 144.*

**—Its Arrogance.**

*Isab.* \* \* But man, proud man !  
Dress'd in a little brief authority,—  
Most ignorant of what he 's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high  
heaven,  
As make the angels weep: who, with our  
spleens,  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 152.

—**Its Surrender.**

*K. Rich.* What must the king do now?  
Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?  
The king shall be contented: Must he lose  
The name of king? o' God's name, let it go:  
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;  
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;  
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;  
My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood;  
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking-staff;  
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;  
And my large kingdom for a little grave,  
A little, little grave, an obscure grave: —  
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,  
Some way of common trade, where subjects'  
feet  
May hourly trample on their sovereign's  
head:  
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I  
live;  
And, buried once, why not upon my head? —  
Aumerle, thou weep'st; My tender-hearted  
cousin! —  
We'll make foul weather with despised  
tears;  
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer  
corn,  
And make a dearth in this revolting land.  
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding  
tears?  
As thus;—To drop them still upon one  
place,  
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
Within the earth; and, therein laid,—  
“There lies  
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with  
weeping eyes?”

*R. II.*, III: 3. 704.

—**Neglect of.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,  
To whom the foragers shall all repair,  
What honey is expected?

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1108.

—**Not Always Just.**

*Claud.* Thus can the demi-god, Au-  
thority,

Make us pay down for our offence by  
weight.—

The word of heaven—on whom it will, it  
will;

On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

*M. M.*, I: 2. 145.

—**Obedyed.**

*Lear.* And the creature run from the  
cur? There thou might'st behold the great  
image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

*K. L.*, IV: 6. 1476.

**AVARICE.—A Stanchless.**

*Mal.* With this, there grows,

In my most ill-composed affection, such  
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;  
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:  
And my more-having would be as a sauce  
To make me hunger more; that I should  
forge

Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,  
Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice

Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious  
root

Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath been  
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not  
fear;

Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,  
Of your mere own: All these are portable,  
With other graces weigh'd.

*M.*, IV: 3. 1378.

—**An Old Man's.**

*Clo.* \* \*

I begin to love, as an old man loves money,  
with no stomach.

*A. W.*, III: 2. 511.

—**Destroys Love.**

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a  
diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats  
in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon  
our nation till now; I never felt it till now:



—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what 's spent in the search: Why thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

*M. V., III: 1. 376.*

—Never Yields.

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew,

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;

You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,

When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;

You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what 's harder?)  
His Jewish heart.

*M. V., IV: 1. 383.*

—Revolting.

*K. Hen. \* \**

How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes her object!

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.*

**AVERSION.—Bitterly Expressed.**

*K. Hen. \* \**

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.*

—Extreme.

*Sir To. \* \** I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together.

*T. N., III: 2. 557.*

*Fal.* Thou might'st as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime kiln.

*M. W., III: 3. 105.*

—To Comfort.

*Seb.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*T., II: 1. 15.*

—Undisguised.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,  
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 943.*

**AVOIDANCE.—The True Wisdom.**

*Cam. \* \** I am sure, 't is safer to

Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.

*W. T., I: 2. 586.*

B

**BADNESS.—In Character.**

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd

In evils, to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name.

*M., IV: 3. 1378.*

**BALANCES.—Nature's.**

*Dio. E.* For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather.

*C. E., III: 1. 200.*

**BALLADS.—Offensive.**

*Hel. \* \** Traduc'd by odious ballads.

*A. W., II: 1. 504.*

**BANISHMENT.—A Boundless Woe.**

*Jul.* \* \* "Romeo is banished,—"  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that  
    woe sound.

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1262.

**—A Mercy.**

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from  
    their death:  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounced  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,  
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,  
From these devourers to be banished!

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1214.

**—Its Bitterness.**

*Boling.* Eating the bitter bread of banishment.

*R. II.*, III: 1. 700.

*K. Rich.* We banish you our territories:  
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,  
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,  
Shall not regret our fair dominions,  
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

*Boling.* Your will be done: this must  
    my comfort be,—  
That sun, that warms you here, shall shine  
    on me;  
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,  
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,  
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:  
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—  
The hopeless word of—never to return,  
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

*Nor.* A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,  
And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:

A dearer merit, not so deep a main  
As to be cast forth in the common air,  
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.  
The language I have learn'd these forty years,

My native English, now I must forego:  
And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;  
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,  
Or, being open, put into his hands  
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.  
Within my mouth you have engao'd my tongue,

Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;

And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance  
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.  
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,  
Too far in years to be a pupil now;  
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,

Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

*K. Rich.* It boots thee not to be compassionate;

After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

*Nor.* Then thus I turn me from my country's light,  
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

*R. II.*, I: 3. 639.

**—Worse than Death.**

*Rom.* Ha! banishment? be merciful, say death:

For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

*Fri.* Hence from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death:—then banishment

Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders  
me.

*Fri.* O deadly sin! O rude unthankful-  
ness!

Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind  
prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banish-  
ment:

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'T is torture, and not mercy: heav-  
en is here,

Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not. — More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
But Romeo may not; he is banished:  
Flies may do this, when I from this must  
fly;

They are free men, but I am banished.  
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?  
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-  
ground knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so  
mean,

But — banished — to kill me; banished?  
O friar, the damned use that word in hell;  
Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word — banishment?

*R. J.*, III: 3, 1262.

#### BANTERING.—Ridiculous.

*Boyet.* \* \*

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on  
the shoulder;  
Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.  
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and  
swore,

A better speech was never spoke before:  
Another with his finger and his thumb,  
Cry'd, "Via! we will do 't, come what will  
come:"

The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes  
well;"

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he  
fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,  
With such a zealous laughter, so profound,  
That in his spleen ridiculous appears,  
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 294.

#### BARBARITY.—Pious.

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon  
me.

These are their brethren, whom you Goths  
beheld

Alive, and dead; and for their brethren  
slain,

Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he  
must,

To appease their groaning shadows that are  
gone.

*Luc.* Away with him! and make a fire  
straight;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
Let 's hew his limbs, till they be clean con-  
sum'd.

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1202.

#### BARGAINS.—Cavils on.

*Hot.* I do not care: I'll give thrice so  
much land

To any well-deserving friend;

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be  
gone?

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 746.

#### BARGE.—Cleopatra's.

*Eno.* I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten  
gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that

The winds were love-sick with them: the  
oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and  
made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes.

*A. C.*, II: 2. 1550.



**BARRENNESS.—Cured by Touch.**

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonus,  
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.

*J. C.*, I: 2. 1323.

**BASENESS.—Of One who Lies.**

*Lucul.* \* \* Draw nearer, honest Flaminus. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is 't possible, the world should so much differ;  
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness,  
To him that worships thee.

*Lucul.* Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master.

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee!  
Let molten coin be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,  
I feel my master's passion! This slave  
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:  
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,  
When he is turn'd to poison?  
O, may diseases only work upon 't!  
And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature  
Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

*T. A.*, III: 1. 1297.

**—Too Bold.**

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,

Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not

For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far From thy report, as thou from honour; and Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—

The king my father shall be made acquainted

Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit, A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart As in a Romish stew, and to expound His beastly mind to us; he hath a court He little cares for, and a daughter whom He not respects at all.

*Cym.*, I: 7. 1597.

**BASS.—Too Heavy, Mars a Tune.**

*Luc.* It is too heavy for so light a tune.

*Jul.* Heavy? belike it hath some burden then.

\* \*

*Luc.* Nay, now you are too flat, And mar the concord with too harsh a descendant:

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

*Jul.* The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

*Luc.* Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

*T. G.*, I: 3. 50.

**BASTARD.**

*Ther.* I am a bastard too; I love bastards. I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, in valour, in everything illegitimate.

*T. C.*, V: 8. 1142.

*Ang.* Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good

To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n A man already made, as to remit Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image

In stamps that are forbid: 't is all as easy Falsely to take away a life true made, As to put metal in restrained means, To make a false one.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 154.

**BACHELOR.—His Happiness.**

*D. Pedro.* I do but stay till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward Arragon.

*Claud.* I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

*D. Pedro.* Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

*M. A., III: 2. 239.*

**—Old.**

*Bene.* \* \* Shall I never see a bachelor of three score again?

*M. A., I: 1. 227.*

*Bene.* \* \*

When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.

*M. A., II: 3. 237.*

**BATTLE.—Artillery.**

*K. John.* \* \*

The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;

And ready mounted are they, to spit forth Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.

*K. J., II: 1. 652.*

**BATTLEFIELD.—Its Dangers.**

*Stew.* \* \*

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.

*A. W., III: 4. 513.*

**BEARD.—Launcelot's.**

*Gob.* \* \* Lord, worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phill-horse has on his tail.

*M. V., II: 2. 368.*

**—Round and Red.**

*Quick.* Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

*Sim.* No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain coloured beard.

*M. W., I: 4. 93.*

**—Sign of Manhood.**

*Beat.* \* \* He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man.

*M. A., II: 1. 230.*

**BEARDS.—Rare in Colors.**

*Bot.* Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

*M. N., I: 2. 325.*

**BEARING.—Becoming.**

*Cleo.* \* \*

But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,

How this Herculean Roman does become The carriage of his chafe.

*A. C., I: 3. 1544.*

**BEAUTY.**

*Pet.* \* \* Kate, like the hazel-twigg,  
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue,

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

*T. S., II: 1. 464.*

*Pet.* \* \*

Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

*T. S., II: 1. 463.*

**—A Witch.**

*Claud.* \* \* For beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

*M. A., II: 1. 232.*

**—And Kindness.**

*Song.* For beauty lives with kindness.

*T. G., IV: 2. 66.*

**—By Comparison.**

*Pro.* \* \*

Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,

Having seen but him and Caliban.

To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mira.* My affections  
Are then most humble; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*T.* I: 2. 14.

—Complimented.

*K. Hen.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd!  
O beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee.

*H. VIII.* I: 4. 1064.

—Cruel.

*Vio.* 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red  
and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid  
on:

Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave,  
And leave the world no copy.

\* \*

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your  
gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,  
And sing them loud even in the dead of  
night;  
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me.

*T. N.* I: 5. 546.

—Disarming Power of.

*Mar.* \* \*

O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss  
them,  
He would not then have touch'd them for  
his life;  
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell  
asleep,  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

*Tit. And.* II: 5. 1213.

—Effect on Women.

*York.* 'T is beauty, that doth oft make  
women proud.

*H. VI.* 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

—Excites Wrath.

*Y. Clif.* \* \* Tears virginal  
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;  
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

*H. VI.* 2 pt., V: 2. 945.

—Exquisite.

*Rom.* \* \*

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

*R. J.* I: 5. 1248.

—Eye, the Judge of.

*Prin.* \* \*

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Nor utter'd by base sale of chapmen's  
tongues.

*L. L.* II: 1. 277.

—Female.

*Pet.* \* \*

Such war of white and red within her  
cheeks?  
What stars do spangle heaven with such  
beauty,  
As those two eyes become that heavenly  
face?

*T. S.* IV: 5. 479.

—Homage to.

*Val.* \* \*

She shall be dignified with this high honour,  
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steal a  
kiss,

And, of so great a favour growing proud,  
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,  
And make rough winter everlastingly.

*T. G.* II: 4. 56.

—In Woman.

*Ros.* \* \*

'T is not your inky brows, your black silk  
hair,  
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of  
cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

*A. Y.* III: 5. 427.

—Irresistible.

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I  
call'd.



Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :  
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,  
Go, and be free again as Suffolk's friend.  
O, stay !—I have no power to let her pass ;  
My hand would free her, but my heart says  
—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.  
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak :  
I 'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind :

Fie, De la Poole ! disable not thyself ;  
Hast not a tongue ? is she not here thy prisoner ?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight ?  
Ay ; beauty's princely majesty is such,  
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

*H. VI., 1 pt., V : 3. 893.*

—**Its Effect.**

3 *Gent.* \* \* The rich stream  
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the queen

To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down

To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man : which when the people

Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks,  
(Doublets, I think) flew up : and had their faces

Been loose, this day they had been lost.  
Such joy  
I never saw before.

*H. VIII., IV : 1. 1083.*

—**Manly.**

*Pro.* The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,  
And say what thou seest yond.

*Mira.* What is 't ? a spirit ?  
Lord, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir,  
It carries a brave form : — But 't is a spirit.

*Pro.* No, wench ; it eats, and sleeps,  
and hath such senses  
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,

Was in the wreck ; and but he 's something stain'd

With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find them.

*Mira.* I might call him  
A thing divine ; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*T., I : 2. 13.*

—**More Dangerous than Gold.**

*Ros.* \* \*  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*A. Y., I : 3. 413.*

—**Radiant.**

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty.

*T. N., I : 5. 545.*

—**Sea Has a Sense of.**

*Cas.* He has had most favourable and happy speed :

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands—  
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*O., II : 1. 1501.*

—**Want of, Deplored.**

*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond chase !

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.  
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,  
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.  
How came her eyes so bright ? Not with salt tears :

If so, my eyes are oft'ner wash'd than hers.  
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear ;  
For beasts that meet me run away for fear :  
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius

Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.  
 What wicked and dissembling glass of mine  
 Made me compare with Hermia's sphery  
 eyne?

*M. N.*, II: 2. 329.

— **Woman's, above Praise.**

*Biron.* \* \* When shall you hear that I  
 Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,  
 A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,  
 A leg, a limb?

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 289.

— **Woman's, Overwhelming.**

*Glo.* \* \*

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;  
 And what these sorrows could not thence  
 exhale,  
 Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with  
 weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;  
 My tongue could never learn sweet soothing  
 word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,  
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my  
 tongue to speak.

*R. III.*, I: 2. 1005.

*Tro.* I cannot fight upon this argument;  
 It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

*T. C.*, I: 1. 1103.

**BEAUX.—Rival, Disparaged.**

*Fal.* What made me love thee? let that  
 persuade thee there 's something extraor-  
 dinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and  
 say thou art this and that, like a many of  
 these lispng hawthorn-buds, that come like  
 women in men's apparel, and smell like  
 Bucklersbury in simple-time: I cannot; but  
 I love thee; none but thee; and thou de-  
 serv'st it.

*M. W.*, III: 3. 105.

**BED.—A Tempting.**

*Lord.* \* \*

Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a  
 couch,

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed  
 On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

*T. S.*, Ind: 2. 453.

**BEEF-EATING.—An Injury to the Wit.**

*Sir And.* \* \* But I am a great eater  
 of beef, and I believe that does harm to my  
 wit.

*T. N.*, I: 3. 542.

**BEEES.—A Model for the State.**

*Cant.* True: therefore doth  
 heaven divide

The state of man in divers functions,  
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;  
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
 Obedience: for so work the honey bees;  
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach  
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
 They have a king, and officers of sorts:  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at  
 home;

Others, like merchants, venture trade  
 abroad;

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring  
 home

To the tent-royal of their emperor:  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons building roofs of gold;  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey;  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to executors pale  
 The lazy yawning drone.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 822.

**BEGGAR.—An Unusual.**

*Boling.* What shrill-voic'd suppliant  
 makes this eager cry?

*Duch.* A woman, and thine aunt, great  
 king; 't is I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door:  
 A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

*Boling.* Our scene is alter'd,—from a  
 serious thing,  
 And now chang'd to "The Beggar and the  
 King."—

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;  
 I know, she's come to pray for your foul  
 sin.

*R. II.*, V: 3. 715.

— **At What he Rails.**

*Bast.* \* \*

Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;  
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary.

*K. J.*, II: 2. 656.

## —His Reason.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me think a man a worm.

*K. L., IV: 1. 1471.*

## —How Answered.

*Por.* \* \*

You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*M. V., IV: 2. 387*

**BEGGARS.—Abuse Position.**

*York.* \* \* Beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

*H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 961.*

## —Their Death Unheralded.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen.

*J. C., II: 2. 1333.*

**BEGINNINGS.—Small, Dangerous.**

*Cas.* \* \*

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,

Begin it with weak straws.

*J. C., I: 3. 1328.*

**BELIEF.—Impossibility of Inspiring.**

*Her.* \* \* I'll believe as soon

This whole earth may be bor'd; and that the moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease

Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;

So should a murderer look; so dread, so grim.

*M. N., III: 2. 333.*

**BELLIGERENCY.—In a Bishop, Rebuked.**

*P. John.* \* \*

My lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,

Encircled you, to hear with reverence

Your exposition on the holy text:

Than now to see you here an iron man,

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,

Would he abuse the countenance of the king,

Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
In shadow of such greatness! With you,  
lord bishop,

It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,

How deep you were within the books of God?

To us, the speaker in his parliament;

To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;

The very opener, and intelligencer,

Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,

And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,

But you misuse the reverence of your place;

Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,

As a false favourite doth his prince's name,

In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,

Under the counterfeited zeal of God,

The subjects of his substitute, my father;

And, both against the peace of heaven and him,

Have here up-swarm'd them.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 797.*

**BELL.—Sometimes Alarming.**

*Oth.* \* \*

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle  
From her propriety.

*O., II: 3. 1506.*

**BELLOWING.—A Relief.**

*Ant.* \* \* O, that I were

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar

The horned herd! for I have savage cause;

And to proclaim it civilly, were like

A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank

For being yare about him.

*A. C., III: 11. 1567.*

**BELLY.—A Cold, an Excuse.**

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs for pills to cool the reins.

*M. W., III: 5. 108.*



**BENEDICTION.—Generous.***Bel.* \* \*

Two of the sweet'st companions in the  
world:—

The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are  
worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.*, V: 5. 1630.**BEREAVEMENT.—Submission to.**

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother; God is  
much displeas'd,  
That you take with unthankfulness his  
doing;

In common worldly things, 't is call'd—un-  
grateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly  
lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,  
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*R. III.*, II: 2. 1017.**BEST.—Is Last.***Gaunt.* \* \*

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 692.**—Should be Last.***Boling.* \* \*

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most  
sweet.

*R. II.*, I: 3. 688.**BETRAYAL.—By an Angel Face.**

*Cle.* Thou art like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,  
Seize with an eagle's talons.

*P.*, IV: 4. 1663.**—Justifies Surrender.**

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought  
and sold;

Untread the road-way of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;  
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means to recompense the pains you take,  
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he  
sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-Bury:  
Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*K. J.*, V: 4. 674.**—Purchased by Gold.**

*Buck.* My surveyor is false; the o'er-  
great cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold: my life is spann'd  
already:

I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts  
on,

By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, fare-  
well.

*H. VIII.*, I: 1. 1059.**BETRAYER.—Vengeance on a.**

*Ant.* \* \* 'T is well thou 'rt gone,  
If it be well to live: But better 't were  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!—  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:

Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the  
moon,

And with those hands, that grasp'd the  
heaviest club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall  
die;

To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I  
fall

Under this plot; she dies for 't.

*A. C.*, IV: 10. 1573.**BETROTHAL.—Abuse of.***Pro.* \* \* \*

No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall  
To make this contract grow: but barren  
hate,

Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall be-  
strew

The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,  
That you shall hate it both: therefore take  
heed,

As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*T.*, IV: 1. 26.**—Full.**

*Por.* You see me, lord Bassanio, where  
I stand,  
Such as I am: though, for myself alone,

I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you,  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand  
times more rich;

That only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unprac-  
tis'd:

Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours.  
Is now converted: but now, I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same  
myself,

Are yours, my lord:—I give them with this  
ring;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give  
away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*M. V., III: 2. 378.*

#### BETROTHMENT.—A plea for Familiarity.

*Lys.* One turf shall serve as pillow for  
us both.

One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one  
troth.

*M. N., II: 2. 328.*

#### BEWILDERMENT.—Complete.

*Curt.* \* \* \*

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

*T. S., IV: 1. 473.*

#### —Of Cross Purposes.

*Duke.* Why what an intricate impeach is  
this!

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

*C. E., V: 1. 212.*

#### BEWITCHMENT.—A Lover's.

*Obe.* I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,

Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;  
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,  
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and de-  
light;

And there the snake throws her enamell'd  
skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:

And with the juice of this I'll streak her  
eyes,

And make her full of hateful fantasies.

Take thou some of it, and seek through this  
grove:

A sweet Athenian lady is in love  
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;  
But do it, when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady; Thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian garments he hath on.  
Effect it with some care, that he may prove  
More fond on her, than she upon her love.

*M. N., II: 1. 328.*

#### BIRTH.—High.

*Glo.* \* \* But I was born so high,

Our aerie buildeth in the cedar's top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the  
sun.

*R. III., I: 3. 1009.*

#### BIRTHDAY.—Cassius' Fatal.

*Cas.* \* \* \*

This day I breathed first: time is come  
round,

And where I did begin, there I shall end;

My life is run his compass.

*J. C., V: 3. 1350.*

#### BIRTH-PLACE.—Of Great Men.

*Flu.* Ay, he was born at Monmouth,  
captain Gower: What call you the town's  
name where Alexander the pig was born?

*Gow.* Alexander the great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great?  
The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the  
huge, or the magnanimous, are all one  
reckonings, save the phrase is a little varia-  
tions.

*Gow.* I think Alexander the great was  
born in Macedon; his father was called—  
Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think, it is in Macedon, where  
Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—  
If you look in the maps of the 'orld, I war-

rant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you know, to take tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth.

*H. V., IV: 7. 847.*

#### **BITTERNESS.—Adds to Sweetness.**

*King.* \* \*  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.  
*A. W., V: 3. 530.*

#### **—Misanthropic.**

*Tim.* Commend me to them;  
And tell them, that, to ease them of their  
griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches,  
losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident  
throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kind-  
ness do them.

\* \*  
I have a tree, which grows here in my close,  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that whoso  
please

To stop affliction, let him take his haste,  
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself.

*T. A., V: 2: 1314.*

#### **BLACKNESS.—Badge of Hell.**

*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge  
of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the scroll of  
night.

*L. L., IV: 3. 290.*

#### **—Of Skin.**

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sor-  
rowful issue:  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest burdens of our clime.  
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy  
seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's  
point.

\* \*

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must: the mother wills  
it so.

*Aar.* What, must it, nurse? then let no  
man, but I,  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole on my  
rapier's point;  
Nurse, give it me: my sword shall soon de-  
spatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plow thy  
bowels up.  
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your  
brother?

\* \*

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,  
With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's  
brood,  
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,  
Shall seize this prey out of his father's  
hands.  
What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted  
boys!  
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted  
signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,  
In that it scorns to bear another hue:  
For all the water in the ocean  
Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,  
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.  
Tell the empress from me, I am of age  
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

*Tit. And., IV: 2. 1221.*



**BLATHERSKITE.—A Loud Mouthed.**

*Boy.* \* \* I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously.

*H. V., IV: 4. 846.*

**BLEMISHES.—Demand Candor.**

*Ant.* \* \*

Read not my blemishes in the world's report:

I have not kept my square: but that to come

Shall all be done by the rule.

*A. C., II: 3. 1551.*

**BLINDNESS.—Varieties of.**

*Laun.* O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not.

*M. V., II: 2. 368.*

**—Willful.**

*Leon.* Have not you seen, Camillo, (But that 's past doubt—you have; or your eye-glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard?

*W. T., I: 2. 584.*

**BLOOD.—Ancestral.**

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld; I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

*H. V., IV: 7. 848.*

**—Ancestral Disgraced.**

*Gaunt.* O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son;

That blood already, like the pelican,

Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd.

My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,

(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls!)

May be a precedent and witness good,  
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood;

Join with the present sickness that I have;  
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,  
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.  
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—

These words hereafter thy tormentors be!  
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:  
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

*R. II., II: 1. 693.*

**—Innocent, Cries for Vengeance.**

*Boling.* \* \*

Further I say,—and further will maintain  
Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—  
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;  
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries;  
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,  
Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams  
of blood:

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,

To me, for justice, and rough chastisement;  
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,  
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

*R. II., I: 1. 685.*

**—Lays Summer's Dust.**

*Boling.* \* \*

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,  
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench  
The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall show.

*R. II., III: 3. 703.*

**—New Shed.**

*Quin.* \* \*

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

*Tit. And., II: 4. 1211.*

—**Royal, will Show.***Bel.* \* \*

These boys know little, they are sons to the king:

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.

They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly

I' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,

In simple and low things, to prince it, much Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom The king his father call'd Guiderius,—  
Jove!

When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out

Into my story: say,—“Thus mine enemy fell;

And thus I set my foot on his neck;” even then

The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my words. The younger brother Cadwal,

(Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure, Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more

His own conceiving.

*Cym.*, III: 3. 1607.—**Shed in Rage.***K. Phi.* \* \*

Or shall we give the signal to our rage,

And stalk in blood to our possession?

*R. J.*, II: 1. 652.—**Shedding of.**

*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent;

There is no sure foundation set on blood;

No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 666.—**Stains, Show the Hero.***Vol.* Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum;

See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair;  
As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—

“Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,

Though you were born in Rome:” His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;

Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*Vir.* His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!

*Vol.* Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,

Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,

When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier

Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood

At Grecian swords' contending.—Tell Valeria,

We are fit to bid her welcome.

*C.*, I: 3. 1153.**BLOODLESSNESS.—Discerned.**

*Sir To.* \* \* For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*T. N.*, III: 2. 557.**BLOODSHED.—Justified.***K. Hen.* \* \*

For God doth know, how many now in health,

Shall drop their blood in approbation

Of what your reverence shall incite us to:

Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake the sleeping sword of war;

We charge you in the name of God, take heed:

For never two such kingdoms did contend,  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,

'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 821.

**BLUNTNESS.—In Whom Relished.**

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

*O.*, II: 1. 1502.

**BLUSH.—A Sign of Honesty.**

*Sur.* \* \*

Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,

You 'll show a little honesty.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1080.

**—Habitual.**

*P. Hen.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away; What instinct hadst thou for it?

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

**—Treachery of.**

*Chi.* I blush to think upon this ignominy.

*Aar.* Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

*Tit. And.*, IV: 2. 1221.

**BLUSHES.—Of Modesty.**

*Adr.* \* \*

What observation mad'st thou in this case, Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

*C. E.*, IV: 2. 205.

*Oth.* \* \*

I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds.

*O.*, IV: 2. 1522.

**BLUSTER.—Sign of Cowardice.**

*Boy.* For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword.

*H. V.*, III: 2. 832

**BOASTER.—Described by a Boaster.**

*Fal.* \* \* Like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 794.

**BOASTING.—Egotistical.**

*Glend.* \* \* At my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.

These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;  
And all the courses of my life do show,  
I am not in the roll of common men.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 744.

**—Good Grounds for.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

And is not this an honourable spoil?

A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

*West.* Faith 't is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 1. 728.

**—Henry's.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Either our history shall, with full mouth,  
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 823.

**—Loud.**

*War.* \* \*

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,

Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;

For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 2. 988.

**—Mocked.**

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

*R. J.*, II: 4. 1256.

*Tro.* O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?

She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:  
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

*T. C.*, IV: 5. 1135.



## —Ridiculed.

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like  
a turkey-cock.

*H. V., V: 1. 852.*

## —Vain.

*Vol. \* \**

Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,  
To imitate the graces of the gods;  
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the  
air,  
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt  
That should but rive an oak.

*C., V: 3. 1190.*

**BODY.—Paste and Cover.**

*K. Rich. \* \**

And nothing can we call our own, but  
death;  
And that small model of the barren earth,  
Which serves as paste and cover to our  
bones.

*R. II., III: 2. 702.*

*K. John. \* \** Within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor.

*K. J., III: 3. 661.*

## —The Lees of Life.

*Macb. \* \**

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*M., II: 3. 1366.*

*Boling. \* \** This frail sepulchre of  
our flesh.

*R. II., I: 3. 689.*

**BOISTEROUSNESS.—Irreverent.**

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What  
care these roarers for the name of king?

*T., I: 1. 7.*

**BOLDNESS.—Artificial.**

*Lady M.* That which hath made them  
drunk hath made me bold:  
What hath quench'd them, hath given me  
fire:—Hark!—Peace!  
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-  
man,  
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is  
about it:  
The doors are open; and the surfeited  
grooms

Do mock their charge with snores: I have  
drugg'd their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about  
them,  
Whether they live, or die.

*M., II: 2. 1364.*

**BOMBAST.—Armado's.**

*King. \* \* (Reading.)*

So it is, besieged with sable-coloured mel-  
ancholy, I did commend the black-oppress-  
ing humour to the most wholesome physick  
of thy health-giving air: and, as I am a  
gentleman, betook myself to walk. The  
time when? About the sixth hour; when  
beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men  
sit down to that nourishment which is called  
supper. So much for the time when: Now  
for the ground which; which, I mean, I  
walked upon: it is cyeleped thy park. Then  
for the place where; where, I mean, I did  
encounter that obscene and most preposter-  
ous event, that draweth from my snow-white  
pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou  
viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest: But  
to the place where,—It standeth north-  
north-east and by east from the west corner  
of thy curious-knotted garden. There did  
I see that low-spirited swain, that base min-  
now of thy mirth,

*\* \**

—sorted, and consorted, contrary to thy  
established proclaimed edict and continent  
canon, with—with—O with—but with this  
I passion to say wherewith,

*\* \**

—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a  
female; or, for thy more sweet understand-  
ing, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed  
duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to re-  
ceive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet  
grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good  
repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

*\* \**

For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel  
called, which I apprehended with the afore-  
said swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy  
law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy  
sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in  
all compliments of devoted and heart-burn-  
ing heat of duty.

*L. L., I: 1. 274.*

## —Falstaff's.

*P. Hen. \* \** Here comes lean Jack,  
here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet  
creature of bombast? How long is't ago,  
Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee? when I was about  
thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in  
the waist; I could have crept into any

alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.

\* \*

*P. Hen.* He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.  
*Fal.* You have hit it.

*P. Hen.* So did he never the sparrow.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

#### —Of Patroclus.

*Ulyss.* \* \* Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on;  
And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit

Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,

'T is like a chime a mending: with terms  
unsquar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon  
dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1109.

#### —Touchstone's.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me; To have, is to have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one, doth empty the other: for all your writers do consent, that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman! Therefore, you, clown, abandon, which is in the vulgar, leave, the society, which in the boorish is, company, of this female, which in the common is, woman, which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage; I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore, tremble, and depart.

*A. Y.*, V: 1. 433.

#### BOND.—Relentless Exaction of a.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;

Take thrice thy money: bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenor.

It doth appear you are a worthy judge;

You know the law; your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 385.

#### —Shylock's Pound of Flesh.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show:

Go with me to a notary: seal me there

Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,

If you repay me not on such a day,

In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are

Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit

Be nominated for an equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken

In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*M. V.*, I: 3. 366.

#### BONDAGE.—Conscience Embitters.

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,

I think, to liberty: Yet am I better

Than one that's sick o' the gout: since he had rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd

By the sure physician, death; who is the key

To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd

More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods, give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,

Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?

So children temporal fathers do appease;

Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,

Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,

If of my freedom 't is the main part, take

No strictèr render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement: that 's not my desire:  
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and  
though

'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:

You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence.

*Cym.*, V: 4. 1623.

#### —Vilest to the Great.

*Mar.* To be a queen in bondage is more vile

Than is a slave in base servility;  
For princes should be free.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., V: 3. 894.

#### —Voiceless.

*Jul.* \* \*

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;  
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,  
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine.

*R. J.*, II: 2. 1253.

#### BOOKS.—A Secret Power.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him

I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: Remember

First to possess his books; for, without them,

He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: They all do hate him

As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;  
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)  
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.

And that most deeply to consider, is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman  
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,  
As great'st does least.

*T.*, III: 2. 23.

#### —A Solace.

*Tit.* \* \*

Come, and take choice of all my library,  
And so beguile thy sorrow.

*Tit. And.*, IV: 1. 1219.

#### —Full of Dainties.

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

*L. L.*, IV: 2. 285.

#### BORES.—Insufferable.

*Hot.* \* \* O, he 's as tedious

As is a tired horse, a railing wife;

Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live

With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,

In any summer house in Christendom.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 746.

#### BORROWER.—Affecting Honesty.

*Ven.* 'Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help

I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever; and there 's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them: Faults that are rich, are fair.

*T. A.*, I: 2. 1290.



**—Dulls the Edge.**

*Pol.* Neither a borrower, nor a lender  
be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

*H.*, I: 3. 1397.

**—No Hope for the.**

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this  
consumption of the purse: borrowing only  
lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is  
incurable.

*H.* IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.

**BOUNTIFUL.—The.**

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the  
way  
Of starved people.

*M.* V., V: 1. 391.

*Mort.* \* \* Valiant as a lion,  
And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful  
As mines of India.

*H.* IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 746.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous  
mind indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us.

*H.* VIII., I: 3. 1063.

**BOUNTY.—Should have Eyes Behind.**

*Fla.* \* \*  
'T is pity, bounty had not eyes behind;  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his  
mind.

*T.* A., I: 2. 1292.

**—Unexhausted.**

*Cleo.* \* \* For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was;  
That grew the more by reaping.

*A.* C., V: 2. 1578.

**BOYHOOD.—Innocence of.**

*Pol.* We were as twinn'd lambs, that did  
frisk i' the sun,  
And bleat the one at th' other: What we  
chang'd  
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not  
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd  
That any did: Had we pursu'd that life,  
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher  
rear'd

With stronger blood, we should have an-  
swer'd Heaven

Boldly, "Not guilty;" the imposition clear'd  
Hereditary ours.

*W.* T., I: 2. 581.

**—Thoughtless.**

*Pol.* We were, fair queen,  
Two lads, that thought there was no more  
behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,  
And to be boy eternal.

*W.* T., I: 2. 581.

**BOYS.—Pretty.**

*Eno.* \* \*  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling  
Cupids.

*A.* C., II: 2. 1550.

**BRAG.—Provoked.**

*Hect.* Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I 'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard  
thee well:

For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor  
there:

But, by the forge that stithied Mars his  
helm,

I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and  
o'er.—

You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,  
His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these  
words,

Or may I never—

*T.* C., IV: 5. 1134.

**BRAGGART.—Always an Ass.**

*Par.* \* \* Captain I 'll be no more;  
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft  
As captain shall; simply the thing I am  
Shall make me live. Who knows himself a  
braggart,

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,  
That every braggart shall be found an ass.

*A.* W., IV: 3. 522.

**—Fights Dead Lions.**

*Bart.* \* \*  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the  
beard.

*K.* J., II: 1. 651.

## —Forbearance with a.

*Clo.* Soft! What are you  
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing—  
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
“A slave” without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, villain: Yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou?  
Have not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear  
not

My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou  
art;

Why I should yield to thee?

*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather; he made those  
clothes,

Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art  
some fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1615.

## —Picture of a.

*Fal.* \* \* Lord, Lord, how subject we  
old men are to this vice of lying! This same  
starved justice hath done nothing but prate  
to me of the wildness of his youth, and the  
feats he hath done about Turnbull-street;  
and every third word a lie, duer paid to the  
hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do re-  
member him at Clement's-inn, like a man  
made after supper of a cheese-paring: when  
he was naked, he was, for all the world, like  
a forked radish, with a head fantastically  
carved upon it with a knife: he was so for-  
lorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight  
were invisible: he was the very Genius of  
famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the  
whores called him—mandrake: he came  
ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and  
sung those tunes to the over-scuted hus-  
wives that he heard the carmen whistle, and  
swore—they were his fancies, or his good-  
nights. And now is this Vice's dagger be-  
come a squire; and talks as familiarly of  
John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn  
brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never

saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then  
he burst his head, for crowding among the  
marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of  
Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you  
might have truss'd him, and all his apparel,  
into an eel-skin: the case of a treble haut-  
boy was a mansion for him, a court; and  
now has he lands and beeves. Well; I will  
be acquainted with him, if I return: and it  
shall go hard, but I will make him a philos-  
opher's two stones to me: If the young  
dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no  
reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap  
at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 794.

## —Profane.

*1 Lord.* \* \* Is not this a strange fel-  
low, my lord, that so confidently seems to  
undertake this business, which he knows is  
not to be done; damns himself to do, and  
dares better be damned than to do 't?

*A. W.*, III: 6. 516.

## —Subterfuges of a.

*P. Hen.* \* \* Charge an honest woman  
with picking thy pocket! Why, thou \* \*  
impudent, embossed rascal, if there were  
any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckon-  
ings, memorandums \* \* and one poor  
pennyworth of sugar candy to make thee  
long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched  
with any other injuries but these, I am a  
villain. And yet you will stand to it; you  
will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not  
ashamed?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest,  
in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and  
what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the  
days of villany? Thou seest, I have more  
flesh than another man; and therefore more  
frailty.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 751.

## BRAGGARTS.—Infamy Proclaimed.

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast  
thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say,  
and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—  
Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead  
this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and  
mend them, and foot them too. A plague  
of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack,  
rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

*P. Hen.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss  
a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that  
melted at the sweet tale of the son! if thou  
didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here 's lime in this sack  
too: There is nothing but roguery to be

found in villanous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would, I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still. \* \* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: — I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day. \* \* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 739.

#### —Inventions of.

*P. Hen.* What, stand'st thou idle here?  
lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are unreveng'd: pr'ythee,  
lend thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile. — Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*P. Hen.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.

Lend me thy sword, I pr'ythee.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*P. Hen.* Give it me: What, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal; 't is hot, 't is hot; there's that will sack a city.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 3. 759.

#### —Their Fearfulness.

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate. — Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt; — there's honour for you: Here's no vanity! — I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep

lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. — I have led my rag-gamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 3. 759.

#### Bragging.—No Help. (See Modesty.)

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

*H. V.*, III: 7. 838.

#### —Proof of Poverty.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Brag of his substance, not of ornament:

They are but beggars that can count their worth.

*R. J.*, II: 6. 1258.

#### BRAINS.—Cannot be Knocked Out.

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse, —

There was no money in 't: not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect, what: cut off one  
Cloten's head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and  
swore,

With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!)  
they grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1616.

#### —Men Without, Powerless.

*Ther.* \* \* If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. \* \* If ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 4116.



**BRAVADO.—A Dependence.**

*Nym.* \* \* I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there 's the humour of it.

*H. V., II: 1. 825.*

**BRAVERY.—False.**

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that 's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*H. V., III: 7. 839.*

**—Incentives to.**

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach,  
dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!  
In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a  
man,  
As modest stillness, and humility:  
But when the blast of war blows in our  
ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

\* \*

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war!—And you,  
good yoemen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show  
us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding: which I  
doubt not;  
For there is none of you so mean and base,  
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game 's  
afoot:  
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,  
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint  
George!

*H. V., III: 1. 831.*

**—Its Fame.**

*Pan.* That 's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you.

*T. C., I: 2. 1106.*

**—Mocked.**

*Cel.* O, that 's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite

traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puiſne tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose; but all 's brave that youth mounts, and folly guides:—Who comes here?

*A. Y., III: 4. 426.*

**—National.**

*Queen.* \* \*

The natural bravery of your isle; which stands

As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;  
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,

But suck them up to the top-mast.

*Cym., III: 1. 1604.*

**—Never Flies.**

*Lucy.* Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en,  
or slain:

For fly he could not, if he would have fled;  
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 4. 888.*

**—Proud of Wounds.**

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had driven them home

With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,

But now 't is made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We 'll beat 'em into bench-holes;  
I have yet

Room for six scotches more.

*A. C., IV: 7. 1571.*

**—Seeks the Post of Danger.**

*Mar.* I do beseech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought,  
By the blood we have shed together, by the  
vows

We have made to endure friends, that you directly

Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:  
And that you not delay the present; but,  
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and  
darts,

We prove this very hour.

*Com.* Though I could wish  
You were conducted to a gentle bath,  
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never  
Deny your asking; take your choice of  
those

That best can aid your action.

*Mar.* Those are they  
That most are willing:—If any such be  
here,  
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this  
painting

Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear  
Lesser his person than an ill report;  
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,  
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,  
Wave thus, [*Waving his Hand*] to express  
his disposition,

And follow Marcius.

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?  
If these shows be not outward, which of you  
But is four Volces? None of you but is  
Able to bear against the great Aufidius  
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,  
Though thanks to all, must I select: the  
rest

Shall bear the business in some other sight,  
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to  
march;

And four shall quickly draw out my com-  
mand,

Which men are best inclin'd.

*Com.* March on, my fellows:  
Make good this ostentation, and you shall  
Divide in all with us.

*C.*, I: 6. 1157.

#### —Suspicion of.

*Pan.* Is 'a not? It does a man's heart  
good—Look you what hacks are on his hel-  
met? look you yonder, do you see? look  
you there! There 's no jesting: there 's  
laying on; take 't off who will, as they say:  
there be hacks!

*Cres.* Be those with swords?

*T. C.*, I: 2. 1106.

#### —To be Feared.

*Chat.* \* \*

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft  
o'er,

Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scath in Christendom.

*K. J.*, II: 1. 650.

#### —Turns the Tide of Battle.

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and  
wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient sol-  
dier, —

An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came  
to,

In doing this for his country;—athwart the  
lane,

He, with two striplings, (lads more like to  
run

The country base, than to commit such  
slaughter;

With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame)  
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that  
fled,

“Our Britain's harts die flying, not our  
men:

To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards!  
Stand;

Or we are Romans, and will give you that  
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and  
may save,

But to look back in frown: stand, stand.”—  
These three,

Three thousand confident, in act as many,  
(For three performers are the file, when all  
The rest do nothing,) with this word “stand,  
stand,”

Accommodated by the place, more charm-  
ing,

With their own nobleness, (which could  
have turn'd

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,  
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some,  
turn'd coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war  
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began  
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,  
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;  
slaves,

The strides they victors made: And now  
our cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became  
The life o' the need; having found the back-  
door open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!

Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends

O'erborne i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:

Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown

The mortal bugs o' the field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance:  
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made

Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:

"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Roman's  
bane."

*Cym.*, V: 3. 1622.

#### **BRAWLING.—Destroys Reputation.**

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont  
be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is  
great

In mouths of wisest censure: What 's the  
matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion, for the name  
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

*O.*, II: 3. 1506.

#### **BREATH.—Perfuming the Air.**

*Luc.* Tranio, I saw her coral lips to  
move,

And with her breath she did perfume the  
air;

Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

*T. S.*, I: 1. 457.

—Sweet.

*Per.* \* \*  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 602.

#### **BREEDING.—Not to be Disguised.**

*Pol.* This is the prettiest low-born lass  
that ever

Ran on the green sward: nothing she does  
or seems,

But smacks of something greater than her-  
self;

Too noble for this place.

*Cam.* He tells her something

That makes her blood look on 't; Good  
sooth, she is

The queen of curds and cream.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 602.

—Will Tell.

*Bel.* \* \*

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he  
hath had

Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings!

*Gui.* But his neat cookery! He cut  
our roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been  
sick,

And he her dieter.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1615.

#### **BREVITY.—The Soul of Wit.**

*Pol.* \* \*

Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of  
wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward  
flourishes,—

I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:

Mad call I it: for, to define true madness,

What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad:

But let that go.

*H.*, II: 2. 1404.

#### **BRIBE.—Its Power.**

*Clo.* He seems to be of great authority:  
close with him, give him gold; and though  
authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft  
led by the nose with gold; show the inside  
of your purse to the outside of his hand,  
and no more ado: Remember, ston'd and  
flay'd alive!

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 610.

#### **BRIBERY.—Disgraces a Roman.**

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth  
appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius  
Pella,

For taking bribes here of the Sardians;

Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,

Because I knew the man, were slighted off.



*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in  
such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not  
meet  
That every nice offence should bear his  
comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you your-  
self  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching  
palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know, that you are Brutus that speak  
this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your  
last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this  
corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his  
head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of  
March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this  
world,

But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?  
And sell the mighty space of our large  
honours,

For so much trash, as may be grasped  
thus?—

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*J. C.*, IV: 3. 1344.

#### —Its Power.

*King.* \* \*

In the corrupted currents of this world,  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law.

*H.*, III: 3. 1417.

#### BRITAIN.—Neptune's Park.

*Queen.* \* \*

The natural bravery of your isle; which  
stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in

With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;  
With sands that will not bear your enemies'  
boats,  
But suck them up to the top-most.

*Cym.*, III: 1. 1604.

#### BROILS.—Domestic.

*Duch* Accursed and unquiet wrangling  
days!

How many of you have mine eyes beheld?  
My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
And often up and down my sons were tost,  
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and  
loss;

And being seated, and domestic broils  
Clean over-blown, themselves, the con-  
querors,

Make war upon themselves; brother to  
brother,

Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, pre-  
posterous

And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen;  
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

*R. III.*, II: 4. 1019.

#### BROTHERHOOD.—Its Claims.

*Duch.* Finds brotherhood in thee no  
sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?  
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art  
one,

Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Or seven fair branches springing from one  
root:

Some of those seven are dried by nature's  
course,

Some of those branches by the destinies  
cut:

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my  
Gloster, —

One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,  
One flourishing branch of his most royal  
root, —

Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;  
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all  
faded,

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.

Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed,  
that womb,

That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd  
thee,

Made him a man; and though thou liv'st  
and breath'st,  
Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent  
In some large measure to thy father's  
death,  
In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,  
Who was the model of thy father's life.  
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:  
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaugh-  
ter'd,  
Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,  
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:  
That which in mean men we entitle—  
patience,  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.  
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own  
life,  
The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's  
death.

*R. II., I: 2, 686.*

#### **BROTHERS.—All Should be.**

*Arr.* \* \*

Are we not brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike.

*Cym., IV: 2, 1614.*

#### **—Their Equality.**

*Orl.* Ay, better than him I am before  
knows me. I know you are my eldest  
brother; and, in the gentle condition of  
blood, you should so know me. The court-  
esy of nations allows you my better, in  
that you are the first-born; but the same  
tradition takes not away my blood, were  
there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have  
as much of my father in me, as you; albeit,  
I confess, your coming before me is nearer  
to his reverence.

*A. Y., I: 1, 407.*

#### **BROW.—A Title Leaf.**

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a  
title-leaf,

Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:

So looks the strand, whereon the imperious  
flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation. —

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1, 774.*

#### **—Right Arched.**

*Fal.* \* \* Thou hast the right arched  
beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-

tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian  
admittance.

*M. W., III: 3, 105.*

#### **BROWS.—Black.**

*Mam.*

Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows,  
they say,

Become some women best; so that there be  
not

Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

*W. T., II: 1, 587.*

#### **BRUSQUENESS.—A Sauce to Good Wit.**

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown  
to be!

He was quick mettle, when he went to  
school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his  
words

With better appetite.

*J. C., I: 2, 1326.*

#### **—Assumed by Craft.**

*Corn.*

This is some fellow,

Who, having been prais'd for bluntness,  
doth affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the  
garb,

Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter,  
he! —

An honest mind and plain,—he must speak  
truth:

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this  
plainness

Harbour more craft, and more corrupter  
ends,

Than twenty silly ducking observants,  
That stretch their duties nicely.

*K. L., II: 2, 1457.*

#### **—Lying, Defense of.**

*Glo.* They do me wrong, and I will not  
endure it: —

Who are they, that complain unto the king  
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them  
not?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,

That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

*Grey.* To whom in all this presence  
speaks your grace?

*Glo.* To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor  
grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee  
wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your fac-  
tion?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—  
Whom God preserve better than you would  
wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,  
But you must trouble him with lewd com-  
plaints.

*Q. Eliz.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake  
the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,  
And not provok'd by any suitor else;  
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,  
That in your outward action shows itself,  
Against my children, brothers, and myself,  
Makes him to send; that thereby he may  
gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove  
it.

*Glo.* I cannot tell;—The world is grown  
so bad,

That wrens may prey where eagles dare not  
perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

*R. III.*, I: 3. 1007.

#### —No Proof of Ill Nature.

*Mira.* Be of comfort;  
My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech.

*T.*, I: 2. 14.

#### —Resented and Rebuked.

*Q. Eliz.* My lord of Gloster, I have too  
long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter  
scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,  
Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.  
I had rather be a country servant-maid,  
Than a great queen, with this condition—  
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormed at:  
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

*R. III.*, I: 3. 1007.

#### BRUTALITY.—In the Great.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd  
in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it: 'T is very  
much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

*O.*, IV: 1. 1521.

#### BUBBLES.—Earth's

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the  
water has,

And these are of them:—Whither are they  
vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd  
corporal, melted

As breath into the wind.—Would they had  
staid!

*M.*, I: 3. 1359.

#### BUFFOONERY.—Ability for.

*Bot.* \* \* I could play Eracles rarely,  
or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

*M. N.*, I: 2. 324.

#### BULLETS.—Invoked.

*Hel.* \* \* O, you leaden messengers,  
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,  
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering  
air,

That sings with piercing; do not touch my  
lord!

*A. W.*, III: 2. 512.

#### BUMMERS.—Only Think of Plunder.

*Mar.* See here these movers, that do  
prize their hours  
At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden  
spoons,  
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen  
would

Bury with those that wore them, these base  
slaves.

*C.*, I: 5. 1155.



**BURIAL.—Antony's.***Cleo.* \* \*

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,  
what's noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
And make death proud to take us. Come,  
away:

This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
Ah, women, women! come; we have no  
friend

But resolution, and the briefest end.

*A. C.*, IV: 13. 1576.**—Not to be Delayed.**

*Gui.* \* \* Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1617.**—Plea for Honorable.**

*Mar.* My lord, this is impiety in you:  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

\* \*

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.  
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax  
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals.  
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy  
joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.*

Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1205.**BURIAL-PLACE.—Not to be Polluted.**

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this  
tomb;

This monument five hundred years hath  
stood,

Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's ser-  
vitors,

Repose in fame; none basely slain in  
brawls:—

Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1205.**BUSINESS.—Some, Loved.**

*Ant.* To business that we love, we rise  
betime,  
And go to it with delight.

*A. C.*, IV: 4. 1569.**"BUT YET."—Not Liked.**

*Cleo.* I do not like "but yet," it does  
allay

The good precedence; fie upon "but yet:"  
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee,  
friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together.

*A. C.*, II: 5. 1552.

## C

**CALAMITIES.—Move the Dead.**

*Bed.* What say'st thou, man, before  
dead Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great  
towns

Will make him burst his lead, and rise from  
death.

*Glo.* Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?  
If Henry were recall'd to life again,

These news would cause him once more  
yield the ghost.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 1. 865.**—National.***Tim.* \* \*

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack  
fair Athens,

And take our goodly aged men by the  
beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;  
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon  
speaks it,  
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care  
not,  
And let him take 't at worst; for their  
knives care not,  
While you have throats to answer.

*T. A., V: 2: 1314.*

**CALAMITY.—Public.**

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing  
should make  
A greater crack; The round world should  
have shook  
Lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens:—The death of  
Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*A. C., V: 1: 1576.*

**—Sudden.**

*Bel.* \* \* Then was I as a tree,  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in  
one night,  
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my  
leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.

*Cym., III: 3: 1607.*

**CALL.—To Arms.**

*Sat.* Noble patricians, patrons of my  
right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title with your swords:  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Tit. And., I: 1: 1201.*

**CALUMNY.—Chance to Refute.**

*Cran.* I humbly thank your highness;  
And am right glad to catch this good occa-  
sion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my  
chaff

And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumni-  
ous tongues,  
Than I myself, poor man.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, good Canterbury;  
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted  
In us, thy friend.

\* \*

*K. Hen.* Be of good cheer;  
They shall no more prevail, than we give  
way to.

Keep comfort to you; and this morning see  
You do appear before them; if they shall  
chance,

In charging you with matters, to commit  
you,

The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreat-  
ies

Will render you no remedy, this ring  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them.—Look, the good  
man weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest  
mother!

I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom.—Get you  
gone,

And do as I have bid you. He has strangled  
His language in his tears.

*H. VIII., V: 1: 1088.*

**—Its Signs.**

*Leon.* \* \*

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty  
brands

That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,  
That mercy does; for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums,  
and ha's,

When you have said she's goodly, come  
between,

Ere you can say she's honest: But be't  
known,

From him that has most cause to grieve it  
should be,

She's an adulteress.

*W. T., II: 1: 588.*

**—No Escape from.**

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality

Cancensure'scape; back-wounding calumny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so  
strong,

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!  
But who comes here?

*M. M.*, III: 2. 161.

**—The Pure Cannot Escape.**

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee  
this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as  
chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt  
not escape calumny.

*H.*, III: 1. 1411.

**CANDOR.—Claimed.**

*Oth.* \* \*

Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice.

*O.*, V: 2. 1533.

**CANNIBAL.—Fear Speaks Like a.**

*Host.* There's his chamber, his house,  
his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed;  
't is painted about with the story of the  
prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and  
call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian  
unto thee: Knock, I say.

*M. W.*, IV: 5. 114.

**CARE.—Destroys Sleep.**

*Fri.* \* \*

Care keeps his watch in every old man's  
eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie.

*R. J.*, II: 3. 1253.

*P. Hen.* \* \*

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open  
wide

To many a watchful night!

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

**—Drowns the Heart.**

*Q. Mar.* From such a cause as fills mine  
eyes with tears,

And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd  
in cares.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 3. 975.

**—Excessive.**

*Gra.* You look not well, signior Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world:

They lose it that do buy it with much care.  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.

**—Fruitless.**

*Puc.* \* \*

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,  
For things that are not to be remedied.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 882.

**—Incessant, Destroys.**

*Cl.* No, no; he cannot long hold out  
these pangs;

The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine  
it in,

So thin, that life looks through, and will  
break out.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

**—Its Windy Side.**

*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a  
merry heart.

*Beat.* Yea, my lord, I thank it; poor  
fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 233.

**—Killed a Cat.**

*Claud.* What! courage, man! What  
though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle  
enough in thee to kill care.

*M. A.*, V: 1. 250.

**—Not Lessened by Sharing.**

*Boling.* Part of your cares you give  
me with your crown.

*K. Rich.* Your cares set up, do not pluck  
my cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;  
Your care is—gain of care by new care  
won:

The cares I give, I have, though given  
away;

They tend the crown, yet still with me they  
stay.

*R. II.*, IV: 1. 709.

**CARELESSNESS.—Its Danger.**

*Ar.* \* \* That many may be meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth  
teach,



Which pries not to th' interior, but, like  
the martlet,  
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty.

*M. V., II: 9. 374.*

### CARPING.—A Woman's.

*Hero.* Why, you speak truth: I never  
yet saw man,  
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely  
featur'd,  
But she would spell him backward: if fair  
fac'd,  
She would swear the gentleman should be  
her sister;  
If black, why, Nature, drawing of an antic,  
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
If low, an agate very vildly cut:  
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all  
winds;  
If silent, why, a block moved with none.  
So turns she every man the wrong side out,  
And never gives to truth and virtue that  
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

*M. A., III: 1. 238.*

### —Not Commendable.

*Urs.* Sure, sure, such carping is not  
commendable.

*Hero.* No; not to be so odd, and from  
all fashions.

*M. A., III: 1. 238.*

### CASTE.—Based Upon Complexion.

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.

*M. V., II: 1. 367.*

### —In Society.

*Aut.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit  
can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but  
those that are germane to him, though re-  
mov'd fifty times, shall all come under the  
hangman: which though it be great pity, yet  
it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue,  
a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter  
come into grace! Some say, he shall be  
ston'd; but that death is too soft for him,  
say I: Draw our throne into a sheep-cote!  
all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*W. T., IV: 3. 609.*

### —Its Strange Power.

*King.* \* \* Strange is it, that our  
bloods,

Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all  
together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand  
off

In differences so mighty.

*A. W., II: 3. 507.*

### —Roman, its Badges.

*Fla.* Hence; home, you idle creatures,  
get you home;  
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,  
Upon a labouring day, without the sign  
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade  
art thou?

*1 Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and  
thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—  
You, sir; what trade are you?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine  
workman, I am but, as you would say, a  
cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer  
me directly.

*1 Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may  
use with a safe conscience; which is, in-  
deed, sir, a mender of bad soals.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave; thou  
naughty knave, what trade?

*2 Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not  
out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can  
mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend  
me, thou saucy fellow?

*2 Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*J. C., I: 1. 1322.*

### CATCHING.—For Others.

*Tra.* O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his  
greyhound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his  
master.

*T. S., V: 2. 482.*

### CAT'S-PAW.—Declining to be a.

*Page.* \* \* No, he shall not knit a knot  
in his fortunes with the finger of my sub-  
stance.

*M. W., III: 2. 104.*

### CAUTION.—Inspired by Suspicion.

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's  
o'clock?

*1 Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern,  
to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a  
trick worth two of that, i' faith.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me  
thy lantern, quoth a'?—marry, I 'll see thee  
hanged first.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 1. 734.

—Not Based on Fear.

*Tro.* Hear why I speak it, love;  
The Grecian youths are full of quality;  
They're loving, well compos'd, with gifts  
of nature flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;  
How novelty may move, and parts with  
person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy  
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)  
Makes me afeard.

*T. C.*, IV: 4. 1130.

—Required.

*Bap.* Not in my house, Lucentio; for,  
you know,  
Pitchers have ears, and I have many serv-  
ants:

Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still;  
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

*T. S.*, IV: 4. 478.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men  
put on their cloaks.

*R. III.*, II: 3. 1018.

*Wor.* Cousin, farewell:—No further go  
in this,  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe, (which will be sud-  
denly,)

I 'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;  
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at  
once,  
(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 734.

**CELERITY.—Admired.**

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd,  
Than by the negligent.

*A. C.*, III: 7. 1562,

**CENSURE.—Dreaded.**

*Cleo.* \* \* Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus'  
mud

Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1578.

—Malicious.

*Wol.* \* \* We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing.

*H. VIII.*, I: 2. 1060.

—Not to be Escaped.

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mor-  
tality  
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding cal-  
umny  
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so  
strong,  
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!

*M. M.*, III: 2. 161.

**CEREMONY.—Hollow.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
What is the soul of adoration?  
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and  
form,  
Creating awe and fear in other men?

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 842.

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony  
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss  
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there  
needs none.  
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my for-  
tunes,  
Than my fortunes to me.

*T. A.*, I: 2. 1290.

—Neglect of. (See **Kings**.)

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony?—See,  
my women!—  
Against the blown rose may they stop their  
nose,  
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him,  
sir.

*A. C.*, III: 11. 1565.

## —Sauce to Meat.

*Lady M.* \* \* The sauce to meat is ceremony;  
Meeting were bare without it.

*M.*, III: 4. 1371.

## —Sign of Cooling Friendship.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple  
faith:  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their  
mettle:  
But when they should endure the bloody  
spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful  
jades,  
Sink in the trial.

*J. C.*, IV: 2. 1343.

## —Undeserved.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this, than by  
A single voice; and that not pass'd me,  
but  
By learned approbation of the judges.  
If I am traduc'd by tongues, which neither  
know  
My faculties, nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing, —let me say,  
'T is but the fate of place, and the rough  
brake  
That virtue must go through.  
\* \* What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as  
oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd  
at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or  
sit  
State statues only.

*H. VIII*, I: 2. 1060.

## CERTAINTY.—Demanded.

*Oth.* Make me to see it; or (at the least)  
so prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life.

*Iago.* My noble lord, —

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,

Never pray more: abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate:  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth  
amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

*O.*, III: 3. 1514.

## —Its Sign.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?

*Pist.* As nail in door.

*H. IV*, 2 pt., V: 3. 809.

*Sic.* Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

*Mess.* As certain, as I know the sun is  
fire.

*C.*, V: 4. 1191.

*Aar.* \* \*

As sure a card as ever won the set.

*T. A.*, V: 1. 1226.

## CHAGRIN.—At Mistaken Generosity.

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

*Auf.* Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

*C.*, V: 5. 1191.

## —Fever of.

*K. John.* \* \*

And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their  
course

Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the  
north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched  
lips,

And comfort me with cold.

*K. J.*, V: 7. 676.

## CHALLENGE.—Accepted.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think, thou art enamoured  
Upon his follies; never did I hear  
Of any prince, so wild, at liberty:—



But, be he as he will, yet once ere night  
 I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
 That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—  
 Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows,  
     soldiers, friends,  
 Better consider what you have to do,  
 Than I, that have not well the gift of  
     tongue,  
 Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.*

—**Bold and Chivalrous.**

*Æne.* \* \* Kings, princes, lords!  
 If there be one, among the fair'st of Greece,  
 That holds his honour higher than his ease;  
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his  
     peril;  
 That knows his valour, and knows not his  
     fear;  
 That loves his mistress more than in con-  
     fession,  
 (With truant vows to her own lips he loves)  
 And dares avow her beauty and her worth,  
 In other arms than hers,—to him this  
     challenge.

Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,  
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.  
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;  
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,  
 Mid-way between your tents and walls of  
     Troy,  
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:  
 If any come, Hector shall honour him.

*T. C., I: 3. 1110.*

—**Given Modestly.**

*Ver.* No, by my soul; I never in my  
     life  
 Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
 Unless a brother should a brother dare  
 To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
 He gave you all the duties of a man;  
 Trimm'd up your praises with a princely  
     tongue;  
 Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;  
 Making you ever better than his praise,  
 By still dispraising praise, valued with you:  
 And, which became him like a prince in-  
     deed,  
 He made a blushing cital of himself;  
 And chid his truant youth with such a  
     grace,

As if he master'd there a double spirit,  
 Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.  
 There did he pause: But let me tell the  
     world

If he outlive the envy of this day,  
 England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
 So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.*

—**Laughed at.**

*Cæs.* \* \* Let the old ruffian know,  
 I have many other ways to die; mean time,  
 Laugh at his challenge.

*A. C., IV: 1. 1568.*

**CHANGE.—May do all Things.**

*Lew.* \* \*

Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?

*K. J., V: 2. 673.*

*Macb.* If chance will have me king, why,  
     chance may crown me,  
 Without my stir.

*M., I: 3. 1360.*

—**Unreliable.**

*Mor.* \* \* But, alas the while!  
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,  
 Which is the better man; the greater throw  
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:  
 So is Alcides beaten by his page;  
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
 And die with grieving.

*M. V., II: 1. 367.*

**CHANGE.—Adored.**

*Pand.* \* \*

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change.

*K. J., III: 4. 663.*

—**Constant.**

*Rosse.* \* \*

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb  
     upward  
 To what they were before.

*M., IV: 2. 1377.*

—**Desired.**

*Ant.* \* \*

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would  
     purge  
 By any desperate change.

*A. C., I: 3. 1544.*

## —Love of, Dangerous.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine color, that may please the  
 eye  
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,  
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the  
 news  
 Of hurlyburly innovation.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 1. 757.

## —Of Seasons.

*P. Humph.* \* \*

The seasons change their manners, as the  
 year  
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd  
 them over.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.**CHANGELESSNESS.—Of Vengeance.***Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,

Whose icy current and compulsive course  
 Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
 To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;  
 Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent  
 pace,

Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble  
 love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge  
 Swallow them up.

*O.*, III: 3. 1515.**CHANGELINGS.—Contests Over.***Puck.* The king doth keep his revels here to-night:

Take heed the queen come not within his  
 sight;

For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath  
 A lovely boy stol'n from an Indian king;  
 She never had so sweet a changeling:  
 And jealous Oberon would have the child  
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests  
 wild:

But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all  
 her joy:

And now they never meet in grove, or green,

By fountain clear, or spangled starlight  
 sheen,

But they do square; that all their elves, for  
 fear,

Creep into acorn-cups, and hide them there.

*M. N.*, II: 1. 325.**CHANGES.—Great, in a Short Time.***Hel.* The greatest grace lending grace,

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
 Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;  
 Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
 Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy  
 lamp;

Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass  
 Hath told the thievish minutes how they  
 pass;

What is infirm from your sound parts shall  
 fly,

Health shall live free, and sickness freely  
 die.

*A. W.*, II: 1. 504.**CHAOS.—When Love Departs.***Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,

But I do love thee! and when I love thee  
 not,

Chaos is come again.

*O.*, III: 3. 1510.**CHARACTER.—A Contradictory.**

*Alex.* This man, lady, hath robbed many  
 beasts of their particular additions; he is as  
 valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow  
 as the elephant: a man into whom nature  
 hath so crowded humours, that his valour is  
 crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion:  
 He hath the joints of every thing;  
 but every thing so out of joint, that he is a  
 gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or  
 purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

*T. C.*, I: 2. 1104.

## —Appearances do not Indicate.

*Pet.* \* \*

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
 What, is the jay more precious than the lark,  
 Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
 Or is the adder better than the eel,  
 Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
 O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse  
 For this poor furniture and mean array.

*T. S.*, IV: 3. 477.

—Beastly.

*Edg.* False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey.

*K. L., III: 4. 1465.*

—Congenital.

*K. Hen.* Now, fye upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars \* \* therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them.

*H. V., V: 2. 855.*

—Developed by Power.

*Duke.* \* \* Lord Angelo is precise; Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses

That his blood flows, or that his appetite Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,

If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

*M. M., I: 3. 147.*

—Discernment of.

*Mari.* \* \*

They say best men are moulded out of faults;

And, for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad.

*M. M., V: 1. 175.*

*Buck.* Sir,

I am thankful to you; and I'll go along By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,

(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but

From sincere motions,) by intelligence And proofs as clear as founts in July, when We see each grain of gravel, I do know To be corrupt and treasonous.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.*

—Duplex.

*Cleo.* \* \*

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T' other way he's a Mars.

*A. C., II: 5. 1553.*

—End of a Noble.

*Car.* That honourable day shall ne'er be seen. —

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross, Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens; And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himself

To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave His body to that pleasant country's earth, And his pure soul unto his captain Christ, Under whose colours he had fought so long.

*R. II., IV: 1. 708.*

—Its Contradiction. (See Contradictions.)

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave? Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravelling lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st, A damned saint, an honourable villain!

O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell, When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?— Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

*R. J., III: 2. 1261.*

—Key to Position.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir. — Dost know this water-fly?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile, and let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

*H., V: 2. 1433.*

*Nor.* \* \* My dear, dear lord, The purest treasure mortal times afford, Is — spotless reputation; that away Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.

*R. II., I: 1. 686.*



**CHARITY.—Compelled.**

*Edg.* \* \* Bedlam beggars, who, with  
roaring voices,  
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare  
arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rose-  
mary;  
And with this horrible object, from low  
farms,  
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with  
prayers,  
Enforce their charity.

*K. L.*, II: 3. 1458.

**—For the Dead.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,  
The dead with charity enclosed in clay.

*H. V.*, IV: 8. 851.

**—Invoked.**

*Chorus.* \* \*  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge.

*H. V.*, I: 1. 819.

**—Justifies Theft.**

*And.* O! be persuaded: Do not count it  
holy  
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to use violent  
thefts,  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

*T. C.*, V: 3. 1139.

**—Makes us Considerate.**

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world  
but myself, against whom I know most  
faults.

*A. Y.*, III: 2. 423.

**—Sin, Counted as.**

*Ang.* \* \*  
Might there not be a charity in sin,  
To save this brother's life?  
*Isab.* Please you to do 't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;  
It is no sin at all, but charity.  
*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do 't, at peril of  
your soul,  
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 155.

**—Sympathizing.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 800.

**CHARM.—Oberon's.**

*Obe.* Having once this juice,  
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,  
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:  
The next thing then she waking looks upon,  
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.  
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,  
(As I can take it, with another herb,)  
I'll make her render up her page to me.

*M. N.*, II: 1. 327.

**—Oberon's, Malicious.**

*Obe.* \* \*  
Do it for thy true-love take;  
Love and languish for his sake:  
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,  
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,  
In thy eye that shall appear,  
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear;  
Wake when some vile thing is near.

*M. N.*, II: 2. 323.

**—The Witches'.**

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brindled cat hath  
mew'd.  
2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-  
pig whin'd.  
3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'T is time, 't is  
time.  
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.—  
Toad, that under coldest stone,  
Days and nights hast thirty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!  
*All.* Double, double toil and trouble,  
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.  
2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake:  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, owl's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf,  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark,  
Liver of blaspheming Jew,  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab:  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Hec.* O, well done! I commend your  
pains;  
And every one shall share i' the gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Enchanting all that you put in.

#### SONG.

Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

*M.*, IV: 1. 1374.

#### CHASTITY.—A Jewel.

*Dia.* Mine honour's such a ring:  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the  
world  
In me to lose. Thus your own proper  
wisdom  
Brings in the champion Honour on my part,  
Against your vain assault.

*A. W.*, IV: 2. 518.

#### —Figures of.

*Post.* I thought her  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow.

*Cym.*, II: 5. 1604.

*Claud.* \* \*  
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown.

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 244.

*Cor.* \* \*

The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,  
That's curd'd by the frost from purest  
snow,

And hangs on Dian's temple.

*C.*, V: 3. 1189.

#### —Octavia's.

*Eno.* \* \* Octavia is of a holy, cold,  
and still conversation.

*A. C.*, II: 6. 1555.

#### —Precious as Life.

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did  
I tell this,

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
That bear in them one and the self-same  
tongue,

Either of condemnation or approof!—

Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;  
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appe-  
tite,

To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:  
Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the  
blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them  
up,

Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorr'd pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity!

I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 156.

#### CHEEKS.—Pale, Bad Sign.

*K. John.* \* \*

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that  
blood,

That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?

So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
Pour down thy weather.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 667.

#### CHEERFULNESS.—Aid to Recovery.

*Ros.* I had rather have a fool to make  
me merry, than experience to make me sad.

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 429.

*Riv.* Have patience, madam; there's no  
doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accusom'd health.

*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,

And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

*Q. Eliz.* If he were dead, what would betide of me?

*Grey.* No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

*Q. Eliz.* The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

*R. III., I: 3. 1006.*

#### CHESS.—False Play at.

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dearest love, I would not for the world.

*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.

*T., V: 1. 32.*

#### CHIDING.—Better than Heartbreak.

*Mrs. Page.* \* \* Better a little chiding, than a great deal of heartbreak.

*M. W., V: 3. 117.*

#### —Gentle.

*Des.* \* \* Those, that do teach young babes,  
Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks :  
He might have chid me so ; for, in good faith,  
I am a child to chiding.

*O., IV: 2. 1523.*

#### CHILD.—Disobedient.

*Duke.* No, trust me ; she is peevish, sul-  
len, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :  
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,  
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;  
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age  
Should have been cherish'd by her child-  
like duty,

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,  
And turn her out to who will take her in :  
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dow'r,  
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

*T. G., III: 1. 60.*

#### —Government by a.

*3 Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd  
by a child !

*R. III., II: 3. 1018.*

#### —Ungrateful, Cursed.

*Lear.* \* \* Hear, nature, hear ;  
Dear goddess, hear ! Suspend thy purpose,  
if

Thou didst intend to make this creature  
fruitful !

Into her womb convey sterility !

Dry up in her the organs of increase ;

And from her derogate body never spring

A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,

Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,

And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;

With cadent tears fret channels in her  
cheeks ;

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,

To laughter and contempt ; that she may  
feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child !

*K. L., I: 4. 1452.*

#### CHILDHOOD.—A Terrible.

*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had,  
my dear ;

No light, no fire ; the unfriendly elements

Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time

To give thee hallow'd to thy grave : but  
straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the  
ooze ;

Where, for a monument upon thy bones,

And aye-remaining lamps, the belching  
whale,

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy  
corpse,

Lying with simple shells. Lychorida,

Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,

My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander

Bring me the satin coffer : lay the babe

Upon the pillow : hie thee, whiles I say

A priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman.

*P., III: 1. 1656.*

#### CHILDISHNESS.—Freedom from.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not  
give me freedom,

It does from childishness.

*A. C., I: 3. 1544.*



**CHILDREN.—A Blessing.**

*Clo.* In Isabel's case and mine own. Service is no heritage : and I think I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a' my body ; for, they say, bairnes are blessings.

*A. W.*, I: 3. 499.

**—A Punishment.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service I have done,  
That in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He 'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe,—that thou art only  
mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,

To punish my mis-treadings. Tell me else,  
Could such inordinate, and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean  
attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 2. 747.

**—Adherence to.**

*Tro.* \* \*

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,

When we have soil'd them ; nor the remainder viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,  
Because we now are full.

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1114.

**—Dead, Hover over Us.**

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes !

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation !

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1034.

**CHOICE.—Freedom of.**

*Nest.* \* \*

And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,

Makes merit her election ; and doth boil,  
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd  
Out of our virtues.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1111.

**—Of Evils.**

*Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

*M. W.*, III: 4. 108.

**—Of no Moment.**

*Hor.* 'Faith, as you say, there 's small choice in rotten apples.

*T. S.*, I: 1. 456.

**—Power of.**

*Iago.* \* \* Our bodies are our gardens ; to the which, our wills are gardeners : so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce ; set hyssop, and weed up thyme ; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many ; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry ; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills.

*O.*, I: 3. 1498.

**CHOLER.—Defied and Rebuked.**

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this? ay, more : Fret, till your proud heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you : for, from this day forth,

I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

*J. C.*, IV: 3. 1344.

**—Turns Pleasure into Gall.**

*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting,

Makes my flesh tremble in their different  
greeting.

I will withdraw : but this intrusion shall,  
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

*R. J.*, I: 5. 1249.

**CHRISTENING.—Cause for Holiday.**

*K. Hen.* \* \* This day, no man think  
He has business at his house; for all shall  
stay,

This little one shall make it holiday.

*H. VIII.*, V: 4. 1094.

**—Desired.**

*K. Hen.* Good man, those joyful tears  
show thy true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my lord of  
Canterbury

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for  
ever."—

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long  
To have this young one made a christian.

*H. VIII.*, V: 2. 1092.

**CHRISTMAS-EVE.—Recognized by  
Fowls.**

*Mar.* \* \*

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season  
comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit can walk  
abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets  
strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to  
charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*H.*, I: 1. 1393.

**CHRONICLER.—An Honest.**

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other  
herald,

No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made  
me,

•With thy religious truth, and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with  
him!—

Patience, be near me still; and set me  
lower:

I have not long to trouble thee.—Good  
Griffith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.

*H. VIII.*, IV: 2. 1085.

**CHURCH.—A Tyrannical.**

*Pand.* All form is formless, order order-  
less,

Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our  
church!

Or let the church, our mother, breathe her  
curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolting son.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 659.

**—Reconciliation to the.**

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!  
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome:  
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind  
up,

And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*K. J.*, V: 2. 672.

**CHURCHMAN.—A Fighting.**

*Shal.* What! the sword and the word;  
do you study them both, master parson?

*M. W.*, III: 1. 102.

**CHURCHMEN.—Should be Peaceful.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Or who should study to prefer a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

*H. VI.*, I pt., III: 1. 879.

**CHURLISHNESS.—Of Disposition.**

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
And wish for her sake, more than for mine  
own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her:  
But I am shepherd to another man,

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze;  
My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little reck's to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.

*A. Y., II: 4. 416.*

#### CIPHER.—Its Importance.

*Pol. \* \**

Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a  
cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands  
more  
That go before it.

*W. T., I: 2. 581.*

#### CIRCUMSTANCES.—Alter Cases.

*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:  
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,  
Then I degraded you from being king,  
And come now to create you duke of York.  
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,  
That know not how to use ambassadors;  
Nor how to be contented with one wife;  
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;  
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;  
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 3. 981.*

#### —Change Opinions.

*Gaunt.* Things sweet to taste, prove in  
digestion sour.  
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,  
You would have bid me argue like a father:  
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,  
To smooth his fault I should have been more  
mild:  
A partial slander sought I to avoid,  
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.  
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should  
say,  
I was too strict, to make mine own away;  
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,  
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

*R. II., I: 3. 690.*

#### —Defied.

*Arr. \* \**

Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

*Cym., III: 3. 1607.*

#### —Give Character.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as  
the lark,

When neither is attended; and, I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be  
thought

No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection!

*M. V., V: 1. 389.*

#### —Ground of Suspicion.

*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to do least,  
Yet most suspected, as the time and place  
Doth make against me, of this direful  
murder;

And here I stand, both to impeach and  
purge

Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

*R. J., V: 3. 1277.*

#### —Perplexing.

*Imo. \* \* 'Faith, I 'll lie down and  
sleep.*

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and god-  
desses!

These flowers are like the pleasures of the  
world;

This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope, I  
dream;

For, lo, I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures: But 't is not  
so;

'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very  
eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind.

Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be  
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
The dream 's here still: even when I wake,  
it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd,  
felt.

A headless man!—The garments of Post-  
humus!

I know the shape of his leg: this is his  
hand;

His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;



The brawns of Hercules: but his jovial  
face,—

Murder in heaven?—How?—'T is gone.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1618.

—Small, Used.

*Pand.* \* \* If but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
To train ten thousand English to their side;  
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon' becomes a mountain. O noble  
Dauphin,

Go with me to the king: 'T is wonderful,  
What may be wrought out of their discontent.

*K. J.*, III: 4. 663.

**CITY.—Reputation Precious.**

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the course  
of law;

For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the justice of the state;  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations.

*M. V.*, III: 3. 380.

**CIVILITY.—Cold and Jealous.**

*Beat.* The count is neither sad, nor sick,  
nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil  
as an orange, and something of that jealous  
complexion.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 233.

**CIVILIZATION.—Its Blessings Cursed.**

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother  
brush'd

With raven's feather from unwholesome  
fen,

Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er!

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to-night thou  
shalt have cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up;  
urchins

Shall, for that vast of night that they may  
work,

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more  
stinging

Than bees that made them.

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,

Which thou tak'st from me. When thou  
cam'st first,

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me;  
would'st give me

Water with berries in 't; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I  
lov'd thee,

And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits,—barren place,  
and fertile;

Curs'd be I that did so!—All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on  
you!

For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king: and here  
you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from  
me

The rest o' the island.

\* \*

You taught me language, and my profit  
on 't

Is, I know how to curse! the red plague rid  
you,

For learning me your language!

*T.*, I: 2. 12.

**CLAIMS.—Not Obsolete.**

*Exe.* \* \*

To him, and to his heirs; namely, the  
crown,

And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,  
By custom and the ordinance of times,  
Unto the crown of France. That you may  
know,

'T is no sinister, nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd  
days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line.

*H. V.*, II: 4. 830.

**CLAMOR.—Inconsistent.**

*Cit.* 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,  
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I: and, to say the  
truth, so did very many of us: That we did,  
we did for the best: and though we will-  
ingly consented to his banishment, yet it  
was against our will.

\* \*

1 *Cit.* The gods be good to us! Come,  
masters, let's home. I ever said, we were  
i' the wrong, when we banish'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all.

*C.*, IV: 6. 1184.

—Its Voice.

*Ros.* \* \* More clamorous than a parrot  
against rain.

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 430.

—To be Disregarded.

*K. Hen.* \* \* You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do.

*H.* VIII., II: 4. 1073.

CLAY.—Tempered with Blood.

*Car.* My lord of York, try what your  
fortune is.

The uncivil Kernes of Ireland are in arms,  
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.

*H.* VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

CLERGYMAN.—His Function.

*P. John.* \* \*

How deep you were within the books of  
God?

To us, the speaker in his parliament;  
To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself;  
The very opener, and intelligencer,  
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
And our dull workings.

*H.* IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 797.

CLOUDS.—Not Storms.

*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an  
upward course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.  
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,  
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,  
That will encounter with our glorious sun,  
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:  
I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the  
queen

Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,  
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse  
that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it  
came:

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up;  
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

*H.* VI., 3 pt., V: 3. 988.

COCK-CROWING.—Spirits Depart at.

*Hor.* \* \* I have heard,

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding  
throat

Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
The extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine: and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.

*H.*, I: 1. 1393.

COIGNE.—Of Vantage.

*Ban.* This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's  
breath

Smells wooingly here: no jutting, frieze,  
buttress,

Nor coigne of vantage, but this bird hath  
made

His pendent bed, and procreant cradle:  
Where they

Most breed and haunt, I have observ'd, the  
air

Is delicate.

*M.*, I: 6. 1362.

COLD.—Indifference to.

*Gru.* \* \* Now, were not I a little pot,  
and soon hot, my very lips might freeze to  
my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my  
mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should  
come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with  
blowing the fire, shall warm myself; for,  
considering the weather, a taller man than  
I will take cold.

*T. S.*, IV: 1. 471.

COLD—In Sense and Feeling.

*Leon.*

Cease; no more.

You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose.

*W. T.*, II: 1. 589.

*Lucio.* \* \* A man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the sense.

*M. M.*, I: 4. 147.

**COLDNESS.—Extreme.***Mer.* \* \*

The frozen bosom of the north.

*R. J.*, I: 4. 1248.**COMFORT.—Cold.**

*K. John.* Poison'd, — ill-fare ; — dead,  
forsook, cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,  
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ;  
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their  
course

Through my burn'd bosom ; nor entreat the  
north

To make his bleak winds kiss my parched  
lips,

And comfort me with cold : — I do not ask  
you much,

I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,  
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

*K. J.*, V: 7. 676.**COMMANDS.—Suited to Exigencies.**

*Boats.* Down with the topmast ; yare ;  
lower, lower ; bring her to try with main-  
course.

\* \*

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold : set her  
two courses ; off to sea again ; lay her off.

*T.*, I: 1. 7, 8.**COMMENDATION.—Causes Hatred.**

3 *Thief.* He has almost charmed me  
from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'T is in the malice of mankind,  
that he thus advises us ; not to have us  
thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief.* I 'll believe him as an enemy,  
and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us first see peace in Athens :  
There is no time so miserable, but a man  
may be true.

*T. A.*, IV: 3: 1310.**—Should be Public.**

*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud ; and  
I should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,  
When it deserves with characters of brass  
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,  
And razure of oblivion.

*M. M.*, V: 1. 170.**COMMERCE.—Aristocratic.**

*Salar.* Your mind is tossing on the  
ocean ;

There, where your argosies with portly sail,  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,  
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curt'sy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 361.**COMMISERATION.—For Injured Innocence.**

*K. Hen.* Ay, Margaret ; my heart is  
drown'd with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine  
eyes ;

My body round engirt with misery ;  
For what 's more miserable than discon-  
tent? —

Ah, uncle Humphrey ! in thy face I see  
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty ;  
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to  
come,

That e'er I prove thee false, or fear'd thy  
faith.

What low'ring star now envies thy estate,  
That these great lords, and Margaret our  
queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?  
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man  
wrong :

And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it  
strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;  
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him  
hence.

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
Looking the way her harmless young one  
went,

And can do naught but wail her darling's  
loss ;

Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,  
With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd  
eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good ;  
So mighty are his vowed enemies.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 1. 924.**COMMOTION.—Its Cause the Cure.**

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this  
tempest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope ;  
But, since you are a gentle convertite,



My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

*K. J.*, V: 1. 671.

—Popular.

*North.* \* \*

The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

*Men* You have made good work,  
You, and your apron men; you that stood  
so much  
Upon the voice of occupation, and  
The breath of garlic-eaters!

*C.*, IV: 6. 1184.

COMMOTIONS.—How Excited.

*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though  
made of a lath; they have been up these  
two days.

*John.* They have the more need to sleep  
now then.

*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier  
means to dress the commonwealth, and turn  
it, and set a new nap upon it.

*John.* So he had need, for 't is thread-  
bare Well, I say, it was never merry  
world in England, since gentlemen came  
up.

*Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not  
regarded in handycrafts-men.

*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in  
leather aprons.

*Geo.* Nay more, the king's council are  
no good workmen.

*John.* True: And yet it is said,—Labour  
in thy vocation: which is as much to say,  
as,—let the magistrates be labouring men;  
and therefore should we be magistrates.

*Geo.* Thou hast hit it: for there's no  
better sign of a brave mind, than a hard  
hand.

*John.* I see them! I see them! There's  
Best's son, the tanner of Wingham:—

*Geo.* He shall have the skins of our  
enemies, to make dog's leather of.

*John.* And Dick the butcher, —

*Geo.* Then is sin struck down like an  
ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

*John.* And Smith the weaver:—

*Geo.* *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

*John.* Come, come, let 's fall in with  
them.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 2. 934.

COMMUNISM.—Its Language.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die,  
than to famish?

*Cit.* Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First you know, Caius Marcius is  
chief enemy to the people.

*Cit.* We know 't, we know 't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we 'll have  
corn at our own price. Is 't a verdict?

*Cit.* No more talking on 't; let it be  
done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens;  
the patricians, good: What authority sur-  
feits on, would relieve us: If they would  
yield us but the superfluity, while it were  
wholesome, we might guess, they relieved  
us humanely; but they think, we are too  
dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the ab-  
jectness of our misery, is as an inventory to  
particularize their abundance; our suffer-  
ance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge  
this with our pikes, ere we become rakes:  
for the gods know, I speak this in hunger  
for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

*C.*, I: 1. 1149.

COMPANION.—A Merry.

*Ant. S.* A trusty villain, sir, that very  
oft

When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

*C. E.*, I: 2. 194.

COMPANIONS.—Fascination of Bad.

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's  
company: the rascal hath removed my horse,  
and tied him I know not where. If I travel  
but four foot by the squire further afoot, I  
shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not  
but to die a fair death for all this, if I scape  
hanging for killing that rogue. I have for-  
sworn his company hourly any time this  
two-and-twenty years, and yet I am be-  
witched with the rogue's company. If the  
rascal have not given me medicines to make  
me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not  
be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!  
—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bar-  
dolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a  
foot further. An't were not as good a deed

as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: A plague upon 't, when thieves cannot be true to one another!

*H. IV., 1 pt., II: 2. 735.*

—Insolence of Bad.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

*P. Hen.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too, —I hate it.

*H. IV., 1 pt., II: 2. 735.*

—Show Each Other's Sins.

*Cel.* No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love,

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one;

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your charge upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*A. Y., I: 3. 413.*

*Cel.* \* \* If she be a traitor,  
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

*A. Y., I: 3. 413.*

—Witless, Why Selected.

*Dol.* They say, Poins has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard;

there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the prince love him so then?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 787.*

COMPANIONSHIP. — Evil.

*Count.* A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness:

My son corrupts a well-derived nature  
With his inducement.

*A. W., III: 2. 512.*

—Good, Essential.

*Cas.* I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,

Thy honourable metal may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd: Therefore 't is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:  
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd?

Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:

And, after this, let Cæsar seek him sure;

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

*J. C., I: 2. 1326.*

—Its Influence.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
Nor shall not now; for in companions

That do converse and waste the time  
together,

Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit :  
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,  
Being the bosom lover of my lord,  
Must needs be like my lord.

*M. V.*, III: 4. 380.

—Low.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal?

*P. Hen.* With three or four loggerheads,  
amongst three or four score hogsheads. I  
have sounded the very base string of humil-  
ity. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash  
of drawers; and can call them all by their  
Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and  
Francis. They take it already upon their  
salvation, that, though I be but prince of  
Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and  
tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Fal-  
staff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a  
good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me;  
and when I am king of England, I shall  
command all the good lads in Eastcheap.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 738.

—Wild, Renounced.

*King.* I know thee not, old man: fall to  
thy prayers;  
How ill white hairs become a fool, and  
jester!  
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;  
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy  
grace:  
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth  
gape  
For thee thrice wider than for other men:—  
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest;  
Presume not, that I am the thing I was:  
For heaven doth know, so shall the world  
perceive,  
That I have turn'd away my former self;  
So will I those that kept me company.  
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou  
wast,  
The tutor and the feeder of my riots.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 5. 810.

**COMPANY.—Good, Desirable.**

*Slen.* Ay, you spake in Latin then too;  
but 't is no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk

whilst I live again, but in honest, civil,  
godly company, for this trick: If I be drunk,  
I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear  
of God, and not with drunken knaves.

*M. W.*, I: 1. 90.

—Bad, its Influence.

*Fal.* \* \* There is a thing, Harry,  
which thou hast often heard of, and it is  
known to many in our land by the name of  
pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do re-  
port, doth defile; so doth the company thou  
keepest.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

**COMPARISONS.—Odorous.**

*Dogb.* Comparisons are odorous: *pala-  
bras*, neighbour Verges.

*M. A.*, III: 5. 243.

—Show Distinctions.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not  
see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the great glory dim the  
less;

A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by.

*M. V.*, V: 1. 389.

**COMPENSATION.—In All Things.**

*Agam.* Go we to council. Let Achilles  
sleep:  
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks  
draw deep.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1119.

—For Lack of Hair.

*Ant. S.* Why is Time such a niggard of  
hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excre-  
ment?

*Dro. S.* Because it is a blessing that he  
bestows on beasts: and what he hath scantied  
men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

*C. E.*, II: 2. 197.

**COMPETITORS.—Vigilant.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*

Where one but goes abreast; keep then the  
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue: If you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.



**COMPLAINTS.—A Ground for War.**

*Arch.* \* \* I sent your grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief;  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd  
from the court,  
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born:  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd  
asleep,  
With grant of our most just and right  
desires;

And true obedience of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our  
fortunes  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:  
And so, success of mischief shall be born;  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel  
up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 2. 797.

**COMPLEXION.—A Dark One Prized.**

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
Bring me the fairest creature northward  
born,

Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
And let us make incision for your love,  
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or  
mine.

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I  
swear,

The best-regarded virgins of our clime  
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this  
hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle  
queen.

*M. V.*, II: 1. 367.

**—A Good One.**

*Phe.* \* \* The best thing in him  
Is his complexion; and faster than his  
tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's  
tall;

His leg is but so so; and yet 't is well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip;  
A little riper and more lusty red  
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just  
the difference

Between the constant red, and mingled  
damask.

*A. Y.*, III: 5. 428.

**COMPLIMENT.—An Elegant.**

*Boyet.* \* \*

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
As Nature was in making graces dear,  
When she did starve the general world be-  
side,

And prodigally gave them all to you.

*L. L.*, II: 1. 277.

**—A Fine.**

*Cas.* \* \*

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel thee round!

*O.*, II: 1. 1501.

**COMPLIMENTS.—Beggarly Thanks.**

*Jaq.* Well, then, if ever I thank any  
man, I 'll thank you: but that they call  
compliment is like the encounter of two  
dog-apes; and when a man thanks me  
heartily, methinks I have given him a penny,  
and he renders me the beggarly thanks.

*A. Y.*, II: 5. 417.

**—Shallow.**

*Fal.* My good lord! God give your lord-  
ship good time of day. I am glad to see  
your lordship abroad: I heard say, your  
lordship was sick. I hope, your lordship  
goes abroad by advice. Your lordship,  
though not clean past your youth, hath yet  
some smack of age in you, some relish of  
the saltiness of time; and I most humbly  
beseech your lordship, to have a reverend  
care of your health.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

**COMPROMISE.—Inglorious.**

*Bast.* O inglorious league!

Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play offers, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,

And find no check? Let us, my liege, to  
arms :

Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your  
peace ;

Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. J.*, V : 1. 671.

**COMPUNCTION.—Bemoaning Things  
Without.**

*Lady M.* \* \* Things without remedy,  
Should be without regard : what 's done, is  
done.

*M.*, III : 2. 1370.

**—Bitter.**

*Sal.* \* \* O, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker.

*K. J.*, V : 2. 672.

**—Has no Law.**

*K. Rich.* \* \*

Cousin, I am too young to be your father,  
Though you are old enough to be my heir.  
What you will have, I 'll give, and willing  
too,

For do we must, what force will have us do.

*R. II.*, III : 3. 705.

**—Voiceless.**

*Sen.* \* \*

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel :  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utterance.

*Tit. And.*, V : 3. 1230.

**CONCEALMENT.—Consumes.**

*Vio.* \* \*

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in  
thought.

*T. N.*, II : 4. 551.

*King.* \* \*

We would not understand what was most  
fit ;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
To keep it from divulging, let it feed  
Even on the pith of life.

*H.*, IV : 1. 1421.

**—True Wisdom.**

*Per.* \* \*

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,

He 's more secure to keep it shut, than  
shown ;

For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring  
wind,

Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself ;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see  
clear :

To stop the air would hurt them.

*P.*, I : 1. 1643.

**CONCEIT.—Of Introspection.**

*Sir To.* Here 's an overweening rogue !

*Fab.* O, peace ! Contemplation makes  
a rare turkey-cock of him ! how he jets un-  
der his advanc'd plumes !

*T. N.*, II : 5. 552.

*Ghost.* \* \*

O, step between her and her fighting soul ;  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

*H.*, III : 4. 1419.

**—Rebuked and Braved.**

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in  
all ;

And so in this to bear me down with braves.  
'T is not the difference of a year, or two,  
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortu-  
nate :

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,  
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace ;  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

*Tit. And.*, II : 1. 1207.

**—Swift.**

*Boyet.* \* \* Their conceits have wings,  
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,  
swifter things.

*L. L.*, V : 2. 296.

**—Thinks it can do Everything.**

*Quin.* \* \* Nick Bottom, the weaver.

*Bot.* Ready. Name what part I am for,  
and proceed.

*Quin.* You, Nick Bottom, are set down  
for Pyramus.

*Bot.* What is Pyramus ? a lover, or a  
tyrant ?

*Quin.* A lover, that kills himself most  
gallantly for love.

*Bot.* That will ask some tears in the  
true performing of it : If I do it, let the

audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest:—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Eracles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

“The raging rocks,  
And shivering shocks,  
Shall break the locks  
Of prison-gates;  
And Phibbus’ car  
Shall shine from far,  
And make and mar  
The foolish fates.”

This was lofty.

\* \*

An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too: I’ll speak in a monstrous little voice: “Thisne, Thisne,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear! and lady dear!”

\* \*

Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man’s heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, “Let him roar again; let him roar again.”

\* \*

I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an’t were any nightingale.

*M. N.*, I: 2. 324.

—Victim of, Described.

*King.* \* \*

A man in all the world’s new fashion planted,

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:  
One who the music of his own vain tongue  
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony.

*L. L.*, I: 1. 273.

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sewing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*T.*, II: 1. 16.

CONCEITEDNESS.—In Opinion.

*Gra.* \* \*

There are a sort of men, whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress’d in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit:  
As who should say, “I am sir Oracle,  
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!”

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.

CONCEITS.—Dangerous.

*Iago.* \* \*

Dangerous conceits are, in their nature,  
poisons,

Which, at the first, are scarce found to dis-  
taste;

But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.

*O.*, III: 3. 1513.

CONCESSIONS.—Popular, impolitic.

*Cor.* \* \* This kind of service

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i’ the  
war,

Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they  
show’d

Most valour, spoke not for them: The accu-  
sation

Which they have often made against the  
senate,

All cause unborn, could never be the motive  
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then!

How shall this bisson multitude digest  
The senate’s courtesy? Let deeds express

What’s like to be their words:—“We did  
request it;

We are the greater poll, and in true fear  
They gave us our demands:”—Thus we  
debase

The nature of our seats, and make the  
rabble

Call our cares fears: which will in time  
break ope

The locks o’ the senate, and bring in the  
crows

To peck the eagles.

*C.*, III: 1. 1170.

—Small, Fatal.

*K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing  
but my dukedom;

As being well content with that alone.

*Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in  
his nose,

He’ll soon find means to make the body  
follow.

*Hast.* Why, master mayor, why stand  
you in a doubt?

Open the gates, we are king Henry’s friends.

*May.* Ay, say you so? the gates then  
shall be open’d.



*Glo.* A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

*Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 't were not 'long of him: but, being en-fer'd,

I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

*K. Edw.* So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

For Edward will defend the town, and thee, And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 7. 984.

#### CONCILIATION.—Its Pleadings.

*K. Rich.* Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;

Let 's purge this choler without letting blood:

This we prescribe though no physician;

Deep malice makes too deep incision:

Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;

Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.

*R. II.*, I: 1. 686.

#### CONCLUSION.—False.

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago.* To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!

*O.*, II: 1. 1502.

*Mal. M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*T. N.*, II: 5. 553.

#### CONDESCENSION.—Inspires Confidence.

*Chor.* \* \* The poor condemned English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires

Sit patiently, and inly ruminate

The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,

Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band,

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,

Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!

For forth he goes, and visits all his host;

Bids them good-morrow, with a modest smile;

And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.

Upon his royal face there is no note,

How dread an army hath enrounded him;

Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour

Unto the weary and all-watched night:

But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,

With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;

That every wretch, pining and pale before,

Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:

A largess universal, like the sun,

His liberal eye doth give to every one,

Thawing cold fear.

*H. V.*, IV: C. 839.

#### CONDUCT.—Best Exponent of Character.

*Duke.* Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,

That, to th' observer, doth thy history

Fully unfold.

*M. M.*, I: 1. 143.

#### CONFESSION.—A Preparation for Death.

*Ang.* \* \*

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that 's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

*M. M.*, II: 1. 148.

#### —Lightens Guilt's Burden.

*Boling.* \* \*

Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

*R. II.*, I: 3. 689.

#### —Must be Plain.

*Fri.* Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

*R. J.*, II: 3. 1254.

**CONFIDENCE.—A Child's Unsuspecting.**

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day :

In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you :

I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*K. J.*, IV : 1. 664.

**—In Danger.**

*Hast.* I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now,

Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet :

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;  
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,) This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than ere I was.

\* \*

*Pr.* Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour.

*Hast.* I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;  
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

*Pr.* I 'll wait upon your lordship.

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

*Hast.* 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.  
What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buck.* I do, my lord ; but long I cannot stay there :

I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Hast.* Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

*R. III.*, III : 2. 1023.

**—Marital.**

*Ford.* Pardon me, wife : Henceforth do what thou wilt ;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold

Than thee with wantonness : now doth thy honour stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,  
As firm as faith.

*M. W.*, IV : 4. 113.

**—Misplaced.**

*Glo.* \* \*

I took him for the plainest, harmless't creature,

That breath'd upon the earth a Christian ;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts.

*R. III.*, III : 5. 1026.

**—Misplaced, Fatal.**

*Q. Eliz.* \* \*

Trust not him that hath once broken faith.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV : 4. 982.

*Hast.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning ;

There 's some conceit or other likes him well,

When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.

I think, there 's ne'er a man in Christendom,  
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he ;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Stan.* What of his heart perceive you in his face,

By any likelihood he show'd to-day?

*Hast.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended ;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence

To doom the offenders : Whosoe'er they be, I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glo.* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd: behold mine arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord, —

*Glo.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? — Thou art a traitor: —

Off with his head: — now, by Saint Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same. —

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

*Hast.* Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:  
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And startled when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,  
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

*Cate.* Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner.

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lov.* Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

*Hast.* O, bloody Richard! — miserable England;

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon. —  
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head;

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

*R. III.*, III: 4. 1025.

### —Sublime.

*Jul.* \* \* \*

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;

His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*Luc.* Pray heav'n he prove so, when you come to him!

*Jul.* Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love, by loving him;

And presently go with me to my chamber,

To take a note of what I stand in need of,  
To furnish me upon my longing journey.

All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

My goods, my lands, my reputation;

Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:

Come, answer not, but to it presently;

I am impatient of my tarriance.

*T. G.*, II: 7. 59.

### CONFINEMENT.—Delays Death.

*K. John.* Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,

That all my bowels crumble up to dust:

I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

Upon a parchment; and against this fire

Do I shrink up.

*K. J.*, V: 7. 676.

### CONJURER.—His Injurious Tricks.

*Ant. E.* \* \* \*

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,

A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,



A living dead man : this pernicious slave,  
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,  
 And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,  
 And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,  
 Cries out, I was possess'd : then all together  
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me  
 thence ;

And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
 There left me and my man, both 'bound to-  
 gether ;

Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in  
 sunder,

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately  
 Ran hither to your grace ; whom I beseech  
 To give me ample satisfaction  
 For these deep shames, and great indignities.

*C. E., V : 1. 212.*

*Bra. \* \* I therefore vouch again,  
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the  
 blood,*

*Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
 He wrought upon her.*

*O., I : 3. 1496.*

#### CONQUEROR.—An Uninterrupted.

*Glo.* England ne'er had a king, until his  
 time.

Virtue he had, deserving to command :  
 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his  
 beams ;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's  
 wings ;

His sparkling eyes replete with wrathful  
 fire,

More dazzled and drove back his enemies,  
 Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their  
 faces.

What should I say? his deeds exceed all  
 speech :

He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I : 1. 864.*

#### —What he Does.

*Vol. \* \* Before him*

He carries noise, and behind him he leaves  
 tears ;

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth  
 lie ;

Which being advanc'd, declines ; and then  
 men die.

*C., II : 1. 1161.*

#### CONQUEST.—Its Tyranny.

*Ros. \* \**

O, that I knew he were but in by the week !  
 How I would make him fawn, and beg, and  
 seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,  
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless  
 rhymes ;

And shape his service wholly to my behests,  
 And make him proud to make me proud that  
 jests !

So potently would I o'ersway his state,  
 That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

*L. L., V : 2. 294.*

#### —Self, the Greatest.

*Ant.*

*Peace :*

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
 But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but  
 Antony

Should conquer Antony ; but woe 't is so !

*A. C., IV : 13. 1575.*

#### CONSCIENCE.—A Guilty, Disarms us. (See Soliloquy, page 506.)

*Pro. \* \**

Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike,—  
 thy conscience [ward,  
 Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy  
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
 And make thy weapon drop.

*T., I : 2. 14.*

#### —A Heavy Burden.

*King.* O, 't is too true ! how smart

A lash that speech doth give my conscience !  
 The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring  
 art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,  
 Than is my deed to my most painted word :  
 O heavy burden !

*H., III : 1. 1410.*

#### —A Sufficient Punishment.

*Ham. \* \* Leave her to heaven,*

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
 To prick and sting her.

*H., I : 5. 1400.*

#### —A Tell-Tale.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come  
 and go,

Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 666.

*K. Rich.* \* \*

My conscience hath a thousand several  
tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,  
And every tale condemns me for a villain.

*R. III.*, V: 3. 1044.

*Ham.* \* \*

Let the galled jade wince, our withers are  
unwrung.

*H.*, III: 2. 1415.

#### —A Thousand Swords.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thou-  
sand swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

*R. III.*, V: 2. 1042.

#### —A Troubled.

*Doct.* \* \* Unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected  
minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their  
secrets.

*M.*, V: 1. 1331.

#### —An Excuse.

*K. Hen.* Deliver this with modesty to  
the queen.

The most convenient place that I can think  
of

For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty  
business:—

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But conscience, con-  
science,—

O, 't is a tender place, and I must leave her.

*H. VIII.*, II: 2. 1069.

#### —An Excuse for Infamy.

*K. Hen.* \* \* Thus it came;—give  
heed to 't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches  
utter'd

By the bishop of Bayonne, then French am-  
bassador;

Who had been hither sent on the debating

A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary; I' the progress of this  
business,

Ere a determinate resolution, he  
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;  
Wherein he might the king, his lord adver-  
tise

Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dow-  
ager,

Sometime our brother's wife. This respite  
shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to  
tremble

The region of my breast; which forc'd such  
way

That many maz'd considerings did throng,  
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-  
thought,

I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had  
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,  
If not conceiv'd a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to 't, than

The grave does to the dead: for her male  
issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly  
after

This world had air'd them: Hence I took a  
thought,

This was a judgment on me; that my king-  
dom

Well worthy the best heir o' the world,  
should not

Be gladdened in 't by me: Then follows, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms  
stood in

By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are

Now present here together; that's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—  
By all the reverend fathers of the land,  
And doctors learn'd.—First, I began in  
private

With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remem-  
ber

How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first mov'd you.

\* \*

Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine our queen, before the primest  
creature  
That 's paragon'd o' the world.

*H. VIII., II: 4. 1073.*

— **Anything to Escape its Voice.**

*Boling. \* \**

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,  
That blood should sprinkle me to make me  
grow :

Come, mourn with me for that I do lament  
And put on sullen black incontinent;  
I 'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,  
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand :  
March sadly after; grace my mourning  
here,

In weeping after this untimely bier.

*R. II., V: 6. 718.*

— **Appealed to for Mercy.**

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err  
like others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your  
bosom;

Knock there; and ask your heart, what it  
doth know

That 's like my brother's fault: if it confess  
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*M. M., II: 2. 153.*

— **Aroused by Actors.**

*Ham. \* \* I have heard,*

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will  
speak

With most miraculous organ. I 'll have  
these players

Play something like the murder of my  
father,

Before mine uncle: I 'll observe his looks;  
I 'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit, that I have  
seen,

May be a devil: and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, per-  
haps,

Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,  
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)  
Abuses me to damn me: I 'll have grounds  
More relative than this. The play 's the  
thing

Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the  
king.

*H., II: 2. 1409.*

— **Awaking. (See Soliloquy.)**

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate:  
their great guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time  
after,

Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

*T., III: 3. 26.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some-  
body knocks.

Since Cassius first did whet me against  
Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*J. C., II: 1. 1329.*

— **Gobbo's Conflict With.**

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will  
serve me to run from this Jew, my master.  
The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me;  
saying to me,—Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo,  
good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good  
Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the  
start, run away. My conscience says,—  
no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed,  
honest Gobbo; or (as aforesaid) honest  
Launcelot Gobbo; do not run: scorn run-  
ning with thy heels. Well, the most cou-  
rageous fiend bids me pack. Via! says the  
fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens;  
rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and  
run. Well, my conscience, hanging about  
the neck of my heart, says very wisely to  
me,—my honest friend, Launcelot, being  
an honest man's son, or rather an honest  
woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did  
something smack, something grow to, he  
had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience  
says, Launcelot, budge not: budge, says



the fiend; budge not, says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel ill: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment: I will run.

*M. V., II: 2. 367.*

—**Its Accusing Voice.**

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—  
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft; I did but dream.—

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am: Then fly,—what, from myself? Great reason: Why?—

Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?

I love myself. Wherefore? for any good, That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,

For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues

And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,

Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;

All several sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!

I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;

And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity to myself.

Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd

Came to my tent: and every one did threat To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*R. III., V: 3. 1044.*

—**Its Matchless Peace.**

*Vol.* \* \* I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience.

*H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.*

—**Its Qualms.**

*Macb.* \* \*

In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,

Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie

In restless ecstasy.

*M., III: 2. 1370.*

*Macb.* Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor.

\* \* That his virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking-off:

*M., I: 7. 1362.*

—**Small Things Awaken.**

*Car.* \* \*

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 3. 931.*

—**Sneered at.**

*K. Rich.* \* \*

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:  
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,  
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

*R. III., V: 3. 1046.*

## —Universal.

*Iago.* \* \* Who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*O., III: 3. 1511.*

## —Voiced in Everything.

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous! monstrous!  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me  
of it;  
The winds did sing it to me; and the thun-  
der,  
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pro-  
nounce'd  
The name of Prosper; it did bass my tres-  
pass.  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and  
I'll seek him deeper than ere plummet  
sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded.

*T., III: 3. 25.*

## CONSEQUENCES.—Fearful, Defied.

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and  
midnight hags?

What is 't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you, by that which you  
profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them  
fight

Against the churches; though the yesty  
waves

Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees  
blown down;

Though castles topple on their warders'  
heads;

Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though  
the treasure

Of nature's germins tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

*M., IV: 1. 1375.*

CONSIDERATION.—Time for, Re-  
quired.

*Fr. King.* \*

A night is but small breath, and little pause,  
To answer matters of this consequence.

*H. V., II: 4. 830.*

## CONSISTENCY.—Of Character.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee,  
captain,  
And though that nature with a beauteous  
wall

Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.

*T. N., I: 2. 541.*

## CONSPIRACIES.—Guarded Against.

*K. Rich.* Return again, and take an oath  
with thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd  
hands;

Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,  
(Our part therein we banish with your-  
selves,)

To keep the oath that we administer:—

You never shall (so help you truth and  
heaven!)

Embrace each other's love in banishment;  
Nor never look upon each other's face;  
Nor never write, regreet, nor reconcile  
This lowering tempest of your home-bred  
hate;

Nor never by advised purpose meet,  
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,  
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our  
land.

*E. II., I: 3. 689.*

## —How Formed.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such  
a man,

That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my  
hand:

Be factious for redress of all these griefs;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There 's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo, with me, an enterprise  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And do I know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: For, now, this fearful  
night,

There is no stir, or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element,  
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*J. C., I: 3. 1323.*

**CONSPIRACY.—Darker than a Cavern.**

*Bru.* Let them enter.  
 They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
 Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow  
 by night,  
 When evils are most free? O, then, by day,  
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
 To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,  
 conspiracy;  
 Hide it in smiles and affability:  
 For if thou path thy native semblance on,  
 Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
 To hide thee from prevention.

*J. C., II: 1. 1329.*

**—Its Taste Unknown.**

*Her.* \* \* Now, for conspiracy,  
 I know not how it tastes; though it be  
 dish'd  
 For me to try how.

*W. T., III: 2. 594.*

**—Requires Watchfulness.**

*Ari.* \* \*  
 While you here do snoring lie,  
 Open-ey'd Conspiracy  
 His time doth take:  
 If of life you keep a care,  
 Shake off slumber, and beware:  
 Awake! Awake!

*T., II: 1. 13.*

**CONSPIRATOR.—A Pausing, Dangerous.**

*K. Rich.* Ah, Buckingham, now do I  
 play the touch,  
 To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—  
 Young Edward lives:—Think now what I  
 would speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I  
 would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-re-  
 nowned liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha! am I king? 'T is so: but  
 Edward lives.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence,  
 That Edward still should live,—true, noble,  
 prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—  
 Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.  
 What say'st thou now! speak suddenly, be  
 brief.

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy  
 kindness freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little  
 pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this;

I will resolve your grace immediately.

*Cate.* The king is angry; see, he gnaws  
 his lip.

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted  
 fools,

And unrespective boys; none are for me,  
 That look into me with considerate eyes;—  
 High-reaching Buckingham grows circum-  
 spect.

*R. III., IV: 2. 1031.*

**—Inspired by Malice.**

*Iago.* O, you are well tun'd now!  
 But I'll set down the pegs that makes this  
 music,  
 As honest as I am.

*O., II: 1. 1502.*

**—Over-reached.**

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him,  
 how he coasts,  
 And hedges, his own way. But in this  
 point  
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his  
 physic  
 After his patient's death; the king already  
 Hath married the fair lady.

*H. VIII., III: 2. 1077.*

**CONSPIRATORS.—Excited by Applause.**

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd  
 like a post,  
 And had no welcomes home; but he re-  
 turns,  
 Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,  
 Whose children he hath slain, their base  
 throats tear,  
 With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage  
 Ere he express himself, or move the people



With what he would say, let him feel your sword,  
Which we will second. When he lies along,  
After your way his tale pronounc'd shall bury  
His reasons with his body.

*C.*, V: 5. 1192.

**CONSTABLE.—A Superserviceable.**

*Ant. S.* What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

*Dro. S.* Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

*Ant. S.* I understand thee not.

*Dro. S.* No? why, 't is a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

*Ant. S.* What! thou mean'st an officer.

*Dro. S.* Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he, that brings any man to answer it that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, "God give you good rest!"

*C. E.*, IV: 2. 206.

**—Humorously Described.**

*Dro. S.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell,

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;  
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;  
A wolf, nay, worse,—a fellow all in buff;  
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

*C. E.*, IV: 2. 205.

**CONSTANCY.**

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well;  
I am not of that feather, to shake off  
My friend when he must need me.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1287.

*Post.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die!

*Cym.*, V: 5. 1629.

**—Essential to Perfection.**

*Pro.* \* \* O heaven! were man  
But constant, he were perfect.

*T. G.*, V: 4. 72.

**—Invoked of Jove.**

*Cor.* The God of soldiers,  
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou  
may'st prove  
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars

Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
And saving those that eye thee!

*C.*, V: 3. 1189.

**—Its Concern.**

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:  
Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
Art thou here yet?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well:  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*J. C.*, II: 4. 1334.

## —Its Signs.

*Agam.* \* \*

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our  
wrecks;

And think them shames, which are, indeed  
nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
To find persistive constancy in men?

The fineness of which metal is not found  
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and  
coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,  
The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin.

*T. C., I: 3. 1107.*

## —Makes a Good Voyage of Nothing.

*Clo.* \* \* I would have men of such  
constancy put to sea, that their business  
might be everything, and their intent every-  
where; for that's it that always makes a  
good voyage of nothing.

*T. N., II: 4. 551.*

## —Marble. (See Firmness.)

*Cleo.* \* \*

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot  
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting  
moon

No planet is of mine.

*A. C., V: 2. 1581.*

## —Proof of Demanded. (See Firmness and Fidelity.)

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in:

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd  
much,

Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore, this;  
If for my love (as there is no such cause)

You will do aught, this shall you do for me:  
Your oath I will not trust; but go with  
speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,  
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;  
There stay until the twelve celestial signs  
Have brought about their annual reckoning:  
If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer made in heat of  
blood;

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin  
weeds,

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial, and last love;  
Then, at the expiration of the year,  
Come challenge, challenge me by these des-  
erts,

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,  
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut  
My woful self up in a mourning house,  
Raining the tears of lamentation  
For the remembrance of my father's death.  
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;  
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

*L. L., V: 2. 303.*

## —True, Never Shaken.

*Cam.* This is desperate, sir.

*Flo.* So call it; but it does fulfil my  
vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or  
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas  
hide

In unknown fadoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray  
you,

As you have ever been my father's honour'd  
friend,

When he shall miss me, (as in faith, I mean  
not

To see him any more,) cast your good  
counsels

Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may  
know,

And so deliver,—I am put to sea  
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And, most opportune to our need, I have  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd

For this design. What course I mean to  
hold

Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor  
Concern me the reporting.

*W. T., IV: 3. 606.*

## —Unshaken.

*Lear.* \* \*

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from  
heaven.

*K. L., V: 3. 1481.*

## —Vulgarly Vouched for.

*Pan.* Nay, I'll give my word for her  
too; our kindred, though they be long ere

they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they 'll stick where they are thrown.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1122.

—**Woman's.**

*Tro.* O, that I thought it could be in a woman,  
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,) To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1122.

**CONSTERNATION.—Complete.**

*Cas.* \* \*

Behold, destruction, frenzy, and amazement,  
Like witless antics, one another meet.

*T. C.*, V: 3. 1140.

**CONSULTATION.—Close.**

*Bru.* \* \*

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*J. C.*, IV: 3. 1346.

**CONTAMINATION.—By Contact.**

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd.

*M. A.*, III: 3. 241.

**CONTEMPT.—Expressions of. (See Scorn.)**

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

*T. C.*, V: 1. 1135.

—**For Adversaries.**

*K. Rich.* \* \*

Remember whom you are to cope withal;—  
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,  
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth  
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;  
You having lands, and bless'd with beautiful wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?  
A milk-sop, one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;

Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,  
And not these bastard Breagnes; whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?

Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

*R. III.*, V: 3. 1046.

—**Forgets Favors**

*Ber.* \* \*

Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,

Which warp'd the line of every other favour;  
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen;

Extended or contracted all proportions,

To a most hideous object.

*A. W.*, V: 3. 526.

—**For Panderers.**

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!

The evil that thou causest to be done,

That is thy means to live. Do thou but think



What 't is to cram a maw, or clothe a back,  
From such a filthy vice : say to thyself, —  
From their abominable and beastly touches  
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.  
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend; go,  
mend.

*M. M.*, III: 2. 159.

—Its Bitter Expression.

*Wol.* \* \*

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed  
lion  
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd  
him;  
Then makes him nothing.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1079.

*Ther.* With too much blood, and too  
little brain, these two may run mad; but if  
with too much brain, and too little blood,  
they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here  
's Agamemnon, — an honest fellow enough,  
and one that loves quails : but he has not so  
much brain as ear-wax : and the goodly  
transformation of Jupiter there, his brother,  
the bull, — the primitive statue, and oblique  
memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-  
horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's  
leg, — to what form, but that he is, should  
wit larded with malice, and malice forced  
with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were  
nothing : he is both ass and ox : To an ox  
were nothing : he is both ox and ass. To  
be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a  
lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring with-  
out a roe, I would not care : but to be  
Menelaus, — I would conspire against des-  
tiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I  
were not Thersites; for I care not to be the  
louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. —  
Hey-day ! spirits and fires !

*T. C.*, V: 2. 1136.

—Looks Beautiful.

*Oli.* O, what a deal of scorn looks beau-  
tiful  
In the contempt and anger of his lip !

*T. X.*, III: 1. 556.

—Some Persons are Below.

*Cost.* \* \* Thou art easier swallowed  
than a flap-dragon.

*L. L.*, V: 1. 292.

*Tam.* \* \*

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby ;

Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,  
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

*Tit. And.*, IV: 4. 1224.

—Terms of.

*P. Hen.* Wilt thou rob this leathern-jer-  
kin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring,  
puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue,  
Spanish-pouch?

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 739.

—Treating Gallants with.

*Prin.* No; to the death we will not  
move a foot :  
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no  
grace :  
But, while 't is spoke, each turn away her  
face.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the  
speaker's heart,  
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 295.

CONTEMPTUOUSNESS.—Of a Weak  
Enemy.

*Con.* \* \*

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their  
souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of  
men.

There is not work enough for all our hands ;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,  
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw  
out,

And sheath for lack of sport : let us but  
blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.  
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peas-  
ants, —

Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
About our squares of battle, — were enough  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe ;  
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation :

But that our honours must not. What 's to  
say?

A very little little let us do,  
And all is done. \* \*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my  
lords of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,

Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,

And our air shakes them passing scornfully.

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.

Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch staves in each hand : and their poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips ;

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes ;

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit

Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;

And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words,

To demonstrate the life of such a battle

In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender?

*H. V., IV : 2. 843.*

#### CONTENT.—Absolute.

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

*R. II., I : 3. 690.*

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content,

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy !

If after every tempest comē such calms,

May the winds blow till they have waken'd death,

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,

Olympus high ; and duck again as low

As hell 's from heaven ! If it were now to die,

'T were now to be most happy ; for, I fear,

My soul hath her content so absolute,

That not another comfort like to this

Succeeds in unknown fate.

*O., II : 1. 1502.*

#### CONTENTION.—Let Loose.

*North.* \* \* \*

The times are wild ; contention, like a horse Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,

And bears down all before him.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I : 1. 774.*

#### —Noble.

*Auf.* \* \* Here I clip

The anvil of my sword ; and do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy love,

As ever in ambitious strength I did

Contend against thy valour.

*Q., IV : 5. 1181.*

#### CONTENTMENT.—A Crown.

*2 Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens?

*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was born to :

A man at least, for less I should not be ;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

*2 Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind ; and that 's enough.

*2 Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

*K. Hen.* My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;

Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd, content ; A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

*H. VI., 3 pt., III : 1. 971.*

#### —Best Possession.

*Old L.* Our content

Is our best having.

*H. VIII., II : 3. 1070.*

*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough.

*O., III : 3. 1511.*

*Lady M.* Nought 's had, all 's spent, Where our desire is got without content.

*M., III : 2. 1370.*

#### —Better than Glitter.

*Anne.* \* \* \*

I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,

And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*H. VIII., II: 3. 1070.*

—How Obtained.

*Grif. \* \**

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little.

*H. VIII., IV: 2. 1085.*

*Apem. \* \** Best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.

*T. A., IV: 3. 1308.*

*Oth. \* \** Let's teach ourselves that  
honourable stop,  
Not to out-sport discretion.

*O., II: 3. 1504.*

—Its Modesty.

*Fal. \* \**

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum!

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 751.*

—National.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your  
highness pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd  
before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;  
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

*K. J., IV: 2. 665.*

—Never Envious.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn  
that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man  
hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of  
other men's good, content with my harm:  
and the greatest of my pride is, to see my  
ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

*A. Y., III: 2. 421.*

—With Small Possessions.

*Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled  
in the court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?  
This small inheritance, my father left me,  
Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.  
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;  
Or gather wealth, I care not with what  
envy;  
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,

And sends the poor well pleased from my  
gate.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 10. 940.*

CONTEST.—Personal Courage in.

*Sold.* Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling to-  
gether,  
And choke their art. The merciless Mac-  
donwald

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,  
The multiplying villanies of nature  
Do swarm upon him,) from the western  
isles

Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;  
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smil-  
ing,

Show'd like a rebel's whore: But all 's too  
weak,

For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that  
name,)

Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel  
Which smoked with bloody execution,  
Like valour's minion,

Carv'd out his passage, till he fac'd the  
slave;

And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell  
to him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the  
chaps,

And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

*M., I: 2. 1357.*

CONTESTS.—Honorable.

*Cit. \* \**

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have  
answer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power  
confronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest; while they weigh  
so even

We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*K. J., II: 2. 653.*

—Undetermined.

*Bast. \* \**

Cry, havoc, kings: back to the stained field,  
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood,  
and death!

*K. J., II: 2. 653.*



**CONTINENCY.—Recommended.***Page.* \* \*

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,  
In peril to incur your former malady,  
That I should yet absent me from your bed.

*T. S., Ind: 2. 454.***CONTRADICTIONS.—Absurd.**

*Lys.* "A tedious brief scene of young  
Pyramus,"

And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."

*The.* Merry and tragical! Tedious and  
brief!

That is hot ice, and wond'rous seething  
snow.

How shall we find the concord of this dis-  
cord?

*M. N., V: 1. 342.***—In Action,**

*Lev.* What he hath won, that hath he  
fortified;

So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
Doth want example: Who hath read, or  
heard,

Of any kindred action like to this?

*K. J., III: 4. 661.***—In Character.***Hel.* \* \*

His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet.

*A. W., I: 2. 497.***—Of Character.**

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring  
face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?  
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! wolfish-ravening  
lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!—

O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,

When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book, containing such vile matter,

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should  
dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

*R. J., III: 2. 1261.***CONTRAST.—Town and Country.**

*Cor.* \* \* Those that are good man-  
ners at the court are as ridiculous in the  
country, as the behaviour of the country is  
most mockable at the court.

*A. Y., III: 2. 421.***—Its Power.***Boling.* \* \*

Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,  
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

*R. II., I: 1. 684.***CONVERSATION.—Common.**

*Solan.* But it is true,—without any slips  
of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway  
of talk.

*M. V., III: 1. 375.***—Prandial, Complimented.***Hol. Satis quod sufficit.*

*Nath.* I praise God for you, sir: your  
reasons at dinner have been sharp and sen-  
tentious; pleasant without scurrility, witty  
without affection, audacious without impu-  
dency, learned without opinion, and strange  
without heresy. I did converse this *quon-  
dam* day with a companion of the king, who  
is intituled, nominated, or called, don Ad-  
riano de Armado.

*L. L., V: 1. 291.***—Shortens Journeys.***North.* \* \*

These high wild hills, and rough uneven  
ways,

Draw out our miles, and make them wearis-  
ome:

And yet your fair discourse hath been as  
sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

*R. II., II: 3. 697.***CONVERSION.—A Complete.**

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd  
it not,

The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,

Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an angel came,

And whipp'd the offending Adam out of  
him:

Leaving his body as a paradise,

To envelop and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made:

Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady current, scouring faults;  
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire, the king were made a  
prelate.

*H. V., I: 1. 820.*

*Oli.* 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not  
shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conver-  
sion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*A. Y., IV: 3. 432.*

#### —Its Fruits.

*Jacques de B.* Let me have audience for  
a word or two;

I am the second son of old sir Rowland,  
That bring these tidings to this fair assem-  
bly:

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every  
day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,  
Address'd a mighty power, which were on  
foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take  
His brother here, and put him to the sword:  
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,  
Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
After some question with him, was con-  
verted

Both from his enterprise, and from the  
world:

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd  
brother,

And all their lands restor'd to them again,  
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
I do engage my life.

*A. Y., V: 4. 437.*

#### —Power of Love to Promote.

*Bene.* May I be so converted, and see  
with these eyes?

*M. A., II: 3. 235.*

*Mary.* \* \* And how you may be con-  
verted, I know not.

*M. A., III: 4. 243.*

*Por.* \* \*

Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours  
Is now converted.

*M. V., III: 2. 378.*

*Jes.* \* \* For, in converting Jews to  
Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*M. V., III: 5. 381.*

#### CONVERTITE.

*Pond.* \* \* Since you are a gentle con-  
vertite.

*K. J., V: 1. 671.*

#### COOKERY.—Fattened Cæsar.

*Pom.* No, Anthony, take the lot; but,  
first,

Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that  
Julius Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

*A. C., II: 6. 1554.*

#### —Neat.

*Gui.* But his neat cookery! He cuts  
our roots in characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been  
sick,

And he her dieter.

*Cym., IV: 2. 1615.*

#### COQUETRY.—Scornful.

*Beat.* \* \* \* I had rather hear my  
dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he  
loves me.

*M. A., I: 1. 226.*

#### —Waits on Desire.

*The.* \* \* She lingers my desires,

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*M. N., I: 1. 321.*

*Pand.* \* \* She does so blush, and  
fetches her wind so short, as if she were  
frayed with a sprite.

*T. C., III: 2. 1121.*

#### CORPULENCE.—Its Inconvenience.

*Fal.* \* \*

I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy  
too.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 3. 759.*

#### CORRECTION.—Low.

*Glo.* \* \* Your purpos'd low correction  
Is such, as basest and contemn'd'st wretches,

For pilferings and most common trespasses,  
Are punish'd with.

*K. L.*, II: 2. 1457.

*Glo.* My masters of Saint Albans, have  
you not beadles in your town, and things  
called whips?

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II: 1. 917.

—**Needed.**

*Duke.* \* \*

Correction and instruction must both work,  
Ere this rude beast will profit.

*M. M.*, III: 2. 160.

**CORRESPONDENCE.—A Lover's,  
Prized.**

*Post.* \* \* Thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words  
you send,  
Though ink be made of gall.

*Cym.*, I: 2. 1590.

**CORRUPTION.—Bemoaned.**

*Ar.* \* \*

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear  
honour  
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

*M. V.*, II: 9. 374.

*Duke.* My business in this state  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,  
Where I have seen corruption boil and  
bubble.

*M. M.*, V: 1. 173.

**COST.—Often Exceeds Value.**

*Tro.* \* \* Why, she is a pearl,  
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand  
ships,  
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1114.

**COUNSEL.—Evil and Villainous.**

*Aar.* \* \*

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;  
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:  
The forest walks are wide and spacious;  
And many unfrequented plots there are,  
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:  
Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by  
words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred  
wit,

To villany and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;  
And she shall file our engines with advice  
That will not suffer you to square your-  
selves,

But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
The emperor's court is like the house of  
fame,

The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and  
dull;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and  
take your turns:

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heav-  
en's eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no  
cowardice.

*Dem.* Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the  
stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,  
*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*

*Tit. And.*, II: 1. 1208.

—**Friendly.**

*K. Hen.* When Gloster says the word,  
king Henry goes;  
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 880.

—**Not Always Followed.**

*Clo.* I thank your worship for your good  
counsel, but I shall follow it as the flesh  
and fortune shall better determine.

*M. M.*, II: 1. 150.

**COUNSELLORS.—Good, Successful.**

*Clo.* Come; fear not you: good counsel-  
lors lack no clients: though you change  
your place, you need not change your trade.

*M. M.*, I: 2. 145.

**COUNTENANCE.—Pleasant.**

*Per.* \* \*

Her face, the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from  
thence

Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.

*P.*, I: 1. 1642.

—**Sorrowful.**

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

*H.*, I: 2. 1396.



**COUNTRY.—A Fearful.**

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us  
Out of this fearful country!

*T.*, V: 1. 31.

**COURAGE.**

*Cor.* \* \* Nay, mother,  
Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
That common chances common men could bear;

That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
Show'd mastership in floating; fortune's blows,

When most struck home, being gentle-minded, craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*C.*, IV: 1. 1177.

**—Admiration of.**

*Vol.* \* \* The breasts of Hecuba,  
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier  
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood  
At Grecian swords' contending.

*C.*, I: 3. 1153.

*Ant.* \* \*  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honoured gashes whole.

*A. C.*, IV: 8. 1571.

*Cap.* \* \* I saw your brother,  
Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,  
So long as I could see.

*T. N.*, I: 2. 540.

*Ant.* \* \* I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world.

*A. C.*, IV: 12. 1574.

**—An Englishman's.**

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. \* \*

*Con.* \* \* And then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

*Con.* Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight.

*H. V.*, III: 7. 839.

**—Begotten of Restraint.**

*Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,  
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd;

And such a piece of service will you do,  
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., V: 1. 943.

**—Exhortation to.**

*Bast.* \* \*  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution:  
Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field.

*K. J.*, V: 1. 671.

**—False.**

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say.

*H. V.*, III: 7. 839.

**—Honored in Death.**

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,  
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded

As the most noble corse, that ever herald  
Did follow to his urn.

*Auf.* My rage is gone,

And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—

Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—

Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:

Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he

Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one, Which to this hour bewail the injury,

Yet he shall have a noble memory.

*C., V: 5. 1193.*

#### —Incentive to.

*Boling. \* \**

O thou, the earthly author of my blood,—

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,

Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up

To reach at victory above my head,—

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;

And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,

That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,

And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,

Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

*R. II., I: 3. 688.*

#### —Inspired by Drink.

*Ste.* Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em: Servant-monster, drink to me.

\* \*

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

\* \*

My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack; for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on,—by this light! Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

\* \*

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle a constable: Why, thou deboshed fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day?

*T., III: 2. 22, 23.*

#### —Lady Macbeth's Opinion.

*Lady M.* We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,

(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey

Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains

Will I with wine and wassel so convince,

That memory, the warder of the brain,

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason

A limbeck only: When in swinish sleep

Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,

What cannot you and I perform upon

The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon

His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt

Of our great quell?

*M., I: 7. 1363.*

#### —More than Weapons.

*Page.* I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

*Shal.* Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 't is the heart, master Page; 't is here. I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

*M. W., II: 1. 97.*

#### —Needed.

*Wor. \* \**

As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,

As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,

On the unsteadiest footing of a spear.

*II. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 732.*

#### —Provoked by Occasion.

*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by so much

We must awake endeavour for defence;

For courage mounteth with occasion.

*K. J., II: 1. 650.*

#### —Respected.

*P. Hen.* By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*II. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 760.*

#### —Roused by Rage.

*Nest. \* \** For, in her ray and brightness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,

Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,  
And flies fled under shade, Why, then, the  
thing of courage,  
As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent turn'd in self-same key,  
Returns to chiding fortune.

*T. C., I: 3. 1108.*

—Strong on Its Own Ground.

*Bast. \* \**

Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
O, let it not be said!—Courage, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

*K. J., V: 1. 671.*

—Suffers Wisely.

*1 Sen. \* \**

He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer  
The worst that man can breathe; and make  
his wrongs  
His outsides; wear them like his raiment,  
carelessly;  
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,  
To bring it into danger.

*T. A., III: 5. 1301.*

—True.

*Maeb. Pr'ythee, peace:*

I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none.

*M., I: 7. 1362.*

—Tamed by Labor.

*Ver. Come, come, it may not be.*

I wonder much, being men of such great  
leading,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: Certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half himself.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 3. 754.*

—With Loyalty Precious.

*Nor. \* \**

A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

*R. II., I: 1. 686.*

—Youthful.

*Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age,  
would do it.*

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink  
my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence:  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

*K. J., IV: 1. 664.*

COURT.—An Open.

*Prin. \* \** The roof of this court is  
too high to be yours.

*L. L., II: 1. 278.*

—The.

*Aar. \* \**

The emperor's court is like the house of  
fame,  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears.

*Tit. And., II: 1. 1208.*

COURTESIES.—Carried too Far.

*Leon. \* \** This entertainment

May a free face put on; derive a liberty  
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,  
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:  
But to be paddling palms, and pinching  
fingers,

As now they are; and making practis'd  
smiles,

As in a looking glass;—and then to sigh,  
as 't were

The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertain-  
ment

My bosom likes not, nor my brows.

*W. T., I: 2. 582.*

COURTESY.—Covers Sin in Hypocrites.

*Per. How courtesy would seem to cover  
sin!*

When what is done is like an hypocrite.

*P., I: 1. 1644.*



## —Excessive.

*Biron.* \* \*

He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,  
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;  
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice,  
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice  
In honourable terms; nay, he can sing  
A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,  
Mend him who can: the ladies call him,  
sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his  
feet;

This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone:  
And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 297.*Apem.* So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple  
joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst  
these sweet knaves,  
And all this court'sy! The strain of man's  
bred out

Into baboon and monkey.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1289.

## —Extreme.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Sathan! I call  
thee by the most modest terms; for I am  
one of those gentle ones that will use the  
devil himself with courtesy.

*T. N.*, IV: 2. 563.

## —Hypocritical.

*K. Rich.* Fair cousin, you debase your  
princely knee,  
To make the base earth proud with kissing  
it;  
Me rather had, my heart might feel your  
love,  
Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.  
Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,  
Thus high at least, [*Touching his own head*]  
although your knee be low.

*R. II.*, III: 3. 705.

## —In an Executioner.

*Sil.* \* \* The common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death  
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon.

*A. Y.*, III: 5. 427.

## —Impossible in Some.

*Ulyss.* The elephant hath joints, but  
none for courtesy: his legs are legs for  
necessity, not for flexure.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1117.

## —Its Mirror.

*2 Gent.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my con-  
science,  
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as  
much  
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous  
Buckingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy.

*H. VIII.*, II: 1. 1066.

## —Mistaken for Pride.

*Æne.* \* \*  
In the extremity of great and little,  
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hec-  
tor;  
The one almost as infinite as all,  
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him  
well,  
And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.  
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:  
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;  
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to  
seek  
This blended knight, half Trojan, and half  
Greek.

*T. C.*, IV: 5. 1132.

## COURTIER.—A Counterfeit.

*Aut.* \* \* I am a courtier. See'st thou  
not the air of the court in these enfoldings?  
hath not my gait in it the measure of the  
court? receives not thy nose court-odour  
from me? reflect I not on thy baseness,  
court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I  
insinuate, or touze from thee thy business,  
I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier  
cap-a-pie.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 609.

## COURTIERS.—In Peace.

*Æne.* Courtiers as free, as debonair, un-  
arm'd,  
As bending angels; that's their fame in  
peace.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1110.

—**Make Kings.**

*Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device

By this alliance to make void my suit;  
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

\* \*

Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,  
peace;

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!  
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,  
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold

Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 3. 976.

**COURTSHIP.—Over the Coffin. (See Women.)**

*Glo.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glo.* Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy soul's throat thou liest;  
queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood.

\* \*

*Anne.* Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

*Glo.* I would they were, that I might die at once,

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death;

And twenty times made pause, to sob, and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry;—

But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.

Nay, now despatch; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward;—

But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.  
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

*Glo.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

\* \*

*Glo.* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encompasseth my poor heart;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

*Anne.* What is it?

*Glo.* That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-place:

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,  
At Chertsey monast'ry, this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,  
I will with all expedient duty see you:  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart; and much it  
joys me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.

*R. III., I: 2. 1004.*

#### COVETOUSNESS.—Between Friends.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be  
sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

\* \* I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied  
me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood from drachmas, than to  
wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile  
trash,

By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me: Was that done like  
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his  
friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces!

*J. C., IV: 3. 1345.*

#### —Inseparable from Age.

*Fal.* \* \* A man can no more separate  
age and covetousness, than he can part  
young limbs and lechery.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.*

#### COWARD.—A Confessed.

*Ant.* I have fled myself; and have in-  
structed cowards

To run, and show their shoulders.

*A. C., III: 9. 1564.*

#### —A Natural.

*Nym.* His mind is not heroic, and there  
's the humour of it.

*M. W., I: 3. 92.*

*Hel.* \* \* I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward.

*A. W., I: 1. 496.*

*Bass.* \* \*

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as  
false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as  
milk.

*M. V., III: 2. 377.*

#### —A Prudent.

*Mar.* \* \* But that he hath the gift of  
a coward to allay the gust he hath in quar-  
relling, 't is thought among the prudent he  
would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*T. N., I: 3. 542.*

#### —A Superlative.

*Par.* \* \* In a retreat, he outruns any  
lackey; marry, in coming on he has the  
cramp.

*A. W., IV: 3. 522.*

#### —Bloodless.

*Sir To.* \* \* I think oxen and wain-  
ropes cannot hale them together. For  
Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so  
much blood in his liver as will clog the foot  
of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

*T. N., III: 2. 557.*

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand:  
be curst and brief; it is no matter how wit-  
ty, so it be eloquent and full of invention;  
taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou  
*thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be  
amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy  
sheet of paper, although the sheet were big  
enough for the bed of Ware of England, set  
'em down; go about it.

*T. N. III: 2. 556.*

#### —Defied.

*Chi.* \* \*

Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with  
thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*T. A., II: 2. 1208.*

#### COWARDICE.—Abject.

*Tal.* \* \*

Sheep run not half so timorous from the  
wolf,

Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,

As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 5. 871.*



*Fal.* \* \* Had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., IV: 2. 753.

*Hel.* \* \*

The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind Makes speed to catch the tiger. Bootless speed!

When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

*M. N.*, II: 2. 328.

—**Affection no Excuse for.**

*Eno.* \* \*

The itch of his affection should not then Have nick'd his captainship.

*A. C.*, III: 11. 1565.

—**Bitterly Rebuked.**

*Mar.* All the contagion of the south light on you,

You shames of Rome! you herd of—boils and plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd Farther than seen, and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,

That bear the shapes of men, how have you run

From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!

All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear! Mend, and charge home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe, And make my wars on you.

*C.*, I: 4. 1155.

—**Denounced and Proved.**

*Const.* \* \* Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;

Thou little valiant, great in villany!

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight

But when her humorous ladyship is by To teach thee safety! thou art perjurd too, And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,

Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave, Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength? And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame, And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words to me!

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

*Bast.* And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 657.

—**Destroys the Innocent.**

*Boling.* \* \* Like a traitor coward, Sluic'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood.

*R. II.*, I: 1. 685.

—**Disclaimed.**

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,

(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:—

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle, Which of us fears.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., IV: 3. 754.

—**Does not Dare.**

*Lady M.* \* \*

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

Like the poor cat i' the adage.

*M.*, I: 7. 1362.

—**Falsely Charged.**

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,

Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd

Ere they have done their mischief.

*K. L.*, IV: 2. 1472.

## —Flies the Field.

*Mor* \* \*

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss;  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their  
fear,  
That arrows fled not swifter toward their  
aim,  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 775

## —Hare-Hearted.

*Tro.* \* \* Manhood and honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat  
their thoughts  
With this cramm'd reason: reason and re-  
spect  
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1114.

## —In Flight.

*Scar.* \* \*

I never saw an action of such shame;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*A. C.*, III: 8. 1563.

## —Impious.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward,  
religious in it.

*T. N.*, III: 4. 562.

## —Its Expedients.

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others  
run.

*P. Hen.* Tell me now in earnest, How  
came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

*Peto.* Why, he hacked it with his dagger;  
and said, he would swear truth out of Eng-  
land, but he would make you believe it was  
done in fight; and persuaded us to do the  
like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with  
spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then  
to beslobber our garments with it, and swear  
it was the blood of true men. I did that I  
did not this seven years before, I blushed to  
hear his monstrous devices.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

## —Kingly, Rebuked.

*Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king,  
and wilt be forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous  
wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;  
And given unto the house of York such  
head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.  
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,  
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,  
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of  
Calais;

Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow  
seas;

The duke is made protector of the realm;  
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety  
finds

The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.  
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,  
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their  
pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act.

But thou preferrest thy life before thine  
honour:

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,  
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,  
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,  
Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy  
colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them  
spread:

And spread they shall be; to thy foul dis-  
grace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 1. 957.

## —Longs for Safety.

*Bard.* On, on, on, on! to the breach,  
to the breach!

*Nym.* 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the  
knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part,  
I have not a case of lives: the humour of  
it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just; for  
humours do abound;

Knocks go and come to all and some;  
God's vassals feel the same.

And sword and shield,  
In bloody field,  
Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* 'Would I were in an alehouse in  
London! I would give all my fame for a pot  
of ale and safety.

*H. V.*, III: 2. 831.

**—Not Cæsar's Weakness.**

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice :

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
We were two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*J. C.*, II: 2. 1333.

**—Not to be Trusted.**

*Mar.* \* \* He that trusts you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;  
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun.

*C.*, I: 1. 1151.

**—Punished.**

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up as we take hares, behind;  
'T is sport to maul a runner.

*A. C.*, IV: 7. 1571.

**—Retreats.**

*Hel.* You go so much backward when  
you fight.

*A. W.*, I: 1. 497.

**—Ruins any Cause.**

*York* \* \* \*  
And all my followers to the eager foe  
Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,  
Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 959.

**—Scorned.**

*Prince.* Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit  
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,  
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,  
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.  
I speak not this, as doubting any here;  
For, did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes;  
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,

And make him of like spirit to himself.  
If any such be here, as God forbid!  
Let him depart, before we need his help.

*Som.* And he, that will not fight for such  
a hope,

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,  
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 4. 989.

**—Self Accusing.**

*Ham.* \* \* \*

Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause.

*H.*, II: 2. 1409.

**—Sir John Fastolfe's.**

*Tal.* Shame to the duke of Burgundy,  
and thee!  
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,  
(Which I have done) because unworthily  
Thou wast installed in that high degree.—  
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:  
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,  
When but in all I was six thousand strong,  
And that the French were almost ten to one,—

Before we met, or that a stroke was given,  
Like to a trusty squire, did run away;  
In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;

Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,  
Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.  
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear  
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

*Glo.* To say the truth, this fact was infamous

And ill beseeeming any common man;  
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV: 1. 834.

**—The Charge Resented.**

*Clif.* So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,



Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*York.* O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,  
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time :  
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face ;  
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with coward.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

—When an Honor.

*Alcib.* \* \*

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice ;  
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)

But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe :

*Tit. And.*, III: 5. 1301.

**COWARDS.—An Incumbrance.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :  
We would not die in that man's company,  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

*H. V.*, IV: 3. 844.

—Beget Cowards.

*Bel.* \* \*

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base.  
Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1614.

—Bred by Peace.

*Imo.* \* \*

Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards.

*Cym.*, III: 6. 1612.

—Die Many Deaths.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

*J. C.*, II: 2. 1333

—Flee before Cowards.

*Mar.* \* \*

The mouse ne'er shunned the cat, as they did budge

From rascals worse than they.

*C.*, I: 6. 1156.

—From Force of Example.

*P. Hen.* Now, sirs ; by 'r lady, you fought fair ;—so did you, Peto ;—so did you, Bardolph : you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince ; no,—fie !

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

—Great Braggarts.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back ; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I 'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper : how thirty, at least, he fought with ; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured ; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 730.

—Love Weakness.

*Glo.* \* \*

None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

*H. VI.*, I: 1. 864.

—Meet not the Brave.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy,  
thou dost belie him,

He never did encounter with Glendower ;  
I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,  
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

—Swashing and Martial.

*Ros.* \* \*

We 'll have a swashing and a martial out-side,

As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.

*A. Y.*, I: 3. 413.

—Three Thieving, Described.

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all

three : but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me ; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-livered, and red-faced ; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword ; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men ; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward ; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds ; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own ; and that was against a post, when he was drunk.

*H. V., III : 2. 832.*

### COXCOMB.—Depicted.

*Osr.* Nay, good my lord ; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes : believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing : Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

*H., V : 2. 1434.*

### COXCOMBS.—Burst like Bubbles.

*Ham.* \* \* Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter ; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*H., V : 2. 1435.*

### CRAFT.—Richer than Innocency.

*Clo.* \* \* And furr'd with fox and lambskins too, to signify that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

*M. M., III : 2. 159.*

### CRAFTINESS.—Its Overthrow.

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who commands you  
To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself  
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay,

Where 's your commission, lords ? words  
cannot carry

Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dares cross them ?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth  
expressly ?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will, or  
words, to do it,

(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—  
envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my  
ruin !

Follow your envious courses, men of mal-  
ice ;

You have christian warrant for them, and,  
no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That  
seal,

You ask with such a violence, the king,  
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand  
gave me :

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and hon-  
ours,

During my life ; and, to confirm his good-  
ness,

Tied it by letters patents : Now, who 'll  
take it ?

*Sur.* The king, that gave it.

*H. VIII., III : 2. 1079.*

### —Its Power.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Who 's there ? my good lord cardinal ?—O  
my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You 're  
welcome,

Most learned reverend sir, into our king-  
dom ;

Use us, and it :—My good lord, have great  
care

I be not found a talker.

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an  
hour

Of private conference.

*K. Hen.* We are busy ; go.

*H. VIII., II : 2. 1068.*

### CREDIT.—Impolicy of Giving.

*Pist.* \* \*

Look to my chattels, and my moveables :

Let senses rule; the word is, "Pitch and pay;"

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;  
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

*H. V., II: 3. 829.*

#### CREDITOR.—Nurses his Revenge.

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was us'd to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond! he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond!

*M. V., III: 1. 375.*

#### CREDITORS.—Rapacious.

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.* Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'T were sure enough. Why then preferr'd  
you not

Your sums and bills, when your false mas-  
ters eat

Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile,  
and fawn

Upon his debts, and take down th' interest  
Into their gluttonous maws. You do your-  
selves but wrong,

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:

Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not  
serve.

*Flav.* If 't will not,

'T is not so base as you; for you serve  
knaves.

*T. A., III: 4. 1300.*

#### CREDULITY.—Easily Victimized.

*Edm.* \* \*

A credulous father, and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish  
honesty

My practices ride easy.

*K. L., I: 2. 1449.*

#### —Led by the Nose.

*Iago.* \* \*

The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest, that but seem to  
be so;

And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
As asses are.

*O., I: 4. 1499.*

#### CREMATION.—Of the Dead.

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away,  
away;

We 'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

*J. C., III: 2. 1341.*

#### CRESCENT.—The Sign of Hope.

*Pom.* I shall do well:

The people love me, and the sea is mine;  
My power 's a crescent, and my auguring  
hope

Says it will come to the full.

*A. C., II: 1. 1547.*

#### CREST-FALLEN.—Completely.

*Fal.* \* \*

I were as crest-fall'n as a dried pear.

*M. W., IV: 5. 115*

#### CRIME.—Aristocratic.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I 'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me; and, thou knowest, he 's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot landrakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquility; burgomasters and great oneyers.

*H. IV., 1 pt., II: 1. 735.*

#### —Beasts Revolt at.

*Old M.* 'T is unnatural,

Even like the deed that 's done. On Tues-  
day last,

A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.



*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses, (a thing  
most strange and certain,)  
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their  
race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls,  
flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
make  
War with mankind.

*Old M.* 'T is said, they eat each other.

*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement  
of mine eyes,  
That look'd upon 't.

*M.*, II: 4. 1367.

#### —Brings Sorrow.

*Pem.* \* \* I'll go with thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood, which ow'd the breath of all  
this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold: Bad world the  
while  
This must not be thus borne: this will break  
out

To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 666.

#### —Demands Despatch.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent  
prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

*K. J.*, IV: 1. 664.

#### —Expects Exemption.

*Fal.* \* \* But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag,  
shall there be gallows standing in England  
when thou art king? and resolution thus  
fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old  
father antic the law? Do not thou, when  
thou art king, hang a thief.

*P. Hen.* No; thou shalt.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 729.

#### —Great, a Vortex

*K. Rich.* \* \* I say again, give out,  
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:  
About it; for it stands me much upon,  
To stop all hopes, whose growth may dam-  
age me.—

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:

Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*R. III.*, IV: 2. 1032.

#### —Its Punishment.

*Macb.* We have scotch'd the snake, not  
kill'd it;  
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor  
malice  
Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
But let  
The frame of things disjoint, both the  
worlds suffer,  
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
That shake us nightly: better be with the  
dead,  
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to  
peace,  
Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
In restless ecstasy.

*M.*, III: 2. 1370.

#### —Its Scene Revolting.

*Sal.* \* \*  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*K. J.*, IV: 3. 670.

#### —Makes Crimes Necessary.

*Pand.* \* \*  
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:  
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:  
That John may stand, then Arthur needs  
must fall;  
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*K. J.*, III: 4. 663.

#### —Must be Punished.

*Pem.* Indeed, we heard how near his death  
he was,  
Before the child himself felt he was sick:  
This must be answer'd, either here or hence.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 666.

#### —National, Punished.

*Car.* \* \*  
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call  
king,

Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :  
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—  
The blood of English shall manure the  
ground,

And future ages groan for this foul act :  
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,  
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars  
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind con-  
found ;

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,  
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's  
skulls.

O, if you rear this house against this house,  
It will the woofullest division prove,  
That ever fell upon this cursed earth ;  
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,  
Lest child, child's children, cry against  
you—woe !

*R. II., IV : 1. 708.*

—**Strange, Unexpected.**

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly,  
will I speak :

That Angelo's forsown ; is it not strange?  
That Angelo's a murderer ; is't not strange?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,  
An hypocrite, a virgin violator ;  
Is it not strange, and strange?

*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Isab.* Is it not truer he is Angelo,  
Than this is all as true as it is strange ;  
Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth  
To th' end of reck'ning.

*M. M., V : 1. 170.*

**CRIMES.—Excite the Populace.**

*Hub.* My lord, they say, five moons were  
seen to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons?

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the  
streets

Do prophesy upon it dangerously :  
Young Arthur's death is common in their  
mouths :

And when they talk of him, they shake their  
heads,

And whisper one another in the ear ;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's  
wrist ;

Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with roll-  
ing eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
And whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his  
hand,

Standing on slippers, (which his nimble  
haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent :  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. J., IV : 2. 667.*

—**Great, Demand Disguise.**

*Macb.* \* \* Though I could  
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my  
sight,

And bid my will avouch it ; yet I must not,  
For certain friends that are both his and  
mine,

Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his  
fall

Whom I myself struck down : and thence  
it is,

That I to your assistance do make love ;  
Masking the business from the common eye,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

*M., III : 1. 1369.*

—**Great, often Fruitless.**

*Macb.* \* \*

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal  
hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I mur-  
der'd ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them : and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo  
kings !

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance !

*M., III : 1. 1369.*

## —Grow.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but  
only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is  
not meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his  
means,

If he improves them, may well stretch so far,  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

*J. C.*, II: 1. 1330.

## —Some, beyond Mercy.

*Bast.* \* \* Knew you of this fair work?  
Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

\* \*  
Ha! I'll tell thee what;  
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is  
so black;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince  
Lucifer:

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*K. J.*, IV: 3. 670.

## CRIMINALS.—Great, Easily Accused.

*Glo.* Presumptuous priest! this place  
commands my patience,  
Or thou should'st find thou hast dishonour'd  
me.

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd  
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,  
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able  
*Verbatim* to rehearse the method of my pen:  
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wicked-  
ness,

Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious  
pranks,

As very infants prattle of thy pride.  
Thou art a most pernicious usurer:  
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;  
Lascivious, wanton, more than well be-  
seems

A man of thy profession, and degree;  
And for thy treachery, what's more mani-  
fest?

In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,  
As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?

Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were  
sifted,

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite ex-  
empt

From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

## CRITIC.—That, or Nothing.

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;  
For I am nothing, if not critical.

*O.*, II: 1. 1501.

## CROAKING.—Justifiable.

*Ther.* \* \* I would croak like a raven;  
I would bode, I would bode.

*T. C.*, V: 2. 1139.

## CROCODILE.—Description of.

*Lep.* What manner o' thing is your croc-  
odile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it  
is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so  
high as it is, and moves with its own organs:  
it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the  
elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'T is a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'T is so. And the tears of it are  
wet.

*Cas.* Will this description satisfy him?

*A. C.*, II: 7. 1556.

## CROWD.—No Place to Plead.

*Art.* \* \* Here the street is narrow:  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

*J. C.*, II: 4. 1335.

## CROWN.—Its Cost.

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's  
royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's  
corn,

Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their  
pride!

Three dukes of Somerset, threefold re-  
nown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions:

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,



And two Northumberland; two braver men  
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's  
sound :

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick  
and Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,  
And made the forest tremble when they  
roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,  
And made our footstool of security.—

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my  
boy :—

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and my-  
self,

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's  
night;

Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,  
That thou might'st repossess the crown in  
peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V : 7. 992.

#### —Wearing, Sweet.

*Rich.* \* \* And, father, do but think,  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
Within whose circuit is Elysium,  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.  
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,  
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed  
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's  
heart.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I : 2. 958.

#### CRUELTY.—Easily Punished.

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest  
thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou  
drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up.

*K. J.*, IV : 3. 670.

#### —Expostulated with.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but  
a mote in yours,  
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are bois-  
trous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*K. J.*, IV : 1. 665.

#### —Extreme.

*Mar.* O, that delightful engine of her  
thoughts,

That blab'd them with such pleasing elo-  
quence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

*Tit. And.*, III : 1. 1215.

#### —Fiendish.

*Corn.* See it shalt thou never.—Fel-  
lows, hold the chair :—

Upon these eyes of thine I 'll set my foot.

*Glo.* He, that will think to live till he be  
old,

Give me some help :—O cruel! O ye gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; the  
other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance.—

\* \*  
Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile  
jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless.—Where's  
my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,  
To quit this horrid act.

\* \*  
*Reg.* Go, thrust him out at gates, and  
let him smell

His way to Dover.

*K. L.*, III : 7. 1469.

#### —Foretold.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence  
plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV : 4. 803.

#### —Hereditary.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's  
hope;

To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou  
wast born,  
To signify, — thou cam'st to bite the world.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 6. 991-2.

—In Words.

*Ham.* \* \*

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

*H.*, III: 3. 1416.

—Invoked by Ambition.

*Lady M.* \* \* Come, come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me  
here;

An fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-  
full

Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace be-  
tween

The effect, and it! Come to my woman's  
breasts,

And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring  
ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief!

*M.*, I: 5. 1361.

—Its Ingenuity.

*Aut.* He has a son, who shall be flayed  
alive: then 'nointed over with honey, set on  
the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till  
he be three quarters and a dram dead; then  
recover'd again with aquavitæ, or some other  
hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the  
hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall  
he be set against a brick wall, the sun look-  
ing with a southward eye upon him, where  
he is to behold him with flies blown to  
death. But what talk we of these traitorly  
rascals, whose miseries are to be 'smil'd at,  
their offences being so capital?

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 610.

—Remorseless.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

And as the butcher takes away the calf,  
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it  
strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;  
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him  
hence.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 1. 924.

—The Nature of Some.

*Men.* \* \* There is no more mercy in  
him, than there is milk in a male tiger.

*C.*, V: 4. 1191.

—Vindictive.

*North.* Hold, Clifford; do not honour  
him so much,

To prick thy finger, though to wound his  
heart:

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his  
teeth,

When he might spurn him with his foot  
away!

It is war's prize to take all vantages;  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

—Woman's.

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard; you shall  
know, my boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your moth-  
er's wrong.

\* \*

*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's  
face.—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away  
with her.

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me  
but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: Let it be  
your glory

To see her tears, but be your heart to them  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones  
teach the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it  
thee:

The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn  
to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—  
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;  
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

\* \*

'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely claws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
The whilst their own birds famish in their  
nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

*Tam.* I know not what it means; away with her.

*Lav.* O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,  
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,  
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Had thou in person ne'er offended me,  
Even for his sake am I pitiless:—  
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.  
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 't is not life, that I have begged so long;  
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then; fond woman, let me go.

*Lav.* 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more,  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;  
Where never man's eye may behold my body:  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

\* \*

*Dem.* Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!  
The blot and enemy to our general name!

*Tit. And., II: 3. 1210.*

#### CUNNING.—With Power, Dangerous.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong  
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,  
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,  
As able to perform it: his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,) Only to show his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, suggests the king our master

To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.* 'Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray,\* give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,  
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,  
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,  
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardinal

Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,

(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy To the old dam, treason,)—Charles the emperor,

Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,  
(For 't was, indeed, his colour; but he came To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:  
His fears were, that the interview, betwixt England and France, might, through their amity,

Breed him some prejudice; for from this league

Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,— Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor

Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted,

Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,

And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—

That he would please to alter the king's course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal

Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases, And for his own advantage.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.*

#### CUPID.—Described.

*Biron.* \* \*

This whimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid:



Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,  
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,  
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents.

*L. L.*, III: 1. 282.

—His Prejudice.

*Ros.* No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 430.

—Kills Some by Traps.

*Urs.* She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

*Hero.* If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

*M. A.*, III: 1. 238.

**CURIOSITY.—Not to be Satisfied.**

*Hot.* \* \* But hark you, Kate;  
I must not have you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts:  
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,  
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
I know you wise; but yet no further wise,  
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;  
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,  
No lady closer; for I well believe,  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not  
know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

*Lady.* How! so far?

*Hot.* Not an inch further.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 3. 738.

**CURSE.—A Father's.**

*Lear.* Never, Regan:  
She hath abated me of half my train;  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her  
tongue,  
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—  
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young  
bones,

You taking airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, fie, fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your  
blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful  
sun,

To fall and blast her pride!

*K. L.*, II: 4. 1460.

—A Mother's.

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition?

\* \*

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is  
thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

*Q. Eliz.* Where is the gentle Rivers,  
Vaughan, Grey?

*Duch.* Where is kind Hastings?

\* \*

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood, thou  
know'st it well,

Thou can'st not on earth to make the earth my  
hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;  
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;  
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild,  
and furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and  
venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and  
bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in  
hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
That ever grac'd me in thy company?

*K. Rich.* So:

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die, by God's  
just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,  
And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most heavy  
curse;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,  
Than all the complete armour that thou  
wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight;  
And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;  
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death  
attend.

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1035.

## —A Widow's.

*Const.* A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!

Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd  
kings!

Hear me, O, hear me!

*K. J., III: 1. 657.*

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holiday.  
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath  
it done;

That it in golden letters should be set,  
Among the high tides in the calendar?  
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with  
child

Pray, that their burdens may not fall this  
day,

Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:  
But on this day, let seamen fear no wreck;  
No bargains break, that are not this day  
made:

This day, all things begun come to ill end;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

*K. J., III: 1. 657.*

## —Remembered and Fulfilled.

*Buck. \* \**

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,  
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.  
That high All-seer which I dallied with,  
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,  
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked  
men

To turn their own points on their masters'  
bosoms:

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my  
neck,—

“When he,” quoth she, “shall split thy  
heart with sorrow,

Remember Margaret was a prophetess.”—

Come, sirs, convey me to the block of  
shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due  
of blame.

*R. III., V: 1. 1041.*

## —Self-Reaped.

*Q. Eliz.* Go, go, poor soul, I envy not  
thy glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No! why?—When he, that is my  
husband now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd  
from his hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,  
And that dead saint which then I weeping  
follow'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
This was my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I,  
“accurs'd,

For making me, so young, so old a widow!  
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy  
bed;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad)  
More miserable by the life of thee,  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's  
death!”

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's  
curse:

Which ever since hath held mine eyes from  
rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still  
awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father War-  
wick;

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*R. III., IV: 1. 1031.*

## CURSES.—Often a Prophecy.

*Q. Mar.* O princely Buckingham, I kiss  
thy hand,

In sign of league and amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!

Thy garments are not spotted with our  
blood,

Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor no one here; for curses never  
pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the  
air.

*Q. Mar.* I'll not believe but they ascend  
the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping  
peace.

O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;

Look, when he fawns, he bites : and, when  
he bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death :  
Have not to do with him, beware of him ;  
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks  
on him ;

And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glo.* What doth she say, my lord of  
Buckingham?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect, my gra-  
cious lord.

*Q. Mar.* What, dost thou scorn me for  
my gentle counsel?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?  
O, but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sor-  
row ;

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess. —  
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
And he to yours, and all of you to God's !

*R. III., I : 3. 1009.*

#### —Recoil.

*Q. Mar.* \* \* \*

And these dead curses — like the sun 'gainst  
glass,  
Or like an overcharged gun, — recoil, —  
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III : 2. 930.*

#### CURSTNESS. — Excess in.

*Beat.* Too curst is more than curst : I  
shall lessen God's sending that way : for it  
is said, "God sends a curst cow short  
horns ;" but to a cow too curst he sends  
none.

*M. A., II : 1. 230.*

#### —Skill in.

*Q. Eliz.* O thou well skill'd in curses,  
stay a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and  
fast the day ;

Compare dead happiness with living woe ;  
Think that thy babes were fairer than they  
were,

And he, that slew them, fouler than he is :  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer  
worse ;

Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eliz.* My words are dull, O, quicken  
them with thine !

\* \*

Poor breathing orators of miseries !

Let them have scope : though what they do  
impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue-ty'd :  
go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let 's  
smother

My damned son, that thy two sweet sons  
smother'd.

*R. III., IV : 4. 1035.*

#### CUSTOM. — Makes Flint Down.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave sen-  
ators,

Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down : I do agnize

A natural and prompt alacrity,

I find in hardness ; and do undertake

These present wars against the Ottomites.

*O., I : 3. 1497.*

#### —Not to be Followed.

*Cor.* \* \* \*

What custom wills, in all things should we  
do 't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,  
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd  
For truth to over-peer.

*C., II : 3. 1166.*

#### CYNIC. — A Friend to Brutes.

*Tim.* \* \* What would'st thou do with  
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of  
the men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in  
the confusion of men, and remain a beast  
with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*T. A., IV : 3. 1309.*

#### CYNICISM. — Bitterness of.

*Tim.* \* \* Thou singly honest man,  
Here, take : — the gods out of my misery  
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and  
happy :

But thus condition'd : Thou shalt build from  
men ;

Hate all, curse all : show charity to none ;

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the  
bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar : give to dogs



What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,

Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

*T. A., IV: 3. 1311.*

—**Its Prayer.**

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,

Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,

Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,

Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,

The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,

With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,

Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine:

Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,

From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root:

Ensear thy fertile and conception womb, Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;

Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face

Hath to the marbled mansion all above Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!

Dry up thy meadows, vines, and plough-torn leas:

Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,

That from it all consideration slips!

*T. A., IV: 3. 1307.*

—**Woman's.**

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,

But thorough lust, and laughter.

*T. A., IV: 3. 1311.*

## D

**DAINTINESS.—Excessive.**

*Biron.* O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

*L. L., IV: 3. 290.*

**DAMNATION.—Dared by Revenge.**

*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!

Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit!

I dare damnation: To this point I stand,— That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd Most thoroughly for my father.

*H., IV: 5. 1425.*

**DANCING.—Admired.**

*Cap.* Gentlemen, welcome! ladies that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you;—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she that makes

dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns: Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen!

\* \*

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

*R. J., I: 5. 1248.*

## —Like Waves.

*Flo.* \* \* When you do dance, I wish  
you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 602.

## —With a Burden.

*Rom.* I am too sore enpierced with his  
shaft  
To soar with his light feathers; and so  
bound,  
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:  
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

\* \*

*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough  
with love;  
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love  
down.

*R. J.*, I: 4. 1247.

**DANGER.—Braved, Vanishes.**

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: The things that  
threaten'd me,  
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they  
shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*J. C.*, II: 2. 1332.

## —Caution against.

*Suf.* \* \*  
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;  
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., V: 3. 894.

## —Deliverance out of.

*Mart.* Upon his bloody finger he doth  
wear  
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy  
cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden  
blood.

*Tit. And.*, II: 4. 1212.

## —Demands Courage.

*K. Hen.* Gloster, 't is true, that we are  
in great danger;  
The greater therefore should our courage be.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 840.

## —Disguised.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find,  
the band that seems to tie their friendship  
together, will be the very strangler of their  
amity.

*A. C.*, II: 6. 1555.

## —Fear, a Source of.

*Bel.* \* \* Whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that  
The fear 's as bad as falling.

*Cym.*, III: 3. 1607.

## —Fed, Destroys.

*Fool.* For you trow, nuncle,  
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it had its head bit off by its young.  
So, out went the candle, and we were left  
darkling.

*K. L.*, I: 4. 1452.

## —Foreseen.

*Wol.* \* \*  
Anne Bullen! No; I 'll no Anne Bullens  
for him:  
There is more in it than fair visage.—  
Bullen!  
No, we 'll no Bullens.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1077.

## —Forewarned of.

*3 Cit.* \* \*  
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see  
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.

*R. III.*, II: 3. 1018.

## —From Alliances.

*Pand.* \* \*  
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the  
tongue,  
A cased lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou  
dost hold.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 659.

## —From False Friends.

*Q. Mar.* \* \* Such safety finds  
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 1. 957.

## —From Omission.

*Patr.* \* \*  
Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;  
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints  
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1126.

—Future, Foreseen.

*Ant.* \* \* Much is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but  
life,  
And not a serpent's poison.

*A. C.*, I: 2. 1543.

—Imminent.

*Lucio.* I warrant, it is: and thy head  
stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a  
milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.

*M. M.*, 1: 2. 146.

—None to Fools.

*Ulyss.* \* \*  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should  
break.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.

—Rescue from, Urged.

*Lucy.* \* \*  
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV: 3. 887.

—Seemingly Powerless.

*Eno.* 'T is better playing with a lion's  
whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*A. C.*, III: 11. 1566.

—The Nettle of Safety.

*Hot.* \* \* "The purpose you under-  
take is dangerous;"—Why, that's certain;  
't is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to  
drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of  
this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,  
safety.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 3. 736.

DARING.—Beyond Manhood.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more, is none.

*M.*, 1: 7. 1362.

—In Extreme Peril.

*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us  
hear him speak:  
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?  
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

For bearing arms, for stirring up my sub-  
jects,

And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

*Prince.* Speak like a subject, proud am-  
bitious York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;  
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel  
thou,

Whilst I propose the self-same words to  
thee,

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me an-  
swer to.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, that thy father had been so  
resolv'd!

*Glo.* That you might still have worn  
the petticoat,

And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lan-  
caster.

*Prince.* Let Æsop fable in a winter's  
night:

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

*Glo.* By heaven, brat, I'll plague you  
for that word.

*Q. Mar.* Ay, thou wast born to be a  
plague to men.

*Glo.* For God's sake, take away this  
captive scold.

*Prince.* Nay, take away this scolding  
crook-back rather.

*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will  
charm your tongue.

*Clar.* Untutor'd lad, thou art too mala-  
pert.

*Prince.* I know my duty, you are all un-  
dutiful.

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd  
George,—

And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,  
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—

And thou usurp'st my father's right and  
mine.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 5. 990.

—Inspired.

*Puc.* \* \*  
Now am I like that proud insulting ship,  
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 863.

—Irrepressible.

*Hor.* \* \*  
I'll cross it, though it blast me.

*H.*, I: 1. 1392.



*Laer.* \* \*

I dare damnation: To this point I stand.

*II.*, IV: 5. 1425.

—Man's Daily.

*Claud.* O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 244.

**DARKNESS.—Flecked.**

*Fri.* \* \*

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's  
wheels.

*R. J.*, II: 3. 1253.

—Invoked.

*Lady M.* \* \* Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!  
That my keen knife see not the wound it  
makes;  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of  
the dark,  
To cry, "Hold, hold!"——Great Glamis!  
worthy Cawdor!

*M.*, I: 5. 1361.

—Preternatural.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
Thou see'st, the heavens, as troubled with  
man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock,  
't is day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling  
lamp.  
Is it night's predominance, or the day's  
shame,  
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*M.*, II: 4. 1367.

*Obe.* \* \*

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 336.

—Quickens the Brain.

*Her.* Dark night, that from the eye his  
function takes,  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 334.

—Suits Bad Designs.

*Macb.* \* \* Stars, hide your fires!  
Let not light see my black and deep desires:  
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

*M.*, I: 4. 1360.

—The Friend of Evil.

*K. Rich.* Discomfortable cousin! know'st  
thou not,  
That when the searching eye of heaven is  
hid  
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
Then thieves and robbers range abroad un-  
seen,  
In murders, and in outrage, boldly here.

*R. II.*, III: 2. 701.

**DASTARDLINESS.—In a Brother.**

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live:  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O, you beast!  
O, faithless coward! O, dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is 't not a kind of incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame?

*M. M.*, III: 1. 158.

**DAUGHTER.—A Disappointing.**

*Lear.* \* \* Thou art a boil,  
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,  
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide  
thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call  
it:

I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:  
Mend, when thou canst; be better, at thy  
leisure.

*K. L.*, II: 4. 1461.

—Blessing Invoked upon.

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head!

*W. T.*, V: 3. 617.

—Filial Duty of a.

*Lear.* \* \* 'T is not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,  
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.

*K. L.*, II: 4. 1460.

—Gross Revolt of a

*Rod.* \* \*

Your daughter,—if you have not given her  
leave,—

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
To an extravagant and wheedling stranger.

*O.*, I: 1. 1492.

DAUGHTERS.—Not to be Trusted.

*Bra.* \* \* O treason of the blood!—  
Fathers, from hence trust not your daugh-  
ters' minds

By what you see them act.

*O.*, I: 1. 1493.

—Tigers.

*Alb.* \* \*

Tigers, not daughters, what have you per-  
form'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man,  
Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would  
lick,

Most barbarous, most degenerate!

*K. L.*, IV: 2. 1472.

DAWN.—Early.

*Ant.* \* \*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

*A. C.*, IV: 4. 1570.

DAY.—A Blabber.

*Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorse-  
ful day

Is erept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the  
jades

To drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging  
wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty  
jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 1. 932.

—An Illustrious.

*Bard.* \* \* O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

DAYBREAK.—How Heralded.

*Rom.* \* \* Look, love, what envious  
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:  
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund  
day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

*R. J.*, III: 5. 1265.

—Spirits Rest at.

*Puck.* \* \* Yonder shines Aurora's  
harbinger;

At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here  
and there,

Troop home to church-yards: damned spir-  
its all,

That in cross-ways and floods have burial,  
Already to their wormy beds are gone;

For fear lest day should look their shames  
upon,

They wilfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd  
night.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 337.

—Walking o'er the Dew.

*Hor.* \* \*

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

*H.*, I: 1. 1393.

DAYS.—Ominous of Misfortune.

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows  
wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief.

*K. J.*, III: 2. 660.

DEAD.—Avenge their Wrong.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty  
yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our  
swords

In our own proper entrails.

*J. C.*, V: 3. 1351.

## —Destiny of their Dust.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return,  
Horatio! Why may not imagination trace  
the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it  
stopping a bung-hole?

\* \*

As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was  
buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the  
dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And  
why of that loam whereto he was converted,  
might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:  
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!

*H.*, V: 1. 1431.

## —Honored.

*Char.* \* \*

Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,  
Transported shall be at high festivals  
Before the kings and queens of France.

*H.* VI., 1 pt., I: 6. 871.

## —Insulting Body of.

*Bast.* Hew them to pieces, hack their  
bones asunder;  
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's  
wonder.

*H.* VI., 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

## —Obligations to the.

*Bru.* \* \* Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me  
pay.

*J. C.*, V: 3. 1351.

## —Prayer for the.

*Boling.* Sweet peace conduct his sweet  
soul to the bosom  
Of good old Abraham!

*R.* II., IV: 1. 708.

## —Sight of the.

*K. Hen.* O thou that judgest all things,  
stay my thoughts;

\* \*

Fain would I go to chase his paly lips  
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain  
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;  
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,  
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling.  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;

And, to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

*H.* VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 928.

## —Soon Forgotten.

*Ham.* So long? \* \* O heavens! die  
two months ago, and not forgotten yet?  
Then there's hope, a great man's memory  
may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-  
lady, he must build churches then.

*H.*, III: 2. 1413.

## —Talking of the.

*Leon.* Prithee, no more; cease; thou  
know'st

He dies to me again, when talk'd of:

*W. T.*, V: 1. 612.

## —The, beyond Recall.

*Paul.* I say, she's dead: I'll swear 't:  
if word, nor oath,

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring  
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve  
you

As I would do the gods.

*W. T.*, III: 2. 596.

## DEAD-BEAT.—Smells Strong.

*Clo.* Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but  
sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou  
speak'st of: I will henceforth eat no fish of  
Fortune's butt'ring. Prithee allow the wind.

*A. W.*, V: 2. 525.

## DEAFNESS.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him  
back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder, my mas-  
ter is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing  
of anything good.

*H.* IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

## —Affected.

*Ch. Just.* I think, you are fallen into  
the disease; for you hear not what I say to  
you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well:  
rather, an't please you, it is the disease of  
not listening, the malady of not marking,  
that I am troubled withal.

*H.* IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 777.



**DEATH.—A Debt.**

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 't is a point of friendship.

*P. Hen.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*P. Hen.* Why, thou owest God a death.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 1. 757.

**—A Despairing.**

*Car.* \* \*

Died he not in his bed? where should he die?  
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?  
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—  
Alive again? then show me where he is;  
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 3. 931.

**—A Gain.**

*Ant. S.* He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

*C. E.*, III: 2. 201.

**—A Great Disguiser.**

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death. You know the course is common.

*M. M.*, IV: 2. 166.

**—A Journey.**

*Duke.* \* \* I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

*M. M.*, IV: 3. 167.

**—A Lingerin.**

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,  
That would upon the rack of this tough world

Stretch him out longer.

*K. L.*, V: 3. 1485.

**—A Mirror.**

*Per.* \* \*

For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,

Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.

*P.*, I: 1. 1643.

**—A Mother's.**

*Mess.* My liege, her ear

Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died  
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,

The lady Constance in a frenzy died

Three days before.

*K. John.* \* \* Dreadful occasion!

\* \*

What! mother dead!

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 667.

**—A Warning Bell.**

*Ia. Cap.* O me! this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

*R. J.*, V: 3. 1277.

**—Always at Command.**

*Cas.* \* \*

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,

Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

*J. C.*, I: 3. 1327.

**—Ambition's Debt.**

*Bru.* \* \* Stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

*J. C.*, III: 1. 1336.

## —An Escape from Kings.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's  
strong hand:—  
Good lords, although my will to give is  
living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and  
dead;  
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*K. J., IV: 2. 666.*

## —An Eternal Sleep.

*Tit. \* \**  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges; here, are  
no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

*Tit. And., I: 2. 1203.*

## —Assuredly Certain.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?  
*Pist.* As nail in door.

*H. IV., 2 pt., V: 3. 809.*

## —Attempt to Bribe.

*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee  
England's treasure,  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

*K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil  
life,  
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 3. 931.*

## —Bemoaned.

*Arr. \* \** The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had  
rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to  
sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a  
crutch,  
Than to have seen this.

*Cym., IV: 2. 1617.*

## —Blaspheming and Remorseless.

*Vaux. \* \** Beaufort is at point of  
death:  
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,  
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch  
the air,  
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's  
ghost  
Were by his side; sometime, he calls the  
king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,  
The secrets of his overcharged soul:  
And I am sent to tell his majesty,  
That even now he cries aloud for him.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 930.*

## —Cawdor's, Studied.

*Mal. \* \** Nothing in his life  
Became him, like the leaving it; he died  
As one that had been studied in his death.

*M., I: 4. 1360.*

## —Changes Everything.

*Cap.* All things, that we ordained festi-  
val,  
Turn from their office to black funeral:  
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;  
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;  
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;  
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,  
And all things change them to the contrary.

*R. J., IV: 5. 1272.*

## —Cheerfulness in.

*Boling. \* \**  
Not sick, although I have to do with death;  
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing  
breath.

*R. II., I: 3. 688.*

## —Counterfeit.

*Fal.* Counterfeit? I lie, I am no coun-  
terfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for  
he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath  
not the life of a man: but to counterfeit  
dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be  
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect im-  
age of life indeed. The better part of val-  
our is—discretion; in the which better part,  
I have saved my life.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 761.*

## —Crawling Towards.

*Lea. \* \**  
Unburdened crawl toward death.

*K. L., I: 1. 1443.*

## —Declared Prematurely.

*Cer. \* \** They were too rough,  
That threw her in the sea. Make fire with-  
in;

Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.  
 Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
 And yet the fire of life kindle again  
 The overpressed spirits. I have heard  
 Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,  
 By good appliance was recovered.

\* \*  
 This queen will live; nature awakes; a  
 warmth

Breathes out of her; she hath not been en-  
 tranc'd

Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to  
 blow

Into life's flower again!

\* \*  
 She is alive; behold  
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
 Which Pericles hath lost,  
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;  
 The diamonds of a most praised water.

*P.*, III: 2. 1657.

—Desired.

*King.* \* \* "Let me not live," quoth he,  
 "After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
 Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive  
 senses

All but new things disdain."

*A. W.*, I: 3. 498.

*Anne.* \* \*

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge  
 Of golden metal, that must round my brow,  
 Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!  
 Anointed let me be with deadly venom;  
 And die, ere men can say—God save the  
 queen!

*R. III.*, IV: 1. 1031.

—Desired and Invoked.

*Const.* \* \*

Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!  
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity.  
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;  
 And ring these fingers with thy household  
 worms;

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome  
 dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
 Come, grin on me; and I will think thou  
 smil'st,

And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,  
 O, come to me!

*K. J.*, III: 4. 662.

—Desired in Dishonor.

*York.* \* \*

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

*E. II.*, II: 1. 693.

—Disregards Rank.

*Char.* \* \*

Now boast thee, death! in thy possession  
 lies

A lass unparall'd.—Downy windows, close;  
 And golden Phæbus never be beheld  
 Of eyes again so royal.

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1581.

—Easy, Sought.

*Cæs.*

Most probable,

That so she died; for her physician tells me,  
 She hath pursued conclusions infinite  
 Of easy ways to die.

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1582.

—Effect on a Mother.

*Puc.* \* \*

As looks the mother on her lovely babe,  
 When death doth close his tender dying  
 eyes.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 883.

—End of Life's Fever.

*Macb.* \* \* Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor  
 poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
 Can touch him further.

*M.*, III: 2. 1370.

—Ends all Distinctions.

*Guid.* \* \*

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
 When neither are alive.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1618.

—Ends Prosperity.

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to  
 mellow,

And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

*R. II.*, IV: 4. 1034.



## —Fattened for.

*Ham.* \* \* Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

*H.*, IV, 3. 1422.

## —Foolishness of a Lingerer.

*Edg.* \* \*  
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,  
Rather than die at once.

*K. L.*, V, 3. 1484.

## —Frivolous Comments, a Sign of.

*P. Hen.* It is too late: the life of all his blood  
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain  
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)  
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,  
Foretell the ending of mortality.

*K. J.*, V, 7. 675.

## —Good Inspirations at.

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations.

*M. V.*, I, 2. 363.

## —Grins at Pomp.

*K. Rich.* \* \* For within the hollow crown,  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,  
Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.

*R. II.*, III, 2. 702.

## —Heroic.

*Tal.* \* \*  
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—  
When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,  
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,  
And, like a hungry lion, did commence  
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience;  
But when my angry guardant stood alone,  
Tead'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,  
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,  
Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the clust'ring battle of the French;  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His overmounting spirit; and there died.

*H. VI.*, I pt., IV, 7. 890.

## —Heroic, in Battle.

*Exc.* \* \*  
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay in-steep'd,  
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;  
And cries aloud,—“Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!  
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;  
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,  
We kept together in our chivalry!”  
\* \*

So he did turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.

*H. V.*, IV, 6. 847.

## —Honorable.

*Tit* \* \*  
For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

*Tit. And.*, III, 1. 1214.

## —Impartial.

*Ham.* \* \* This fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest.

*H.*, V, 2. 1436.

## —In View.

*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life;  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

*K. J.*, V, 4. 674.

## —Indiscriminate.

*Bas.* \* \*  
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,  
In undetermined differences of kings.

*K. J.*, II: 2. 653.

—Inevitable.

*Bru.* \* \* We must die, Messala:  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*J. C.*, IV: 3. 1346.

*Bru.* \* \*  
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*J. C.*, III: 1. 1336.

—Insatiable.

*Fort.* This quarry cries on havock!—O proud death!  
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes, at a shot,  
So bloodily hast struck?

*H.*, V: 2. 1437.

—Invoked.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1578.

—Its Fear.

*Claud.* \* \*  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,  
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*M. M.*, III: 1. 158.

—Its Horrible Uncertainties.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know  
not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round  
about

The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts  
Imagine howling!—'t is too horrible!

*M. M.*, III: 1. 158.

—Its Signs.

*P. Hen.* \* \* By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:  
Did he suspire, that light and weightless  
down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord!  
my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,  
That from this golden rigol hath divore'd  
So many English kings.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

—Its Silence.

*North.* \* \*  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument;  
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath  
spent.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 693.

—Juliet's Sudden.

*Cap.* \* \* Alas! she's cold;  
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;  
Life and these lips have long been separated;  
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*R. J.*, IV: 5. 1271.

—Like a Lover's Pinch.

*Cleo.* \* \*  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd.

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1581.

—Mercenary Wish for.

*K. Rich.* Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,  
To help him to his grave immediately!  
The lining of his coffers shall make coats  
To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.

*R. II.*, I: 4. 691.

—Natural

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature;  
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 2. 806.

## —Not Found when Sought.

*Post.* \* \* I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
 Could not find death, where I did hear him  
 groan;  
 Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an  
 ugly monster,  
 'T is strange, he hides him in fresh cups,  
 soft beds,  
 Sweet words: or hath more ministers than  
 we  
 That draw his knives i' the war.

*Cym.*, V: 3. 1623.

## —Not to be Feared.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death; either  
 death, or life,  
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus  
 with life:  
 If I lose thee, I do lose a thing  
 That none but fools would keep.  
 \* \* Thou art Death's fool;  
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet runn'st toward him still.  
 \* \* Thy best of rest is sleep,  
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly  
 fear'st  
 Thy death, which is no more.  
 \* \* Friend hast thou none  
 For thine own bowels, which do call thee  
 sire,  
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,  
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,  
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor  
 youth, nor age:  
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
 Dreaming on both:  
 \* \* What's yet in this,  
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life  
 Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death  
 we fear,  
 That makes these odds all even.

*M. M.*, III: 1. 156.

## —Not to be Mourned.

*Fri. L.* \* \*  
 And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd,  
 Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?  
 O, in this love, you love your child so ill,  
 That you run mad, seeing that she is well:  
 She's not well married, that lives married  
 long;  
 But she's best married, that dies married  
 young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary  
 On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,  
 In all her best array bear her to church:  
 For though fond nature bids us all lament,  
 Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*R. J.*, IV: 5. 1272.

## —Of an Only Child.

*Cap.* Despis'd, distressed, hated, mar-  
 tyr'd, kill'd!—  
 Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now  
 To murder, murder our solemnity?—  
 O child! O child!—my soul, and not my  
 child!—  
 Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is  
 dead;  
 And, with my child, my joys are buried!

*R. J.*, IV: 5. 1272.

## —Of Cæsar.

*Cin.* O Cæsar, —  
*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?  
*Dec.* Great Cæsar, —  
*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?  
*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.  
 [CASCA stabs CÆS. in the neck. CÆS.  
 catches hold of his arm. He is then  
 stabbed by several other Conspirators,  
 and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]  
*Cæs.* Et tu, Brute? — Then fall, Cæsar.  
*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is  
 dead!—  
 Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.  
*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and  
 cry out,  
 "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"  
*Bru.* People and senators! be not af-  
 frightened;  
 Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is  
 paid.

*J. C.*, III: 1. 1336.

## —Of Falstaff.

*Quick.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he is  
 in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Ar-  
 thur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and  
 went away, an it had been any christom  
 child; 'a parted even just between twelve  
 and one, e'en at turning o' the tide: for after  
 I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play  
 with flowers, and smile upon his fingers'  
 ends, I knew there was but one way; for  
 his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a bab-  
 bled of green fields. How now, sir John?  
 quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So  
 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four  
 times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a



should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*H. V., II: 3. 828.*

—Of Richard II.

*K. Rich. \* \**

That hand shall burn in never-venching fire,  
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand  
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.  
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

*R. II., V: 5. 717.*

—Of Salisbury.

*Tal. \* \**

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;  
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;  
Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,  
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—  
Yet liv'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,  
One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:  
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—  
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,  
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—  
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 4. 870.*

—Of Sir Thomas Gargrave.

*Tal. \* \**

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?  
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.  
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;  
Thou shalt not die, whiles —  
He beckons with his hand and smiles on me;  
As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,  
Remember to avenge me on the French,—"   
Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:  
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 4. 870.*

—Of the Duke of York.

*York.* That face of his the hungry cannibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable, —

O, ten times more, — than tigers of Hyrcania.

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:  
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.  
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

\* \*

*North.* Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,  
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

*Q. Mar.* What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,  
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

*Clif.* Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*]

*Q. Mar.* And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*]

*York.* Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

*Q. Mar.* Off with his head, and set it on York gates;

So York may overlook the town of York.

*H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 961.*

—Of the Great.

*Ros. \* \** The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What 's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*H., III: 3. 1417.*

*Cæs.* The breaking of so great a thing  
should make  
A greater crack: The round world should  
have shook  
Lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens:—The death of  
Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*A. C.*, V: 1. 1576.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so  
low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs,  
spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee  
well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is  
rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth, as those your swords,  
made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and  
smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:

No place will please me so, no mean of  
death,

As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off.

*J. C.*, III: 1. 1337.

—Of Wolsey.

*Grif.* \* \*

Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend  
abbot,

With all his convent, honourably receiv'd  
him;

To whom he gave these words,—"O father  
abbot,

An old man, broken with the storms of  
state,

Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;  
Give him a little earth for charity!"

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after  
this,

About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold, should be his last,) full of repent-  
ance,

Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in  
peace.

*H. VIII.*, IV: 2. 1034.

—Past Fearing.

*Duke.* \* \*

That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear.

*M. M.*, V: 1. 174.

—Pays all Debts.

*Ste.* He that dies, pays all debts.

*T.*, III: 2. 24.

—Personifications of.

*Mor.* \* \*

But now, the arbitrator of despairs,  
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,  
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me  
hence.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., II: 5. 876.

—Pomp no Barrier to.

*War.* \* \*

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely  
eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;  
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spread-  
ing tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's power-  
ful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's  
black-veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,  
To search the secret treasons of the world:

The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with  
blood,

Were likened oft to kingly sepulchres;  
For who liv'd king but I could dig his grave?

And who durst smile, when Warwick bent  
his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!  
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,

Even now forsake me; and, of all my lands,  
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth  
and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 2. 988.

## —Predetermined.

*Achil.* \* \* Keep yourselves in breath,  
And when I have the bloody Hector found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about;  
In fellest manner execute your arms.  
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye;—  
It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

*T. C.*, V: 7. 1142.

## —Preparation Wanting for.

*Cate.* 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

*Hast.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 't will do  
With some men else, who think themselves  
as safe

As thou, and I.

*R. III.*, III: 2. 1023.

## —Relation to Sleep.

*Lady M.* \* \* The sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil.

*M. II.*: 2. 1365.

## —Rids of Languish.

*Cleo.* What, of death too  
That rids our dogs of languish?

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1578.

## —Saves from Greater Misery.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;  
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn.

*O.*, V: 2. 1531.

## —Sense of.

*Isab.* \* \*  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*M. M.*, III: 1. 157.

## —Simulated.

*Fri. L.* \* \*  
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,  
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:  
When, presently, through all thy veins shall run

A cold and drowsy humour; for no pulse  
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou liv'st;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;  
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,  
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death

Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,  
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.  
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:

\* \*

In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,  
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;  
And hither shall he come; and he and I  
Will watch thy waking.

*R. J.*, IV: 1. 1269.

## —Subject of every Third Thought.

*Pro.* \* \*  
And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*T.*, V: 1. 34.

## —The Common Lot.

*Queen.* \* \*  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:  
Thou know'st, 't is common; all, that live,  
must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*H.*, I: 2. 1394.

*Clau.* Death is a fearful thing.

*M. M.*, III: 1. 157.

## —The Night of Life.

*Achil.* Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:

Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

*T. C.*, V : 9. 1143.

—Unbalances the Mind.

*P. Hen.* \* \*

Death, having prey'd upon the outward  
parts,

Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now  
Against the mind, the which he pricks and  
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies ;  
Which, in their throng and press to that  
last hold,

Confound themselves. 'T is strange, that  
death should sing.

*K. J.*, V : 7. 676.

—Unmerited.

*Buck.* \* \*

I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die : Yet, heaven  
bear witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !

The law I bear no malice for my death,  
It has done, upon the premises, but justice :  
But those, that sought it, I could wish more  
christians :

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them :  
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great  
men ;

For then my guiltless blood must cry against  
them.

\* \*

Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on  
me,

Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o'  
God's name.

\* \* All good people,

Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the  
last hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me.

Farewell :

And when you would say something that is  
sad,

Speak how I fell.

*H. VIII.*, II : 1. 1066.

—Unties the Knot of Life.

*Cleo.* \* \*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie.

*A. C.*, V : 2. 1581.

—Untimely.

*Ghost.* \* \*

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;

No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head.

*H.*, I : 5. 1400.

—Waiting on News.

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set  
mine eye :

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and  
burn'd ;

And all the shrouds, wherewith my life  
should sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair :

My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,

Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;

And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,

And module of confounded royalty.

*K. J.*, V : 7. 676.

—Welcomed.

*Claud.* \* \* If I must die,

I will encounter darkness as a bride,

And hug it in mine arms.

*M. M.*, III : 1. 157.

—Wipes its Brow.

*Vol.* \* \* His bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he  
goes ;

Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow  
Or all, or lose his hire.

*C.*, I : 3. 1153.

—York's.

*Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear  
it all.

*Mess.* Environed he was with many foes ;  
And stood against them as the hope of Troy  
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd  
Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;  
And many strokes, though with a little axe,  
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.



By many hands your father was subdu'd;  
 But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm  
 Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:  
 Who crown'd the gracious duke in high de-  
 spite;  
 Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief  
 he wept,  
 The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his  
 cheeks,  
 A napkin steeped in the harmless blood  
 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford  
 slain:  
 And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,  
 They took his head, and on the gates of  
 York,  
 They set the same; and there it doth re-  
 main,  
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

#### DEATH-BED.—Counsel.

*Mor.* \* \*

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;  
 Only, give order for my funeral;  
 And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!  
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and  
 war!

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., II: 5. 877.

#### DEBAUCHERY.—Its Expense.

*Poins.* Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the  
 arras, and snorting like a horse.

*P. Hen.* Hark, how hard he fetches  
 breath: Search his pockets. What hast  
 thou found?

*Poins.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Let's see what they be: read  
 them.

*Poins.* Item, A capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper,  
 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! but one half-pen-  
 nyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of  
 sack!

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 744.

#### DEBT.—Cowardly to Pay a.

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings  
 I won of you at betting?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

*H. V.*, II: 1. 825.

#### —Demanded, Hopelessly.

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thou-  
 sand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, sir John; which I be-  
 seech you to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, master Shallow.  
 Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent  
 for in private to him: look you, he must  
 seem thus to the world. Fear not your ad-  
 vancement; I will be the man yet, that shall  
 make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceive how; unless  
 you give me your doublet, and stuff me out  
 with straw. I beseech you, good sir John,  
 let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word:  
 this that you heard, was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die  
 in, sir John.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 5. 810.

#### —How to Demand one.

*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you  
 to lord Timon;

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd  
 With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—  
 "Commend me to your master"—and the  
 cap

Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell  
 him, sirrah,

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
 Out of mine own; his days and times are  
 past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates  
 Have smit my credit: I love, and honour  
 him;

But must not break my back, to heal his  
 finger:

Immediate are my needs; and my relief  
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in  
 words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:  
 Put on a most importunate aspect,  
 A visage of demand; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
 Which flashes now a phoenix.

*T. A.*, II: 1. 1293.

#### —Not Paid by Sickness.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers,  
 are not sick:

And, if it be so far beyond his health,  
 Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,  
 And make a clear way to the gods.

*T. A.*, III: 4. 1300.

**DECAY.—Sudden.**

*Lys.* \* \* Behold,  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:  
So quick bright things come to confusion.  
*M. N.*, I: 1. 323.

**DECEIT.—A Warning against.**

*Pol.* \* \*  
Do not believe his vows: for they are  
brokers;—  
Not of that die which their investments  
show,  
But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,  
The better to beguile.  
*H.*, I: 3. 1398.

**—Cursed.**

*Tim.* \* \* Speak, and be hang'd:  
For each true word, a blister! and each false  
Be as a caut'rizing to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!  
*T. A.*, V: 2. 1313.

**—Ineffectual.**

*Tim.* \* \*  
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face.  
*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1307.

**—Universal.**

*Tim.* \* \* All is oblique;  
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,  
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield  
me roots!  
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his  
palate  
With thy most operant poison!  
*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1305.

**—With Grandeur.**

*Jul.* \* \* O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace!  
*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

*Duch.* Ah, that deceit should steal such  
gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!  
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.  
*R. III.*, II: 2. 1016.

**DECEIVED.—Self.**

*Ham.* \* \* Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your  
soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness  
speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;  
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen.

*H.* III: 4. 1420.

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for 't. I never  
knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.  
*O.*, III: 1. 1509.

**DECEIVERS.—Take the Roses.**

*Dia.* Ay, so you serve us,  
Till we serve you: but when you have our  
roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick our-  
selves,  
And mock us with our bareness.  
*A. W.*, IV: 2. 518.

**DECEPTION.—Bold.**

*Iago.* Do; with like timorous accent,  
and dire yell,  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.  
*O.*, I: 1. 1492.

**—Impotent with Justice.**

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, sir John, I am well  
acquainted with your manner of wrenching  
the true cause the false way. It is not a  
confident brow, nor the throng of words  
that come with such more than impudent  
sauciness from you, can thrust me from a  
level consideration; you have, as it appears  
to me, practised upon the easy-yielding  
spirit of this woman, and made her serve  
your uses both in purse and person.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., II: 1. 781.

**—Quaint and Perfect.**

*Lord.* Even as a flatt'ring dream, or  
worthless fancy.  
Then take him up, and manage well the  
jest;  
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,  
And hang it round with all my wanton pic-  
tures:  
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,

And burn sweet wood to make the lodging  
sweet:

Procure me music ready when he wakes,  
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;  
And if he chance to speak, be ready  
straight,

And, with a low submissive reverence,  
Say,—What is it your honour will com-  
mand?

Let one attend him with a silver bason,  
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flow-  
ers;

Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,  
And say,—Will 't please your lordship  
cool your hands?

Some one be ready with a costly suit,  
And ask him what apparel he will wear;  
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,  
And that his lady mourns at his disease:  
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic:  
And, when he says he is,—say that he  
dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;

It will be pastime passing excellent

If it be husbanded with modesty.

*T. S., Ind: 1. 452.*

—Repeats Itself.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor; have a quick  
eye to see;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

*O., I: 3. 1498.*

—Seen Through.

*Sil.* You have your wish; my will is  
even this,—

That presently you hie you home to bed.  
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!  
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceit-  
less,

To be seduced by thy flattery,  
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?  
Return, return, and make thy love amends.  
For me,—by this pale queen of night I  
swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,  
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;  
And by and by intend to chide myself,  
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

*T. G., IV: 2. 67.*

—Verbal.

*Glo.* So wise so young, they say, do ne'er  
live long.

*Prince.* What say you, uncle?

*Glo.* I say, without characters, fame lives  
long.

Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,  
I moralize two meanings in one word.

*R. III., III: 1. 1020.*

DECEPTIONS.—By Mischievous  
Fairies.

*Puck.* I 'll follow you, I 'll lead you  
about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through  
brake, through brier,

Sometime a horse I 'll be, sometime a  
hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;  
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar,  
and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every  
turn.

*M. N., III: 1. 331.*

—Of the Imagination.

*Ant.* Sometime, we see a cloud that 's  
dragonish;

A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast  
seen these signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That, which is now a horse, even  
with a thought,

The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,  
As water is in water.

*Eros.* It does, my lord.

*A. C., IV: 12. 1573.*

DECISION.—Difficulty of. (See So-  
liloquy.)

*War.* Between two hawks, which flies  
the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper  
mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better  
temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him  
best,  
Between two girls, which hath the merriest  
eye,  
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:  
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,  
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 875.

#### DECOYING.—Its Arts.

*Ari.* \* \* Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd  
their ears,  
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their  
ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd  
through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss  
and thorns.

*T.*, IV: 1. 28.

#### DECREES.—Unalterable.

*Bass.* \* \* And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority:  
To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be. There is no power  
in Venice  
Can alter a decree established:  
'T will be recorded for a precedent;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state:—it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea,  
a Daniel!  
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 384.

#### DEEDS.—Unnatural.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad: Un-  
natural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected  
minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their  
secrets.  
More needs she the divine, than the physi-  
cian.

*M.*, V: 1. 1381.

#### DEER.—Picture of a Wounded.

1 *Lord.* \* \*  
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself

Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such  
groans,

That their discharge did stretch his leathern  
coat

Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift  
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

*A. Y.*, II: 1. 414.

#### DEFEAT.—A Great.

*Queen.* \* \* His shipping,  
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible  
seas,

Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,  
crack'd

As easily 'gainst our rocks.

*Cym.*, III: 1. 1605.

#### —Begets Desperation.

*Auf.* \* \* Five times, Marcius,  
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou  
beat me;  
And would'st do so, I think, should we en-  
counter

As often as we eat.—By the elements,  
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,  
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation  
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where  
I thought to crush him in an equal force,  
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him  
some way;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 *Sol.* He's the devil.

*Auf.* Bolder, though not so subtle: My  
valour's poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him  
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctu-  
ary,

Being naked, sick: nor fane, nor Capitol,  
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacri-  
fice,

Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up



Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst  
My hate to Marcius: where I find him,  
were it

At home, upon my brother's guard, even  
there

Against the hospitable canon, would I  
Wash my fierce hand in his heart.

*C.*, I: 10. 1159.

—Death, rather than.

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of  
my youth,

I better brook the loss of brittle life,  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;  
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy  
sword my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life  
time's fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the  
world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art  
dust,

And food for—

[*Dies.*

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

—Deserved.

*Suf.* \* \* I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a  
rolling,

'T would fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Cham.* 'Tis now too certain:  
How much more is his life in value with  
him?

'Would I were fairly out on 't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales, and informations,  
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at,)  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have  
at ye.

*H. VIII.*, V: 2. 1091.

—Ignominious.

*Scar.* \* \*  
Whom leprosy o'ertake; i' the midst of the  
fight,—

When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,

Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—  
The brize upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

*A. C.*, III: 8. 1563.

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no  
more upon 't,  
It is asham'd to bear me.

*A. C.*, III: 9. 1563.

—Shame of.

*Tal.* \* \*

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,  
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she  
lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome  
stench,

Are from their hives, and houses, driven  
away.

They call'd us, for our fierceness, English  
dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 5. 871.

DEFECTS.—Distinguished by.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man  
knows the cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*M. V.*, V: 1. 389.

DEFENCE.—Of Reputation.

*Æge.* Yet, that the world may witness  
that my end

Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

*C. E.*, I: 1. 192.

—Of Rights.

*Bas.* Romans,—friends, followers, fa-  
vourers of my right,—

\* \*

Keep then this passage to the Capitol;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility:  
But let desert in pure election shine;  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your  
choice.

*Tit. And.*, I: 1. 1201.

—Preparation for.

*Dau.* \* \*

In cases of defence 't is best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems,

So the proportions of defence are fill'd;  
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with  
scanting  
A little cloth.

*H. V., II: 4. 829.*

—Self, no Vice.

*Mon. \* \**

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught  
By me that 's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,  
When violence assails us.

*O., II: 3. 1506.*

**DEFIANCE.—A Braggart's.**

*Bast. \* \**

This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,  
The king doth smile at: and is well pre-  
par'd

To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy  
arms,

From out the circle of his territories.

That hand, which had the strength, even at  
your door,

To cudgel you and make you take the hatch;

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;

To crouch in litter of your stable planks;

To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and  
trunks;

To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and  
shake,

Even at the crowing of your nation's cock,  
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—  
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,  
That in your chambers gave you chastise-  
ment?

No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his  
nest.

*K. J., V: 2. 673.*

—Armed.

*Æne.* Health to you, valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce:  
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defi-  
ance,  
As heart can think, or courage execute.

*T. C., IV: I. 1127.*

—Bold.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil,  
Salisbury:

If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead.

*K. J., IV: 3. 670.*

*Hot. \* \**

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my  
horse,

Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet and ne'er part, till one drop down a  
corse.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.*

—Courageous.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to  
Harry of England, Though we seemed dead,  
we did but sleep: Advantage is a better sol-  
dier, than rashness. Tell him, we could  
have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we  
thought not good to bruise an injury, till it  
were full ripe:—now we speak upon our  
cue, and our voice is imperial: England  
shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and  
admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore,  
consider of his ransom; which must pro-  
portion the losses we have borne, the sub-  
jects we have lost, the disgrace we have  
digested; which, in weight to reanswer, his  
pettishness would bow under. For our  
losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the  
effusion of blood, the muster of his king-  
dom too faint a number; and for our dis-  
grace, his own person, kneeling at our feet,  
but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To  
this add—defiance: and tell him, for con-  
clusion, he hath betrayed his followers,  
whose condemnation is pronounced.

*H. V., III: 6. 837.*

—How Met.

*Bast. \* \** Let France and England  
mount

Their battering cannon, charged to the  
mouths;

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd  
down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.

*K. J., II: 2. 654.*

## —Hurled in the Teeth.

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away.—  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

*J. C., V: 1. 1349.*

## —“Lay on, Macduff.”

*Macb.* I'll not yield,  
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's  
feet,  
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last: Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield; lay on, Macduff;  
And damned be him that first cries, “Hold,  
enough.”

*M., V: 7. 1385.*

## —Met by Defiance.

*Buck.* I read in his looks  
Matter against me; and his eye revild  
Me, as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to  
the king;  
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.*

## —Of Enemies.

*Rich.* Now Clifford, I have singled thee  
alone:  
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,  
And this for Rutland: both bound to re-  
venge,  
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

*Clif.* Now, Richard, I am with thee here  
alone:  
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father  
York;  
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rut-  
land;  
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their  
death,  
And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire  
and brother,  
To execute the like upon thyself;  
And so, have at thee.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 4. 967.*

## —Of Unjust Judges.

*Q. Kath.* \* \* Now the Lord help,

They vex me past my patience!—pray you,  
pass on;

I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,  
Upon this business, my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

*H. VIII., II: 4. 1072.*

## —Sign of.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my  
thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them,  
if they bear it.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Sam.* Is the law on our side, if I say—  
ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, sir, I do not bite my thumb  
at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

*R. J., I: 1. 1242.*

## —Throws out its Signs.

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the out-  
ward walls;  
The cry is still, “They come:” Our cas-  
tle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them  
lie,  
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up.

*M., V: 5. 1383.*

## DEFILEMENT.—Causes Loathing.

*Per.* \* \*

You're a fair viol, and your sense the  
strings;

Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods  
to hearken;

But, being played upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*P., I: 1. 1643.*

## DEFORMITY.—An Impediment.

*Glo.* \* \*

Why, love forswore me in my mother's  
womb;

And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some  
bribe

To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd  
shrub;

To make an envious mountain on my back,  
Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
To disproportion me in every part,  
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,  
That carries no impression like the dam.  
And am I then a man to be belov'd?

*H. VI., 3 pt., III: 2. 974.*

—Contempt for.

*Glo. \* \**

I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made  
up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.

*R. III., I: 1. 1001.*

*Glo. \* \**

The women cried,  
"O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"  
And so I was; which plainly signified—  
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the  
dog.

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 992.*

—None, but in the Mind.

*Ant. \* \**

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be call'd deform'd but the un-  
kind.  
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil  
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the  
devil.

*T. N., III: 4. 562.*

DEGENERACY.—In Brains.

*3 Lord. \* \**

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman,  
that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her  
son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen.

*Cym., II: 1. 1599.*

—Universal.

*Glo.*

I cannot tell;—The world is grown  
so bad,  
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not  
perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman,  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack

*R. III., I: 3. 1007.*

DEGRADATION.—In making Changes

*K. Rich.* O God! O God! that ere this  
tongue of mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment  
On yon proud man, should take it off again  
With words of sooth! O, that I were as  
great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name!  
Or that I could forget what I have been!  
Or not remember what I must be now!  
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee  
scope to beat,  
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and  
me.

*R. II., III: 3. 704.*

DELAY.—Baited for Revenge.

*Mrs. Page. \* \** Let's be reveng'd on  
him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him  
a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him  
on with a fine baited delay, till he hath  
pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

*M. W., II: 1. 96.*

—Bitterness of.

*Kath.* O my good lord, that comfort  
comes too late;

'T is like a pardon after execution:  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd  
me;  
But now I am past all comforts here, but  
prayers.

*H. VIII., IV: 2. 1086.*

—Dulls Device.

*Iago. \* \**

Dull not device by coldness and delay.

*O., II: 3. 1508.*

—Extenuated by Disaster.

*Com.* 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard  
their drums:

How could'st thou in a mile confound an  
hour,  
And bring thy news so late?

*Mess.*

Spies of the Volces  
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel  
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,  
Half an hour since brought my report.

*C., I: 6. 1156.*



—Gives Advantage.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Our hands are full of business : let 's away ;  
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III : 2. 749.

—Incentive to Despair.

*Sal.* \* \*

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,  
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :  
O, call back yesterday, bid time return.

*R. II.*, III : 2. 701.

—Its Dangers.

*Alen.* Defer no time : Delays have dan-  
gerous ends.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III : 2. 881.

*Tro.* \* \*

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not  
how :

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses  
to them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu ;  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

*T. C.*, IV : 4. 1130.

*Glo.* But he, poor man, by your first or-  
der died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear ;  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand.

*R. III.*, II ; 1. 1015.

*K. Rich.* \* \* Fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beg-  
gary :

\* \*

We must be brief, when traitors brave the  
field.

*R. III.*, IV : 3. 1034.

*King.* \* \*

We should do when we would ; for this  
*would* changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are acci-  
dents.

*H.*, IV : 7. 1428.

*York.* \* \*

Away ; vexation almost stops my breath,

That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of  
death. —

Lucy, farewell : no more my fortune can,  
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man. —  
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won  
away,

'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV : 3. 887.

*Mer.* \* \* Come, we burn daylight, ho.

*Rom.* Nay, that 's not so.

*Mer.* I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by  
day.

*E. J.*, I : 4. 1247.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime  
upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on 't : we shall  
lose our time

And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes  
With foreheads villainous low.

*T.*, IV : 1. 29.

—Not Denial.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
That what they do delay, they not deny.

*A. C.*, II : 1. 1547.

DELICACY.—Comes of Leisure.

*Ham.* 'T is e'en so : the hand of little  
employment hath the daintier sense.

*H.*, V : 1. 1430.

DELUSION.—Self.

*Kath.* He that is giddy thinks the world  
turns round.

*T. S.*, V : 2. 482.

DEMAGOGUE.—Tragic End of.

*Cade.* By my valour, the most complete  
champion that ever I heard. — Steel, if thou  
turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned  
clown in chimes of beef ere thou sleep in  
thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees,  
thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They  
fight. CADE falls.*] O, I am slain ! famine,  
and no other, hath slain me : let ten thou-  
sand devils come against me, and give me  
but the ten meals I have lost, and I 'd defy  
them all. Wither, garden ; and be hence-  
forth a burying-place to all that do dwell in  
this house, because the unconquered soul of  
Cade is fled.

\* \*

*Iden.* \* \*

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that  
bare thee !

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,  
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.  
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels  
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,  
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;  
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,  
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 10. 941.*

**DEMAGOGUES.—Bloody and Arrogant.**

*Sold.* Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

*Cade.* Knock him down there. [*They kill him.*]

*Smith.* If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more: I think, he hath a very fair warning.

*Dick.* My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

*Cade.* Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 6. 937.*

**—Promise Extravagantly.**

*Cade.* Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king, (as king I will be) —

*All.* God save your majesty!

*Cade.* I thank you, good people: — there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

*Dick.* The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

*Cade.* Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 't is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 934.*

**—Use the People.**

*Sic.* Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they hear me say, "It shall be so

I' the right and strength o' the commons," be it either

For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say, fine, cry "fine;" if death, cry "death."

Insisting on the old prerogative  
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

*C., III: 3. 1175.*

**DEMONIAC.—Affecting to be One.**

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats crowdung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear, —

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower: — Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

*K. L., III: 4. 1466.*

**DEMONSTRATIVENESS.—Excessive.**

*York.* \* \* I have seen him  
Caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 926.*

**DENIAL.—The Greatest Good.**

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers

Deny us for our good; so find we profit,  
By losing of our prayers.

*A. C., II: 1. 1547.*

**DENUNCIATION.—A Wronged Brother's.**

*Edg.* \* \* I protest, —  
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,  
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,

Thy valour, and thy heart, — thou art a traitor:

False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father:

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious  
prince;  
And from the extremest upward of thy  
head,  
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,  
A most toad-spotted traitor.

*K. L.*, V: 3. 1483.

#### DEPARTING.—Watched.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-  
strings; crack'd them, but  
To look upon him; till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my need-  
le, —  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.

*Cym.*, I: 4. 1592.

#### DEPARTURE.—Of the Tedious.

*Pol.* \* \* My honorable lord, I will  
most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me  
anything that I will more willingly part  
withal; except my life, except my life, ex-  
cept my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*H.*, II: 2. 1405.

#### —Sighed at.

*Ulyss.* \* \* Welcome ever smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.

#### —Stealthy.

*Hel.* \* \* I will be gone:  
My being here it is that holds thee hence:  
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although  
The air of paradise did fan the house,  
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone, —  
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,  
To console thine ear. Come, night; end,  
day!  
For, with the dark, poor thief, I 'll steal  
away.

*A. W.*, III: 2. 513.

#### —The Order of.

*Rosse.* What sights, my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not; he grows  
worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once.

*M.*, III: 4. 1373.

#### DEPENDENTS.—Care for.

*Kath.* \* \* My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some  
pity  
Upon my wretched women.

\* \*  
The last is, for my men;—they are the  
poorest,  
But poverty could never draw them from  
me;—

That they may have their wages duly paid  
them,

And something over to remember me by;  
If heaven had pleased to have given me  
longer life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents:—And, good  
my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish Christian peace to souls de-  
parted,

Stand these poor people's friend, and urge  
the king

To do me this last right.

*H. VIII.*, IV: 2. 1086.

#### DEPENDENCE.—Mutual.

*Men.* There was a time when all the  
body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accus'd it:—  
That only like a gulf it did remain

I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,  
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing  
Like labour with the rest; where the other  
instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk,  
feel,

And, mutually participate, did minister  
Unto the appetite and affection common  
Of the whole body.

\* \* The belly answered, —

“True is it, my incorporate friends,” quoth  
he,

“That I receive the general food at first,  
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;  
Because I am the store-house, and the shop  
Of the whole body: But if you do remem-  
ber,

I send it through the rivers of your blood,  
Even to the court, the heart—to the seat o'  
the brain;  
And, through the cranks and offices of man,  
The strongest nerves, and small inferior  
veins,  
From me receive that natural competency  
Whereby they live."

*C.*, I: 1. 1150.

—Wifely.

*Adr.* \* \*

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger  
state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:  
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss.

*C. E.*, II: 2. 198.

**DEPRAVITY.—Universal.**

*Chan.* \* \* We all are men,  
In our natures frail; and capable  
Of our flesh, few are angels.

*H. VIII.*, V: 2. 1090.

*Apem.* \* \* Who lives, that's not  
Depraved, or depraves?

*T. A.*, I: 2. 1291.

**DEPRECATON.—Self.**

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me.

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 383.

*Tro.* \* \*

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

*T. C.*, I: 1. 1102.

**DEPUTY.—His Power.**

*Duke.* \* \* We have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply;  
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our  
love;  
And given his deputation all the organs  
Of our own pow'r.

\* \*

In our remove, be thou at full ourself:  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,  
Though first in question, is thy secondary.

*M. M.*, I: 1. 143.

**DESCENT.—Does not Insure Respect.**

*Imo.* \* \*

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,  
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too  
base

To be his groom: thou wert dignified  
enough,

Even to the point of envy, if 't were made  
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and  
hated

For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.* The south fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance,  
than come

To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest gar-  
ment,

That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is  
dearer,

In my respect, than all the airs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.

*Cym.*, II: 3. 1601.

**DESERT.—Not a Measure.**

*Ham.* Odd's bodikin, man, much better:  
Use every man after his desert, and who  
shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your  
own honour and dignity: The less they  
deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.  
Take them in.

*H.*, II: 2. 1409.

**DESERTERS.—Treatment of.**

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, be-  
hind;

'T is sport to maul a runner.

*A. C.*, IV: 7. 1571.

**DESERTION.—A Doubtful Friend's.**

*Bast.* \* \*

Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. J.*, V: 1. 671.

—By Braggart.

*Fal.* \* \* A rascal bragging slave! the  
rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., II: 4. 787.



## —Treatment of.

*Ant.* Is he gone?*Sold.* Most certain.*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after;  
do it;Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him  
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greet-  
ings:Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
To change a master. — O, my fortunes have  
Corrupted honest men.*A. C.*, IV: 5. 1570.**DESERTS.—Humbly Sued for.***Cor.* \* \*I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the  
people, to earn a dearer estimation of them;  
't is a condition they account gentle: and  
since the wisdom of their choice is rather  
to have my hat than my heart, I will prac-  
tise the insinuating nod, and be off to them  
most counterfeitedly; that is, sir, I will coun-  
terfeit the bewitchment of some popular  
man, and give it bountifully to the desirers.  
Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.*C.*, II: 3. 1166.**DESERVERS.—Rewarded.***Dun.* \* \*But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall  
shine  
On all deservers.*M.*, I: 4. 1360.**DESIRE.—Of the Multitude.***Ar.* \* \*What says the golden chest? ha! let me  
see:"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men de-  
sire."What many men desire. — That many may  
be meantBy the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth  
teach,Which prides not to th' interior, but, like the  
martlet,Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty.I will not choose what many men desire,  
Because I will not jump with common  
spirits,And rank me with the barbarous multi-  
tudes.*M. V.*, II: 9. 374.*Laer.* \* \*And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.*H.*, I: 3. 1397.*Aug.* \* \*So play the foolish throngs with one that  
swoonds;Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive.*M. M.*, II: 4. 154.

## —Persistent.

*Duke.* \* \*And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
E'er since pursue me.*T. N.*, I: 5. 140.

## —Sharper than Filed Steel.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you; my  
desire,More sharp than filed steel, did spur me  
forth.*T. N.*, III: 3. 557.

## —Sickly.

*Mar.* \* \* Your affections areA sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil.*C.*, I: 1. 1151.**DESOLATION.—Complete.***Bast.* \* \*I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.*K. J.*, II: 2. 654.**DESPAIR.—A Sense of Desertion.***Ant.* \* \* My good stars, that were my  
former guides,Have empty left their orbs, and shot their  
fires

Into the abism of hell.

*A. C.*, III: 11. 1567.

## —A Warrior's.

*Cas.* \* \*And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and  
kites,Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on  
us,

As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*J. C.*, V : 1. 1349.

—An Adjunct of Cruelty.

*K. John.* O cousin, thou art come to set  
mine eye :

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and  
burn'd ;

And all the shrouds, wherewith my life  
should sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair :  
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;  
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,  
And module of confounded royalty.

*K. J.*, V : 7. 676.

—Death a Relief to.

*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe  
this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me  
die ;

And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—

*K. J.*, III : 1. 656.

—Demands Silence.

*Val.* No more ; unless the next word  
that thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life :  
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,  
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

*T. G.*, III : 1. 62.

—Expostulated with.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again ? Men  
must endure

Their going hence, even as their coming  
hither :

Ripeness is all : Come on.

*K. L.*, V : 2. 1481.

—Extreme. (See Recklessness and Repentance.)

*K. Hen.* Even as men wrecked upon a  
sand, that look to be washed off the next  
tide.

*H. V.*, IV : 1. 841.

*Hot.* \* \*

Sick, low in the world's regard, wretched and  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., IV : 3. 755.

—Its Warrant.

*Bard.* \* \*

Lives so in hope, as in an early spring

We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove  
fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,  
That frosts will bite them.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I : 3. 779.

—Language of.

*Tim.* Come not to me again : but say to  
Athens,

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;  
Which once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither  
come,

And let my grave-stone be your oracle.

*T. A.*, V : 2. 1314.

—Maddened by Deception.

*Macb.* They have tied me to a stake ; I  
cannot fly,

But, bear-like, I must fight the course. —  
What 's he,

That was not born of woman ? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name ?

*Macb.* Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No ; though thou call'st thy-  
self a hotter name,

Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name 's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not  
pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

*M.*, V : 7. 1384.

—Makes Desperate.

*Bru.* \* \*

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us.

*J. C.*, V : 5. 1352.

—Of a Patriot.

*Edw.* \* \*

Now my soul's palace is become a prison.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II : 1. 963.

*Reig.* \* \*

He fighteth as one weary of his life.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I : 2. 866.

*Macd.* \* \* O nation miserable,  
 With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,  
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days  
 again?  
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,  
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal  
 father  
 Was a most sainted king; the queen, that  
 bore thee,  
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,  
 Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!  
 These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
 Have banish'd me from Scotland. — O, my  
 breast,  
 Thy hope ends here!

*M.*, IV: 3. 1379.

—On the Death of Friends.

*Jul.* \* \*  
 Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general  
 doom!  
 For who is living, if those two are gone?

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

—Unalterable.

*K. Rich.* \* \* What comfort have we  
 now?  
 By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,  
 That bids me be of comfort any more.  
 Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;  
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.  
 That power I have, discharge; and let them  
 go  
 To ear the land that hath some hope to grow,  
 For I have none.

*R. II.*, III: 2. 703.

—Uncalled for.

*Laun.* \* \* I reckon this, always—that  
 a man is never undone.

*T. G.*, II: 5. 57.

—Utter.

*Tet.* \* \*  
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this?  
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1215.

*Oth.* \* \*

But there, where I have garner'd up my  
 heart;  
 Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current  
 runs,  
 Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!  
 Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads  
 To knot and gender in!—turn thy complex-  
 ion there!  
 Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cher-  
 ubim;  
 Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*O.*, IV: 2. 1522.

DESPERATE.—The, Dangerous.

*Rom.* \* \*  
 Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate  
 man,  
 Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these  
 gone;  
 Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee,  
 youth,  
 Heap not another sin upon my head,  
 By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!  
 By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
 For I come hither arm'd against myself;  
 Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter  
 say—  
 A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*R. J.*, V: 3. 1275.

DESPERATION.—Conquers Indecis-  
 ion.

*North.* \* \*  
 As the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd  
 joints,  
 Like stringless hinges, buckle under life,  
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire,  
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd  
 with grief,  
 Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore,  
 thou nice crutch;  
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sick-  
 ly quoin;  
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim  
 to hit.  
 Now bind my brows with iron; and approach  
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare  
 bring,  
 To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!  
 Let heaven kiss earth! Now let not nature's  
 hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die,  
And let this world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act;  
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being  
set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 775.*

*Ant. \* \* The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.*

*A. C., III: 11. 1567.*

—Hard Usage Leads to.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with  
your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me  
much guilty to deny so fair and excellent  
ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and  
gentle wishes go with me to my trial: where-  
in if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that  
was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead  
that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends  
no wrong, for I have none to lament me;  
the world no injury, for in it I have nothing;  
only in the world I fill up a place, which  
may be better supplied when I have made  
it empty.

*A. Y., I: 2. 411.*

DESTINY.

*Ham. \* \**

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*H., V: 2. 1433.*

*K. John. \* \**

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*K. J., IV: 2. 666.*

—Compels Greatness.

*K. Hen. \* \**

But that necessity so bow'd the state,  
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss.

*H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 790.*

—Dependent on an Act.

*Iago. \* \**

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

*O., V: 1. 1526.*

—Must be Fulfilled.

*Sal.* Be of good comfort, prince; for  
you are born

To set a form upon that indigest  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*K. J., V: 7. 676.*

—Not to be Defeated.

*Gon.* I'll warrant him for drowning,  
though the ship were no stronger than a  
nut-shell.

*T., I: 1. 7.*

—Ours Reflected in Others'.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set  
before him,

He needs must see himself.

*A. C., V: 1. 1577.*

DETERMINATION.—Aimed at Success.

*K. Hen. \* \**

France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll  
sit,

Ruling, in large and ample empery,  
O'er France, and all her almost kingly duke-  
doms;

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.

*H. V., I: 2. 823.*

—Dauntless.

*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still like  
thyself,

And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck  
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless  
mind

Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

*H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 975.*

*Lew.* Outside or inside, I will not return  
Till my attempt so much be glorified  
As to my ample hope was promised  
Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world.

*K. J., V: 2. 673.*

—Invincible.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's  
person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should  
gape,

And bid me hold my peace.

*H., I: 2. 1396.*



## —Peremptory.

1 *Cit.* \* \*

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion; no, not death her-  
self

In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

*K. J.*, II: 2. 654.

## —Takes its Risks.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes;  
I have yet  
Room for six scotches more.

*A. C.*, IV: 7. 1571.

## DETHRONED.—Abjectness of the.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;  
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from  
thee,  
Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast  
anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,  
No humble suitors press to speak for right.  
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;  
For how can I help them, and not myself?

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 1. 971.

## DETRACTION.—Its Cant.

*Cleo.* I do not like "but yet," it does  
allay  
The good precedence; fie upon "but yet:"  
"But yet" is a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor.

*A. C.*, II: 5. 1552.DETRACTIONS.—Should Improve  
by Them.

*Bene.* \* \* Happy are they that hear  
their detractions, and can put them to mend-  
ing.

*M. A.*, II: 3. 237.

## DEVIL.—To be Shamed.

*Glend.* Why, I can teach you, cousin,  
to command  
The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to  
shame the devil,  
By telling truth: Tell truth, and shame  
the devil.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

## DEVILS.—When Greatest Tempters.

*Biron.* Devils soonest tempt, resembling  
spirits of light.

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 290.

## DEVOTION.—A Source of Trouble.

*Dun.* See, see! our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us, sometime is our  
trouble,

Which still we thank as love. Herein I  
teach you,

How you shall bid God yield us for your  
pains,

And thank us for your trouble.

*M.*, I: 6. 1362.

## —A Wife's.

*Cor.* \* \*

If you had been the wife of Hercules,  
Six of his labours you'd have done and sav'd  
Your husband so much sweat.

*C.*, IV: 1. 1177.

## —Clownish.

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs;  
I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow  
thee,

Thou husband man!

\* \*

I prithee let me bring thee where crabs  
grow,

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-  
nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee  
how

To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring  
thee

To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll  
get thee

Young scamels from the rock.

*T.*, II: 2. 21.

## —Complete.

*Port.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,  
Till the tree die.

*Cym.*, V: 5. 1629.

## —Deserves Recompense.

*Boling.* I thank thee, gentle Percy; and  
be sure,

I count myself in nothing else so happy,  
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;  
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,  
It shall be still thy true love's recompense.

*R. II., II: 3. 698.*

—**Eros's Heroic.**

*Ant.* \* \* Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That when the exigent should come, (which  
now  
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind  
me  
The inevitable prosecution of disgrace  
And horror, that, on my command, thou  
then  
Would'st kill me: do 't; the time is come:  
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou de-  
feat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me!  
Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*A. C., IV: 12. 1574.*

—**Ignores Self.**

*Orl.* Then, but forbear your food a lit-  
tle while,  
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
And give it food. There is an old poor  
man,  
Who after me hath many a weary step  
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,  
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and  
hunger,  
I will not touch a bit.

*A. Y., II: 7. 419.*

—**In Misfortune.**

*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away  
to prison;  
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel  
down,  
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and  
laugh  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with  
them too,—  
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's  
out;—  
And take upon us the mystery of things,

As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear  
out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great  
ones

That ebb and flow by the moon.

\* \* Upon such sacrifices

The gods themselves throw incense.

*K. L., V: 3. 1481.*

—**Rare.**

*Arth.* \* \* When your head did but  
ache,  
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
\* \*  
And with my hand at midnight held your  
head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time.

*K. J., IV: 1. 664.*

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee  
appears

The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times.

\* \*

*Adam.* Master, go on: and I will follow  
thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—  
From seventeen years till now almost four-  
score

Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,  
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

*A. Y., II: 3. 416.*

—**Secret.**

*Groom.* What my tongue dares not, that  
my heart shall say.

*R. II., V: 5. 717.*

—**Shown by Action.**

*Rich.* \* \*  
But, in this troublous time, what's to be  
done?  
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,  
And wrap our bodies in black mourning  
gowns,  
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?  
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?  
If for the last, say — Ay, and to it, lords.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 964.*

—Silent, Disinherited.

*Lear. \* \**

Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
Propinquity and property of blood,  
And as a stranger to my heart and me  
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barba-  
rous Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes  
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom  
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou my sometime daughter.

*K. L., I: 1. 1444.*

—Sugars over the Devil.

*Pol. \* \** We are oft to blame in this, —  
'Tis too much prov'd, — that, with devotion's  
visage,

And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*H., III: 1. 1410.*

—Superlative.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best; — Yet he  
loves Antony:

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards,  
poets, cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho,  
his love to Antony.

But as for Cæsar, kneel down, kneel down,  
and wonder.

*A. C., III: 2. 1558.*

—To Beauty.

*Biron. \* \**

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your  
face,

That we, like savages, may worship it.

*L. L., V: 2. 295.*

*Por. \* \**

From the four corners of the earth they come  
To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing  
saint.

*M. V., II: 7. 372.*

—True and Constant.

1 *Sen.* Then, worthy Marcius,  
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

*Com.* It is your former promise.

*Mar.* Sir, it is;

And I am constant. — Titus Lartius, thou  
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus'  
face:

What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

*Tit.* No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with  
the other,

Ere stay behind this business.

*Men.* O, true bred!

*C., I: 1. 1152*

—True, of a Lover.

*Her.* Now I but chide, but I should use  
thee worse;

For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to  
curse.

If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,  
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the  
deep,

And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,

As he to me.

*M. N., III: 2. 333.*

—Woman's, to a Child.

*Tita.* Set your heart at rest;

The fairy land buys not the child of me.

His mother was a vot'ress of my order:

\* \*

But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;

And, for her sake, I do rear up her boy:

And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*M. N., II: 1. 326.*

—Youthful, Modest.

*Percy.* My gracious lord, I tender you  
my service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;

Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm

To more approved service and desert.

*R. II., II: 3. 698.*

DEVOTIONS.—Public.

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and  
with modest paces

Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and,  
saint-like,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd de-  
voutly.

*H. VIII., IV: 1. 1084.*

**DEW.—Pearls on Flowers.***Obe. \* \**

And the same dew, which sometime on the  
buds

Was wont to swell like round and orient  
pearls,

Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,  
Like tears that did their own disgrace be-  
wail.

*M. N., IV: 1. 333.***DIFFERENCE.—In all Things.**

*Men.* There is differency between a  
grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly  
was a grub. This Marcius is grown from  
man to dragon: he has wings; he's more  
than a creeping thing.

*C., V: 4. 1191.***DIFFERENCES.—Danger of Discuss-  
ing.***Lep. \* \**

May it be gently heard: When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds: Then, noble  
partners,

(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest  
terms.

*A. C., II: 2. 1543.***—Wide.**

*Salar.* There is more difference between  
thy flesh and hers, than between jet and  
ivory; more between your bloods, than there  
is between red wine and Rhenish.

*M. V., III: 1. 375.***DIFFICULTIES.—Between Friends.***Bru.* Cassius, be content,

Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you  
well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love  
from us,

Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your  
griefs,

And I will give you audience.

*J. C., IV: 2. 1343.***DIFFICULTY.—Superlative.***K. Rich. \* \**

"It is as hard to come, as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."

*R. II., V: 5. 716.***DIGNITY.—Not to be Assumed.***Ar. \* \**

Without the stamp of merit? Let none  
presume

To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees and offices,

Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear  
honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

*M. V., II: 9. 374.***—Shame at Home.**

*2 Lord. \* \** The great dignity that  
his valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall  
at home be encount'ed with a shame as am-  
ple.

*A. W., IV: 3. 520.***DILEMMA.—After Dilemma.**

*Pro.* Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for  
fear of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am  
drown'd.

*T. G., I: 3. 51.***DILIGENCE.—Excited by Things We  
Love.***Ant. \* \**

To business that we love, we rise betime,  
And go to it with delight.

*A. C., IV: 4. 1569.***DIMINUTIVENESS.—No Bar to  
Greatness.***Chor. \* \**

O England!—model to thy inward great-  
ness,

Like little body with a mighty heart,—

What might'st thou do, that honour would  
thee do,

Were all thy children kind and natural!

*H. V., II: C. 824.***—Ridiculed.**

*Fal. \* \** If the prince put thee into  
my service for any other reason than to set  
me off, why then I have no judgment.  
Thou \* \* mandrake, thou art fitter to  
be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels.  
I was never manned with an agate till now:  
but I will set you neither in gold nor silver,  
but in vile apparel, and send you back again  
to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal, the  
prince your master, whose chin is not yet  
fledged.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 776.*



**DINNER.—Katherine's.***Pet.* \* \*

Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,  
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:  
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits  
thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then thou lov'st  
it not,

And all my pains are sorted to no proof:  
Here, take away this dish.

*Kath.* I pray you, let it stand.*Pet.* The poorest service is repaid with  
thanks:

And so shall mine, before you touch the  
meat.

*Kath.* I thank you, sir.*T. S.*, IV: 3. 475.**—Spoilt by Delay.***Dro. E.* \* \*

The capon burns, the pig falls from the  
spit;

The clock hath stricken twelve upon the  
bell,

My mistress made it one upon my cheek:  
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;  
The meat is cold, because you come not  
home;

You come not home, because you have no  
stomach;

You have no stomach, having broke your  
fast;

But we, that know what 't is to fast and  
pray,

Are penitent for your default to-day.

*C. E.*, I: 2. 194.**DIRTINESS.—Incurable.***Ant. S.* What complexion is she of?

*Dro. S.* Swart, like my shoe, but her  
face nothing like so clean kept. For why?  
she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the  
grime of it.

*Ant. S.* That's a fault that water will  
mend.

*Dro. S.* No, sir, 't is in grain; Noah's  
flood could not do it.

*C. E.*, III: 2. 202.**DISABILITIES.—Civil, a Wrong.***Boling.* \* \*

Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd  
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and roy-  
alties

Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given  
away

To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I  
born?

If that my cousin king be king of England,  
It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.

You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kins-  
man;

Had you first died, and he been thus trod  
down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a  
father,

To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the  
bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,  
And yet my letters-patent give me leave:

My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;  
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.

What would you have me do? I am a sub-  
ject,

And challenge law: Attornies are denied  
me.

*E. II.*, II: 3. 699.**DISAPPOINTMENT.—Bitter.**

*Shep.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O,  
sir,

You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,

To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones: but now

Some hangman must put on my shroud,  
and lay me

Where no priest shovels in dust,—O cursed  
wretch!

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 606.*Imo.* \* \*

How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make  
him swear

The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honour; or have

charg'd him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at mid-  
night,

To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my

father

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the  
north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Cym.*, I: 4. 1592.

—Complete.

*Ther.* \* \* 'A were as good crack a  
fusty nut with no kernel.

*T. C.*, II: 1. 1113.

—Of Ambition.

*Hel.* Where most it promises; and oft  
it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most  
shifts.

*A. W.*, II: 1. 504.

*Lew.* \* \*

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

*K. J.*, III: 4. 663.

*York.* Cold news for me; for I had hope  
of France,  
As firmly as I hope for fertile England.  
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,  
And caterpillars eat my leaves away.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 1. 923.

—Result of Choice.

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?  
A carrion death, within whose empty eye  
There is a written scroll? I 'll read the  
writing.

"All that glisters is not gold;  
Often have you heard that told:  
Many a man his life hath sold  
But my outside to behold:  
Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
Had you been as wise as bold,  
Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
Your answer had not been in scroll'd:  
Fare your well; your suit is cold."

*M. V.*, II: 7. 373.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.—Killing.

*Wol.* \* \*

This candle burns not clear: 't is I must  
snuff it:  
Then, out it goes.—What though I know  
her virtuous,  
And well-deserving? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung  
up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Suf.* I would, 't were something that  
would fret the string,  
The master-cord of his heart!

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1078.

DISCERNMENT.—A Good Man's.

*Friar.* \* \*

By noting of the lady. I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions start  
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;  
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,  
Which with experimental seal doth warrant  
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error.

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 246.

—Claimed.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.—  
What! are men mad? Hath nature given  
them eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish  
'twixt

The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
'Twixt fair and foul?

*Cym.*, I: 7. 1590.

DISCLOSURE.—Self, Dangerous.

*Cres.* \* \*

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,  
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1122.

DISCOMFORT.—Swells out of Comfort.

*Sold.* As whence the sun 'gins his re-  
flection [break;  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd  
to come,

Discomfort swells.

*M.*, I: 2. 1357.

**DISCONTENT.—Cynical.**

*D. John.* I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any. In this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth I would bite; if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

*Con.* Can you make no use of your discontent?

*D. John.* I make all use of it, for I use it only.

*M. A., I: 3. 229.*

**—Destruction.**

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
Where our desire is got without content:  
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*M., III: 2. 1370.*

**—Its Winter.**

*Glo.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

*R. III., I: 1. 1001.*

**—With Everything.**

*Ham. \* \**

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God!  
O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross  
in nature,  
Possess it merely.

*H., I: 2. 1395.*

**DISCORD.—How Caused.**

*Ulyss. \* \**

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing  
meets

In mere oppugnancy.

*T. C., I: 3. 1108.*

**DISCORDS.—Private.**

*Lucy. \* \**

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.  
Let not your private discord keep away  
The levied succours that should lend him aid  
While he, renowned noble gentleman,  
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 4. 888.*

**DISCOURAGEMENT.—Its Effect.**

*Mor. \* \**

For from his metal was his party steel'd;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy  
lead.

And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 775.*

**DISCRETION.—A Firm.**

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou  
hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide  
as a bristle may enter.

*T. N., I: 5. 543.*

**—A Little Hole.**

*Arm.* For mine own part, I breathe  
free breath: I have seen the day of wrong  
through the little hole of discretion.

*L. L., V: 2. 302.*

**—Delays.**

*Mont. \* \** We thought not good to  
bruise an injury, till it were full ripe.

*H. V., III: 6. 837.*

**—Disguised.**

*Con. \* \**

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;  
As gardeners do with ordure hide those  
roots

That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

*H. V., II: 4. 829.*

**—Prudently Submits.**

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their  
conquer'd booty;  
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-  
match'd.

*H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.*

**—Relation to Valor.**

*Fal. \* \** The better part of valour is  
discretion; in which better part I have

saved my life, 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure:—yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, [*Stabbing him,*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

#### DISCRIMINATION.—Protects the Innocent.

1 *Sent.* \* \* Like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold, and cull the infected  
forth,  
But kill not all together.

*T. A.*, V: 5. 1316.

#### —Winnows.

*Agam.* \* \*

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself  
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

*T. C.*, I: 8. 1107.

#### DISCUSSIONS.—Vain and Trifling.

*Pol.* This business is well ended.  
My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night, night, and time is  
time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and  
time.

*H.*, II: 2. 1404.

#### DISDAIN.—At Inferiors.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord Timon,  
this thy creature,  
By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to  
thrift;  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1287.

#### DISENCHANTMENT.—Of Light.

*Pro.* \* \* The charm dissolves apace;  
And as the morning steals upon the night,  
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses

Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that  
mantle

Their clearer reason.

*T. V.*, 1. 30.

#### DISGUISE.—A Wickedness.

*Vio.* \* \*

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

*T. N.*, II: 2. 548.

#### —Greatness in.

*Auf.* I know thee not:—Thy name?

*Cor.* My name is Caius Marcius, who  
hath done

To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,  
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness  
may

My surname, Coriolanus: The painful ser-  
vice,

The extreme dangers, and the drops of  
blood

Shed for my thankless country, are re-  
quited

But with that surname; a good memory,

And witness of the malice and displeasure  
Which thou should'st bear me: only that  
name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who  
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;  
And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop'd out of Rome.

*C.*, IV: 5. 1180.

#### —Nobility in.

*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner  
is a prince,

The duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

*Whit.* The duke of Suffolk, muffled up  
in rags!

*Suf.* Ay, but these rags are no part of  
the duke;

Jove sometimes went disguis'd, And why  
not I?

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 1. 932.

#### —Of Purpose.

*Lucio.* \* \*

His giving-out was of an infinite distance  
From his true-meant design.

*M. M.*, I: 4. 147.



**DISGUISES.—Abandoned.***K. Hen.* \* \*

But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;  
Be like a king, and show my soul of great-  
ness,

When I do rouse me in my throne of  
France:

For that I have laid by my majesty,  
And plodded like a man for working-days;

*H. V., I: 2. 823.***—Strange Fancy for.**

*D. Pedro.* There is no appearance of  
fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he  
hath to strange disguises; as, to be a Dutch-  
man to-day; a Frenchman to-morrow; or in  
the shape of two countries at once, as, a  
German from the waist downward, all slops;  
and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no  
doublet.

*M. A., III: 2. 239.***DISGUST.**

*Iago.* \* \* The food that to him now is  
as luscious as locusts, shall be to him short-  
ly as bitter as coloquintida.

*O., I: 3. 1499.***—At Persistence.**

*Vio.* My lord would speak, my duty  
hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my  
lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music.

*T. N., V: 1. 566.***DISHONESTY.—Complete.**

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum:*  
honest in nothing, but in his clothes.

*M. M., V: 1. 173.***DISHONOR.—How Wiped out.***Nur.* \* \*

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest burdens of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy  
seal,

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's  
point.

*Tit. And., IV: 2. 1221.***DISLOYALTY.—Hideous in Old Age.***K. Hen.* \* \* O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—  
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honourable age with  
blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?  
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?  
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,  
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

*H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 943.***DISMAY.—Never Disarms the Brave.***Dun.* Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Sold.* Yes;

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,  
So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.

*M., I: 2. 1357.***DISMISSION.—A Boon.***Boling.* Yet ask.*K. Rich.* And shall I have?*Boling.* You shall.*K. Rich.* Then give me leave to go.*Boling.* Whither?

*K. Rich.* Whither you will, so I were  
from your sights.

*R. II., IV: 1. 710.***—Contemptuous.***Pist.* \* \*

The grave doth gape, and doting death is  
near;

Therefore exhale.

*H. V., II: 1. 825.***—Emphatic.***Fal.* \* \*

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-  
stones! go;

Trudge, plod away i' the hoof; seek shelter,  
pack!

*M. W., I: 3. 92.***—Peremptory.***Duke.* \* \*

Go, base intruder! overweening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;  
And think my patience, more than thy de-  
sert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the fa-  
vours,

Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories,  
Longer than swiftest expedition  
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,  
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.  
Be gone! I will not hear thy vain excuse;  
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

*T. G.*, III: 1. 61.

—Reluctant.

*Oth.* \* \* Cassio, I love thee;  
But never more be officer of mine.

*O.*, II: 3. 1506.

—Silent.

*Com.* \* \*  
"T was very faintly he said, "Rise;" dis-  
miss'd me  
Thus, with his speechless hand.

*C.*, V: 1. 1187.

**DISORDER.—In War.**

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and  
save thyself:  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's  
such  
As war were hoodwink'd.

*Cym.*, V: 2. 1622.

**DISPARAGEMENT.—Love never Guilty of.**

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.  
*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge,  
and knowledge with dearer love.  
*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.  
*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since  
you know not what you speak.

*M. M.*, III: 2. 161.

**DISPLAY.—In Jewels.**

*Prin.* \* \*  
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

*L. L.*, V: 2. 293.

**DISPOSITION.—Changed by Clothes.**

*Per.* \* \* Sure, this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*W. A.*, IV: 3. 602.

—Mildness of.

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as  
young down.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 730.

**DISPRAISE.—Of Things We Want.**

*Par.* Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen  
do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:  
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—  
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

*T. C.*, IV: 1. 1128.

**DISPUTATIONS.—Foolish.**

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest  
controversy,  
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
That e'er I heard.

*K. J.*, I: 1. 646.

**DISSEMBLING.—Before the Victim.**

*L. Macb.* \* \*  
Your face, my thane, is a book, where men  
May read strange matters:—To beguile the  
time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your  
eye,  
Your hand, your tongue: look like the inno-  
cent flower,  
But be the serpent under it.

*M.*, I: 5. 1361.

—Perfect, Invoked.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*A. C.*, I: 3. 1544.

—Unsuccessful.

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,  
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;  
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 927.

**DISSENSION.—Civil, Dangerous.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye, should jar !  
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,  
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the common-  
wealth.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

**DISSENSIONS.—Calamitous.**

*Mess.* \* \*

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—  
That here you maintain several factions;  
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and  
fought,  
You are disputing of your generals.  
One would have ling'ring wars, with little  
cost;  
Another would fly swift but wanteth wings;  
A third man thinks, without expense at all,  
By guileful fair words peace may be ob-  
tain'd.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 1. 865.

**—Civil, Implacable.**

*May.* O, my good lords,—and virtuous  
Henry,—

Pity the city of London, pity us !  
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,  
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,  
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-  
stones;  
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,  
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,  
That many have their giddy brains knock'd  
out:  
Our windows are broke down in every  
street,  
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our  
shops.

\* \*  
*2 Serv.* Ay, and the very parings of our  
nails

Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 879.

**—Smoldering.**

*Exe.* \* \*

This late dissension, grown betwixt the  
peers,  
Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,  
And will at last break out into a flame:  
As fester'd members rot but by degrees,  
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,  
So will this base and envious discord breed.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 880.

**DISSIMILARITY.—Extreme.**

*Fool.* \* \* She 's as like this as a crab  
is like an apple.

*K. L.*, I: 5. 1453.

*Ulyss.* \* \*

That 's done;—as near as the extremest  
ends

Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1109.

**DISSIMULATION.—A Plea for.**

*Vol.* \* \* It lies on you to speak  
To the people; not by your own instruction,  
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts  
you to,

But with such words that are but roted in  
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syl-  
lables

Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.  
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,  
Than to take in a town with gentle words,  
Which else would put you to your fortune,  
and

The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where  
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, re-  
quir'd,

I should do so in honour: I am in this,  
Your wife, your son, these senators, the  
nobles;

And you will rather show our general louts  
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon  
them.

\* \*

*Vol.* I pr'ythee now, my son,  
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,  
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be  
with them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such  
business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ig-  
norant

More learned than the ears,) waving thy  
head,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout  
heart,

That humble, as the ripest mulberry,  
Now will not hold the handling: Or, say  
to them,

Thou art their soldier, and being bred in  
broils,

Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost con-  
fess,

Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,  
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt  
frame  
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far  
As thou hast power, and person.

*C.*, III: 2. 1174.

—A Protest against.

*Cor.* Must I go show them my unbarb'd  
sconce? Must I,  
With my base tongue, give to my noble  
heart  
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:  
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,  
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should  
grind it,  
And throw it against the wind.—To the  
market-place:—  
You have put me now to such a part, which  
never  
I shall discharge to the life.

\* \*

Away, my disposition, and possess me  
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be  
turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of  
knaves  
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears  
take up  
The glasses of my sight! A beggar's  
tongue  
Make motion through my lips; and my  
arm'd knees,  
Who bow'd but in my stirrup; bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not  
do't;  
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,  
And, by my body's action, teach my mind  
A most inherent baseness.

*C.*, III: 2. 1174.

—Adopted as a Policy.

*Cor.* Pray, be content;  
Mother, I am going to the market-place;  
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their  
loves,  
Cog their hearts from them, and come home  
belov'd  
Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am  
going;

Commend me to my wife. I'll return  
consul;  
Or never trust to what my tongue can do  
I' the way of flattery, further.

*C.*, III: 2. 1175.

—An Aid to Revenge.

*King.* \* \*

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring  
art,  
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it  
Than is my deed to my most painted word.

*H.*, III: 1. 1410.

*Tam.* \* \*

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:  
You are but newly planted in your throne;  
Lest then the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant us for ingratitude,  
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)  
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction, and their family.

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1206.

—Compared.

*Leon.* \* \* But were they false  
As o'er-d'd blacks, as wind, as waters; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 582.

—Grows with Use.

*Duke.* O, thou dissembling cub! what  
wilt thou be,  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?  
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine over-  
throw?

*T. N.*, V: 1. 567.

—Impossible to the Noble.

*Cor.* The fires i' the lowest hell fold in  
the people!  
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious  
tribune!  
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand  
deaths,  
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in  
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would  
say,



Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free  
As I do pray the gods.

\* \*

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian  
death.

Vagabond exile, flaying: Pent to linger  
But with a grain a day, I would not buy  
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;  
Nor check my courage for what they can  
give,

To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

*C.*, III: 3. 1176.

#### —Recommended.

*Luc.* \* \*

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's ora-  
tor;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;  
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be  
tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.

\* \*

'T is holy sport to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery con-  
quers strife.

*C. E.*, III: 2. 201.

#### —Tickles as it Wounds.

*Imo.* O

Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds!

*Cym.*, I: 2. 1590.

#### DISSOLUTION.—Of all Things.

*Pro.* \* \*

Our revels now are ended. These our act-  
ors,

As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous pal-  
aces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a wreck behind.

*T.*, IV: 1. 28.

#### DISTANCE.—Diminishes and Changes.

*Dem.* These things seem small and un-  
distinguishable,

Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.

*M. N.*, IV: 2. 340.

#### —Increases to the Wretched.

*Imo.* I see, a man's life is a tedious one:  
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights to-  
gether

Have made the ground my bed. I should  
be sick,

But that my resolution helps me. Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd  
thee,

Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,  
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,  
Where they should be reliev'd.

*Cym.*, III: 6. 1612.

#### —Wildness Increases.

*North.* Believe me, noble lord,

I am a stranger here in Glostershire.

These high wild hills, and rough uneven  
ways,

Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome.

*R. II.*, II: 3. 697.

#### DISTINCTION.—Unworthily Worn.

*Blanch.* O, well did he become that  
lion's robe!

That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the back of  
him,

As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:—

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your  
back;

Or lay on that, shall make your shoulders  
crack.

*K. J.*, II: 1. 651.

#### DISTINCTIONS.—Abolition, Dangerous.

*Ulyss.* \* \*

Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing  
meets

In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the  
shores,

And make a sop of all this solid globe.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1108.

#### —Broken Down.

*Ham.* \* \* By the lord, Horatio, these  
three years I have taken note of it; the age  
is grown so picked, that the toe of the peas-

ant comes so near the heel of the courtier,  
he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been  
a grave-maker?

*H.*, V : 1. 1430.

—Class, Breaking Down.

*Ulyss.* \* \*

Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father  
dead :

Force should be right ; or, rather, right and  
wrong,

(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)   
Should lose their names, and so should  
justice too.

\* \* The general's disdain'd

By him one step below ; he, by the next ;  
That next, by him beneath ; so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior.

*T. C.*, I : 3. 1108.

—Class, why Mentioned.

*Ulyss.* \* \*

The heavens themselves, the planets, and  
this centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order :

And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,  
In noble eminence enthron'd and sph'rd  
Amidst the other ; whose med'cinable eye  
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,  
And posts, like the commandment of a king,  
Sans check, to good and bad : But, when  
the planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,  
What plagues, and what portents ? what  
mutiny ?

What raging of the sea ? shaking of earth ?  
Commotion in the winds ? frights, changes,  
horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixture ? O, when decree  
is shak'd,

Which is the ladder of all high designs,  
The enterprise is sick ! How could com-  
munities,

Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in  
cities,

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,  
The primogenitive and due of birth,

Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, lau-  
rels,

But by degree, stand in authentic place ?

*T. C.*, I : 3. 1108.

—False.

*Agam.* \* \*

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away.

*T. C.*, I : 3. 1107.

*King.* \* \* If she be

All that is virtuous (save what thou dislik'st,  
A poor physician's daughter), thou dislik'st  
Of virtue for the name : but do not so :

From lowest place when virtuous things  
proceed,

The place is dignified by th' doer's deed :

Where great additions swell, and virtue  
none,

It is a dropsied honour : good alone

Is good without a name ; vileness is so :

The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair ;

In these to nature she's immediate heir,

And these breed honour : that is honour's  
scorn

Which challenges itself as honour's born,

And is not like the sire.

*A. W.*, II : 3. 507.

—Merged in Blood.

*Mont.* \* \* Great king,

I come to thee for charitable licence,

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To book our dead, and then to bury them ;

To sort our nobles from our common men ;

For many of our princes (woe the while !)

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;

(So do our vulgar drench their peasant  
limbs

In blood of princes ;) and their wounded  
steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild  
rage,

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead  
masters,

Killing them twice.

*H. V.*, IV : 7. 848.

**DISTINGUISHED.**—The, Easily Dis-  
cerned.

*Hect.* The worthiest of them tell me  
name by name ;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes  
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

*T. C.*, IV : 5. 1133.

**DISTRACTION.—In Death, Deplored.**

*Mel.* \* \* I pray you, bear me hence  
From forth the noise and rumour of the  
field;

Where I may think the remnant of my  
thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul  
With contemplation and devout desires.

*K. J.*, V : 4. 674.

**—Of Divided Love.**

*Octa.* \* \* A more unhappy lady,  
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,  
Praying for both parts :

And the good gods will mock me presently,  
When I shall pray, "O, bless my lord and  
husband!"

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,  
"O, bless my brother!" Husband win,  
win brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway  
"Twixt these extremes at all.

*A. C.*, III : 4. 1560.

**—Universal.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*

Should lift their bosoms higher than the  
shores,

And make a sop of all this solid globe.

*T. C.*, I : 3. 1103.

**DISTRIBUTION.—Equality in.**

*Glo.* \* \* For equalities are so weighed,  
that curiosity in neither can make choice of  
either's moiety.

*K. L.*, I : 1. 1443.

**—Undoes Excess.**

*Glo.* \* \*

Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,  
That slaves your ordinance, that will not  
see

Because he doth not feel, feel your power  
quickly :

So distribution should undo excess,  
And each man have enough.

*K. L.*, IV : 1. 1471.

**DIVERSIONS.—No Cure for Woe.**

*Queen.* What sport shall we devise here  
in this garden,

To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 *Lady.* Madam, we 'll play at bowls.

*Queen.* 'T will make me think

The world is full of rubs, and that my for-  
tune

Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we will dance.

*Queen.* My legs can keep no measure in  
delight,

When my poor heart no measure keeps in  
grief :

Therefore, no dancing, girl; some other  
sport.

1 *Lady.* Madam, we 'll tell tales.

*Queen.* Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 *Lady.* Of either, madam.

*Queen.* Of neither, girl :

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,  
It doth remember me the more of sorrow ;  
Or if of grief, being altogether had,  
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy :

For what I have, I need not to repeat ;  
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 *Lady.* Madam, I 'll sing.

*Queen.* 'T is well that thou hast cause,  
But thou should'st please me better, would'st  
thou weep.

1 *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it  
do you good.

*Queen.* And I could weep, would weep-  
ing do me good,

And never borrow any tear of thee.

*R. II.*, III : 4. 705.

**DIVINITY.—Shapes our Ends.**

*Ham.* \* \*

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our dear plots do fail : and that should  
teach us,

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*H.*, V : 2. 1433.

**DIVISION.—An Element of Weak-  
ness.**

*Hast.* \* \*

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads : one power against the  
French,

And one against Glendower; perforce, a  
third

Must take up us : So is the unfirm king

In three divided; and his coffers found  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 3. 779.

—**Equality in.**

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits, very equally:  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn  
shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to  
you  
The remnant northward, lying off from  
Trent,  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

—**Quarrels Over.**

*Hot.* Methinks, my moiety, north from  
Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours:  
See, how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd  
up;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall  
run,  
In a new channel, fair and evenly:  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

**DIVORCE.—A Wicked, Deplored.**

*Cham.* It seems, the marriage with his  
brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.  
*Suf.* No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.  
*Nor.* \* \*  
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with.

*H. VIII.*, II: 2. 1067.

**DOG.—Launce's.**

*Lawn.* When a man's servant shall play  
the cur with him, look you, it goes hard:  
one that I brought up of a puppy; one that

I sav'd from drowning, when three or four  
of his blind brothers and sisters went to it!  
I have taught him—even as one would say  
precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was  
sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress  
Silvia, from my master; and I came no  
sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps  
me to her trencher, and steals her capon's  
leg. O, 't is a foul thing when a cur cannot  
keep himself in all companies! I would  
have, as one should say, one that takes upon  
him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a  
dog at all things. If I had not had more  
wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he  
did, I think verily he had been hang'd for 't;  
sure as I live he had suffer'd for 't: you  
shall judge. \* \* "Friend," quoth I,  
"you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay,  
marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the  
more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the  
thing you wot of." He makes me no more  
ado, but whips me out of the chamber.  
How many masters would do this for his  
servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in  
the stocks for puddings he hath stol'n, oth-  
erwise he had been executed: I have stood  
on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, oth-  
erwise he had suffer'd for 't: thou think'st  
not of this now.

*T. G.*, IV: 2. 68.

**DOGS.—Perfection in.**

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the  
Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are  
hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning  
dew;  
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessa-  
lian bulls;  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like  
bells,  
Each under each.

*M. N.*, IV: 1. 339.

**DOOMED.—Sneering at the.**

*Glo.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt  
ne'er return,  
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,  
If heaven will take the present at our hands.

*R. III.*, I: 1. 1002.

**DOTING.—Unworthily.**

*Lys.* \* \* She, sweet lady, dotes,  
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,  
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 322.



**DOUBLES.—The Dromios.**

*Adr.* I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

*Duke.* One of these men is genius to the other;

And so of these: Which is the natural man, And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

*Dro. S.* I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

*Dro. E.* I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

*C. E., V: 1. 213.*

**DOUBT.—The Beacon of the Wise.**

*Hect.* \* \* The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd  
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches

To the bottom of the worst.

*T. C., II: 2. 1113.*

**DOUBTS.—Cleared by Time.**

*Pis.* \* \*

All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:  
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

*Cym., IV: 3. 1620.*

**—Traitorous.**

*Lucio.* Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power! alas, I doubt.—

*Lucio.* Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win,

By fearing to attempt.

*M. M., I: 4. 147.*

**DOWER.—Boasting of a Great.**

*Bap.* \* \* And he, of both,  
That can assure my daughter greatest dower,  
Shall have my Bianca's love.  
Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

*Gre.* First, as you know, my house within the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold;  
Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;  
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:  
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;  
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,  
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,  
Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needlework,  
Pewter and brass, and all things that belong  
To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,  
Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,  
And all things answerable to this portion.

*Tra.* \* \*

If I may have your daughter to my wife,  
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,  
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one  
Old signior Gremio has in Padua;  
Besides two thousand ducats by the year,  
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

*Gre.* Two thousand ducats by the year of land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:  
That she shall have; besides an argosy  
That now is lying in Marseilles' road.

\* \*

*Tra.* Gremio, 't is known my father hath no less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,

And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

*Gre.* Nay, I have offer'd all; I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have.  
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

*T. S., II: 1. 465.*

**—Degrades Marriage.**

*Suf.* A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,  
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,  
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:  
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,

As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

*H. VI., 1 pt., V: 5. 897.*

**DREAM.—Almost a Reality.**

*Ant.* \* \*

I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits  
o' th' dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy  
mother  
Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was  
dream

So like a waking. \* \* Dreams are toys.

*W. T.*, III. 3. 596.

—Bottom's.

*Bot.* \* \* I have had a most rare  
vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit  
of man to say what dream it was:—Man is  
but an ass, if he go about to expound this  
dream. Methought I was—there is no man  
can tell what. Methought I was, and me-  
thought I had,—but man is but a patch'd  
fool if he will offer to say what methought  
I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the  
ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not  
able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his  
heart to report, what my dream was. I will  
get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this  
dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream,  
because it hath no bottom; and I will sing  
it in the latter end of a play, before the  
duke. Peradventure, to make it the more  
gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

*M. N.*, IV. 1. 340.

—Clarence's Fearful. (See Con-  
science.)

—Waking.

*Post.* \* \*

'T is still a dream; or else such stuff as  
madmen

Tongue, and brain not: either both, or  
nothing:

Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie.

*Cym.*, V. 4. 1625.

DREAMS.—Admonitory.

*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back:  
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath  
had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt.

*T. C.*, V. 3. 1140.

—Disappointment in.

*Post.* \* \* Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;  
Wake, and find nothing.

*Cym.*, V. 4. 1625.

—Fantastic.

*Mer.* O then, I see, Queen Mab hath  
been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the forefinger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'  
legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;  
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;  
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry  
beams:

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of  
film;

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream  
of love:

On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies  
straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream  
on fees:

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses  
dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters  
plagues,

Because their breaths with sweet-meats  
tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:  
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's  
tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign  
throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and  
wakes;

And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer  
or two

And sleeps again.

*R. J.*, I. 4. 1247.

—Foretell Danger.

*Mess.* And then he sends you word, he  
dreamt

To-night the boar had rased off his helm :  
Besides, he says, there are two councils  
held ;

And that may be determin'd at the one,  
Which may make you and him to rue at  
the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's  
pleasure, —

If presently, you will take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him toward  
the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Hast.* \* \*

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting in-  
stance :

And for his dreams — I wonder he's so fond  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :  
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
And make pursuit, where he did mean no  
chase.

*R. III., III: 2. 1022.*

#### —Of Divine Interpretation.

*Cæs.* \* \*

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :  
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,  
Which like a fountain, with a hundred  
spouts,

Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Ro-  
mans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in  
it.

And these does she apply for warnings, por-  
tents,

And evils imminent ; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate :

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall  
suck

Reviving blood ; and that great men shall  
press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*J. C., II: 2. 1333.*

#### —Of What Made.

*Mer.*

True, I talk of dreams ;  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,

Which is as thin of substance as the air ;  
And more inconstant than the wind, who  
wooes

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*R. J., I: 4. 1248.*

#### DRESS.—Bad Taste in.

*Hab.* Here is the cap your worship did  
bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a por-  
ringer ;

A velvet dish ; — fie, fie ! 't is lewd and  
filthy ;

Why, 't is a cockle, or a walnut-shell,  
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap ;  
Away with it ; come, let me have a bigger.

*Kath.* I'll have no bigger ; this doth fit  
the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.  
\* \*

*Pet.* Why thou say'st true ; it is a paltry  
cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie :  
I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

*T. S., IV: 3. 476.*

#### —Costly, Recommended.

*Pol.* \* \*

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

*H., I: 3. 1397.*

#### —Fastidious, a Bad Sign.

*Laf.* \* \* There can be no kernel in  
this light nut ; the soul of this man is his  
clothes ; trust him not in matter of heavy  
consequence.

*A. W., II: 5. 510.*

#### —Katharine's Gown.

*Pet.* Thy gown? why, ay.—Come, tailor,  
let us see 't.

O mercy, God ! what masking stuff is here !  
What's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-  
cannon :

What ! up and down, carv'd like an apple-  
tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish,  
and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop :

\* \*

*Tai.* Your worship is deceiv'd; the gown is made

Just as my master had direction :

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

*Gru.* I gave him no order : I gave him the stuff.

*Tai.* But how did you desire it should be made?

*Gru.* Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

*Tai.* But did you not request to have it cut?

*Gru.* Thou hast fac'd many things.

*Tai.* I have.

*Gru.* Face not me. Thou hast brav'd many men; brave not me. I will neither be fac'd nor brav'd. I say unto thee—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:—*ergo*, thou liest.

*Tai.* Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

*Pet.* Read it.

*Gru.* The note lies in 's throat, if he say I said so.

*Tai.* *Imprimis*, "a loose-bodied gown:"

*Gru.* Master, if ever I said loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread : I said, a gown.

*Pet.* Proceed.

*Tai.* "With a small compassed cape;"

*Gru.* I confess the cape.

*Tai.* "With a trunk sleeve;"

*Gru.* I confess two sleeves.

*Tai.* "The sleeves curiously cut."

*Pet.* Ay, there 's the villany.

*Gru.* Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill! I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sew'd up again: and that I 'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

*T. S.*, IV : 3. 476.

#### —Neglect of, a Sign of Devotion.

*Dol.* By my troth thou 'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., II : 4. 788.

#### DRIFTING.—In Character.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less:—It hath been taught us from the primal state,

That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;

And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,

Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*A. C.*, I : 4. 1545.

#### DRINK.—The Cause of Quarrels.

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,

With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side out,

To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd

Potations pottle deep; and he 's to watch:

Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,

That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
The very elements of this warlike isle,—

Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,  
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action.

*O.*, II : 3. 1504.

#### —The Temptation.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*M. V.*, I : 2. 364.

#### DRINKING.—Excuse for.

*Fal.* Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallow'd snowballs for pills to cool the reins.

*M. W.*, III : 5. 108.

#### —Persistent.

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir. To.* With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria! He's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish top.

*T. N.*, I : 3. 542.



## —Provokes Quarrels.

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot  
with drinking:  
So full of valour, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet.

*T.*, IV: 1. 28.

## DRONE.—Used to Destroy.

*Shy.* \* \* A huge feeder,  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild cat: drones hive not  
with me;  
Therefore I part with him, and part with  
him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse.

*M. V.*, II: 5. 371.

## DRONES.—Thieves.

*Suf.* \* \*  
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-  
hives.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 1. 933.

## DROWNING.—Deprecated.

*Gon.* Now would I give a thousand fur-  
longs of sea for an acre of barren ground;  
long heath, brown furze, anything: The  
wills above be done! but I would fain die a  
dry death.

*T.*, I: 1. 8.

## —Of Ophelia.

*Queen.* \* \* Your sister 's drown'd,  
Laertes.  
*Laer.* Drown'd! O, where?  
*Queen.* There is a willow grows aslant a  
brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy  
stream;  
There, with fantastic garlands did she come,  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long  
purples,  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers  
call them:  
There on the pendent boughs her coronet  
weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes  
spread wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her  
up:

Which time, she chanted snatches of old  
tunes;

As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indu'd  
Unto that element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heavy with their  
drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious  
lay

To muddy death.

*Laer.* Alas, then, she is drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou,  
poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet  
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will.

*H.*, IV: 7. 1428.

## DRUMS.—The Sign of War.

*Lew.* \* \*  
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of  
war  
Plead for our interest.

*K. J.*, V: 2. 673.

## DRUNKARD.—A Beast.

*Lord.* O monstrous beast! how like a  
swine he lies!  
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine  
image!  
Sirs, I will practice on this drunken man.

*T. S.*, Ind. 451.

## —What He is Like.

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, fool?  
*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a  
madman; one draught above heat makes  
him a fool; the second mads him; and a  
third drowns him.

*T. N.*, I: 5. 545.

## —Without His Bottle.

*Cal.* What a pi'd ninny's this! Thou  
scurvy patch!—  
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him: when that's  
gone,  
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll  
not show him  
Where the quick freshes are.

*T.*, III: 2. 23.

**DRUNKARDS.—Love One Another.**

*Biron.* One drunkard loves another of the name.

*L. L., IV: 3. 287.*

**DRUNKENNESS.—A Disturber.**

*Bra.* \* \*

Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*O., I: 1. 1492.*

**—Bemoaned.**

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man.

*O., II: 3. 1507.*

**—Its Vileness.**

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*O., II: 3. 1507.*

**DRYNESS.—The Extreme of**

*Jaq.* \* \* His brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage.

*A. Y., II: 7. 418.*

**DUALITY.—In Man.**

*Cleo.* \* \*

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T' other way he 's a Mars.

*A. C., II: 5. 1553.*

**DUELING.—Its Absurdity.**

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I 'll slash; I 'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

*Dum.* Room for the incensed Worthies.

*Cost.* I 'll do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

*L. L., V: 2. 302.*

**DUELIST.—Professional.**

*Sir To.* He is a knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob-nob is his word; give 't, or take 't.

*T. N., III: 4. 560.*

**DULLNESS.—Instances of**

*Seb.* Look; he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

*T., II: 1. 15*

*Bene.* \* \* She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw.

*M. A., II: 1. 232.*

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mullet.

*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 787.*

*Ther.* \* \* Whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes.

*T. C., II: 1. 1113.*

**—Not Improved by Beating.**

*1 Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.

*H., V: 1. 1429.*

**DUNNING.—Unreasonableness of.**

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd  
against my passage?  
Have I ever been free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?  
The place, which I have feasted, does it  
now,

Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here 's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em: cleave  
me to the girdle.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord, ——

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tell out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my  
lord.

*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—  
What yours? — and yours?

*T. A.*, III: 4. 1300.

**DUTY.—All Embracing.**

*K. Hen.* Every subject's duty is the  
King's; but every subject's soul is his own.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 842.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I  
owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness'  
part  
Is to receive our duties: and our duties

Are to your throne and state, children, and  
servants;

Which do but what they should, by doing  
every thing

Safe toward your love and honour.

*M.*, I: 4. 1360.

**—Unshaken.**

*K. Hen.* \* \* Yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river  
break,

And stand unshaken yours.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1079.

**DWELLING.—Good.**

*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly  
dwelling, and a rich.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 3. 807.

**DYING.—Cleopatra's Celerity in.**

*Eno.* \* \* Cleopatra, catching but the  
least noise of this, dies instantly: I have  
seen her die twenty times upon far poorer  
moment; I do think, there is mettle in  
death, which commits some loving act upon  
her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

*A. C.*, I: 2. 1543.

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and  
so doth he.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 693.

**—Demands Attention.**

*Gaunt.* O, but they say, the tongues of  
dying men

Enforce attention, like deep harmony.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 692.

## E

**EAGLE.—A Royal Bird.**

*Sici.* He came in thunder; his celestial  
breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is  
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his  
royal bird\*  
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his  
beak,  
As when his god is pleas'd.

*Cym.*, V: 4. 1625.

**EARNESTNESS.—Makes Sacrifices.**

*Chor.* Now all the youth of England are  
on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's  
thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:  
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.

*H. V.*, II: C. 824.

**EARTH.—Conquered an Ally.***K. Rich. \* \**

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses'  
hoofs :

As a long parted mother, with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in  
meeting ;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle  
earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his rav'nous  
sense :

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,  
And heavy-gaited toads lie in their way ;  
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,  
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies :  
And when they from thy bosom pluck a  
flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;  
Whose double tongue may with a mortal  
touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.  
Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these  
stones

Prove arm'd soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms.

*R. II., III : 2. 700.***EASE.—In Winning.**

*Pro.* Soft, sir ! one word more. —  
They are both in either's pow'rs ; but this  
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.

*T., I : 2. 14.***ECHO.***Tam. \* \**

And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the  
hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once.

*Tit. And., II : 3. 1209.***—Invoked.***Vio. \* \**

Holla your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babbling gossip of the air  
Cry out, Olivia !

*T. N., I : 5. 546.**Lord. \* \**

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer  
them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow  
earth.

*T. S., Ind., II : 453.***ECONOMY.—Frugal.**

*Fal. \* \** An old cloak makes a new  
jerkin ; a wither'd servingman a fresh tap-  
ster.

*M. W., I : 3. 92.***EDUCATION.—Hated by Demagogues.**

*Cade. \* \** Be it known unto thee by  
these presence, even the presence of lord  
Mortimer, that I am the besom that must  
sweep the court clean of such filth as thou  
art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted  
the youth of the realm, in erecting a gram-  
mar-school : and whereas, before, our fore-  
fathers had no other books but the score  
and the tally, thou hast caused printing to  
be used ; and, contrary to the king, his  
crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-  
mill. It will be proved to thy face, that  
thou hast men about thee, that usually talk  
of a noun, and a verb ; and such abomina-  
ble words, as no Christian ear can endure  
to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of  
peace, to call poor men before them about  
matters they were not able to answer.  
Moreover, thou hast put them in prison ;  
and because they could not read, thou hast  
hanged them ; when, indeed, only for that  
cause they have been most worthy to live.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV : 7. 938.***—Popular Hatred of.**

*Smith.* The clerk of Chatham : he can  
write and read, and cast accompt.

*Cade.* O monstrous !

*Smith.* We took him setting of boys'  
copies.

*Cade.* Here 's a villain !

*Smith.* H 'as a book in his pocket, with  
red letters in 't.

*Cade.* Nay, then he is a conjurer.

*Dick.* Nay, he can make obligations,  
and write court-hand.

*Cade.* I am sorry for 't : the man is a  
proper man, on mine honour ; unless I find  
him guilty, he shall not die,—Come hither,  
sirrah, I must examine thee : What is thy  
name ?

*Clerk.* Emmanuel.

*Dick.* They use to write it on the top of  
letters ;—"T will go hard with you.



*Cade.* Let me alone: Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

*Clerk.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confessed: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 2. 934.*

#### **EFFORT.—Joy in Persistent.**

*Cres. \* \**

Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing:

That she belov'd knows nought, that knows not this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is.

*T. C., I: 2. 1107.*

#### **EGOTISM.—Female, Fatal to Affection.**

*Hero. \* \**

But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her

All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,

Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endear'd.

*M. A., III: 1. 238.*

#### **ELOQUENCE.—Duly Estimated.**

*Ulyss. \* \**

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece Should hold up high in brass; and such again,

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver, Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree

On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears

To his experienced tongue.

*T. C., I: 3. 1108.*

#### **—Of the Reformed.**

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity, And, all-admiring, with an inward wish

You would desire, the king were made a prelate:

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs, You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear

A fearful battle render'd you in music:

Turn him to any cause of policy,

The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,

Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,

The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,

To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;

So that the art and practic part of life

Must be the mistress to this theoric:

Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain:

His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;

His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;

And never noted in him any study,

Any retirement, any sequestration

From open haunts and popularity.

*II. V., I: 1. 820.*

#### **EMBARRASMENTS.—Of Debt.**

*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues? Whence are you?

*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off

To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own: and humbly prays you,

That with your noble parts you'll suit, In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend, I pry'thee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants, —

*Var. Serv.* 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,

And past, —

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord,

And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath: —

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on; I'll wait upon you instantly. — Come hither, pray you,

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,

And the detention of long-since-due debts, Against my honour?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen, The time is unagreeable to this business: Your importunacy cease, till after dinner; That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

*T. A., II: 2. 1294.*

#### EMBRACING.—Tender and Complete.

*Tita.* Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.

So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle

Gently entwine; the female ivy so Enrings the barked fingers of the elm.

*M. N., IV: 1. 338.*

#### EMERGENCIES.—Great, Condoned Errors.

*Bru.* He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand, I shall be satisfied.

*J. C., IV: 2. 1343.*

#### EMINENCE.—Its Dangers.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 't were to lose it, and be miserable! They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

*R. III., I: 3. 1509.*

#### EMOTIONS.—Alternating.

*Count.* \* \*

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, Can woman me unto 't.

*A. W., III: 2. 512.*

#### EMPIRICS.—Not to be Trusted.

*King.* \* \*

When our most learned doctors leave us; and

The congregated college have concluded That labouring art can never ransom Nature

From her inaidable estate, — I say we must not

So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope, To prostitute our past-cure malady

To empirics.

*A. W., II: 1. 503.*

#### EMULATION.—A Source of Life.

*Ulyss.* \* \* Grows to an envious fever Of pale and bloodless emulation:

And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot, Not her own sinews.

*T. C., I: 3. 1109.*

#### —Deprecated.

*Art.* \* \*

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live Out of the teeth of emulation.

*J. C., II: 3. 1334.*

#### —Heroic.

*Luc.* Stay, father; for that noble hand of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies, Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:

My youth can better spare my blood than you;

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?  
O, none of both but are of high desert:  
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
To ransom my two nephews from their  
death;

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

*Aar.* Nay, come agree, whose hand shall  
go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go.

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd  
herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore  
mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought  
thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Mar.* And, for our father's sake, and  
mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you; I will spare  
my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Mar.* But I will use the axe.

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive  
them both,

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee  
mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be  
honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour can  
pass.

*Tit. And., III: 1. 1216.*

#### ENCOURAGEMENT.—Strengthens.

*Ham.* \* \*

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker.

*H., III: 4. 1420.*

#### ENDOWMENTS.—Inadequate.

*War.* Thou art no Atlas for so great a  
weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift  
again.

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 1. 986.*

#### —Shine only by Reflection.

*Ulyss.* A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever  
parted,

How much in having, or without, or in, —  
Cannot make boast to have that which he  
hath,

Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflec-  
tion;

As when his virtues shining upon others

Heat them, and they retort that heat again

To the first giver.

*T. C., III: 3. 1124.*

#### ENDURANCE.—Heroic

*York.* \* \*

And fought so long, till that his thighs with  
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 926.*

#### —Its Limits.

*Leon.* \* \*

For there was never yet philosopher

That could endure the tooth-ach patiently.

*M. A., V: 1. 249.*

*Bast.* Withhold thine indignation, mighty  
heaven,

And tempt us not to bear above our power!

*K. J., V: 6. 675.*

#### —No Sign of Choice.

*Nath.* \* \*

Many can brook the weather, that love not  
the wind.

*L. L., IV: 2. 285.*

#### —Patient.

*Bast.* \* \*

Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture  
can

Hold out this tempest.

*K. J., IV: 3. 670.*

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;  
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings  
to fly.

*T. G., II: 7. 58.*

#### —Secret.

*Mon.* \* \*

So far from sounding and discovery,

As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the  
air,

Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.

*R. J., I: 1. 1243.*

**ENEMIES.—Bitterly Execrated.***Q. Mar.* \* \*

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

*Suf.* A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,  
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,  
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,  
With full as many signs of deadly hate,  
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:  
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words:

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;  
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!

Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;  
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell —

*Q. Mar.* Enough, sweet Suffolk. \* \*

*Suf.* You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,  
Well could I curse away a winter's night,  
Though standing naked on a mountain top,  
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,

And think it but a minute spent in sport.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 930.

**—Magnanimously Treated.**

*P. Hen.* Then, brother John of Lancaster to you

This honourable bounty shall belong:

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 5. 762.

**—Our Outward Consciences.***K. Hen.* \* \*

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:

Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 840.

**—Ruthless.**

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws:  
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;  
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 3. 959.

*Q. Mar.* \* \*

And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?  
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?  
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?  
All these the enemies to our poor bark.

*H. VII.*, 3 pt., V: 4. 989.

**—Smiling, Dangerous.**

*Oct.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,

And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts,  
I fear,

Millions of mischief.

*J. C.*, IV: 1. 1343.

**—Strengthened by a Child.**

*K. Hen.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspur;  
And even as I was then, is Percy now.

Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the state,  
Than thou, the shadow of succession:

For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,

Leads ancient lords, and reverend bishops on,



To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
 What never-dying honour hath he got  
 Against renowned Douglas; whose high  
     deeds,  
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in  
     arms,  
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
 And military title capital,  
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge  
     Christ?  
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swarthing  
     clothes,  
 This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
 Discomfited great Douglas: ta'en him once,  
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
 And shake the peace and safety of our  
     throne.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 2. 748.*

—**Striking, Endangers Friends.**

*Arch.* \* \* Like an offensive wife,  
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes;  
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
 That was uprear'd to execution.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 797.*

—**Their Destruction.**

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast  
 of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my  
 lord, there's no meat like them; I could  
 wish my best friend at such a feast.

*T. A., I: 2. 1291.*

—**Torments They Deserve.**

*Pro.* \* \*  
 Go, charge my goblins that they grind their  
     joints  
 With dry convulsions; shorten up their  
     sinews  
 With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted  
     make them,  
 Than pard or cat o' mountain.

*T., IV: 1. 29.*

**ENEMY.—A Dangerous.**

*Nor.* 'Like it your grace,  
 The state takes notice of the private differ-  
     ence  
 Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
 (And take it from a heart that wishes to-  
     wards you

Honour and plenteous safety,) that you  
     read  
 The cardinal's malice and his potency  
 Together: to consider further, that  
 What his high hatred would effect, wants  
     not  
 A minister in his power: You know his na-  
     ture,  
 That he's revengeful; and I know, his  
     sword  
 Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may  
     be said,  
 It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,  
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,  
 You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes  
     that rock,  
 That I advise your shunning.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.*

—**Forbearance towards.**

*Boling.* Carlisle, this is your doom:  
 Choose out some secret place, some rever-  
     end room,  
 More than thou hast, and with it joy thy  
     life;  
 So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from  
     strife:  
 For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,  
 High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

*R. II., V: 6. 717.*

**ENGLAND.—Disgraced.**

*Gaunt.* \* \*  
 This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
 This fortress, built by nature for herself,  
 Against infection, and the hand of war;  
 This happy breed of men, this little world;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this  
     England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal  
     kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their  
     birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home.

\* \*

This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,) Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :  
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.

*R. II., II: 1. 602.*

—**Frenchman's Contempt of.**

*Bour.* \* \*

*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along  
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
 To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
 In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

*H. V., III: 5. 835.*

—**Its Insularity.**

*Aust.* \* \* That pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
 Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,  
 And coops from other lands her islanders,  
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
 And confident from foreign purposes,  
 Even till that utmost corner of the west  
 Salute thee for her king.

*K. J., II: 1. 649.*

**ENGLISH.—Their Persistence.**

*Alen.* Froissard, a countryman of ours, records  
 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,  
 During the time Edward the Third did reign.  
 More truly now may this be verified ;  
 For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,  
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !  
 Lean raw-bon'd rascals ! who would e'er suppose  
 They had such courage and audacity ?

*Char.* Let's leave this town ; for they  
 are hair-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :

Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth  
 The walls they 'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

*Reig.* I think, by some odd gimmals, or device

Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on ;

Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.

By my consent, we 'll e'en let them alone.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 866.*

**ENGLISHMEN.—Whence Their Valor. (See Courage.)**

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle ?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull ?  
 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
 Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth,

Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty ?

*H. V., III: 5. 835.*

**ENMITIES.—Lesser, Swallowed.**

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.

Were 't not that we stand up against them all,

'T were pregnant they should square between themselves ;

For they have entertained cause enough  
 To draw their swords : but how the fear of us

May cement their divisions, and bind up  
 The petty difference, we yet not know.

*A. C., II: 1. 1547.*

**ENNUI.—A King's.**

*Lew.* There's nothing in this world can make me joy :

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

*K. J., III: 4. 663.*

## —Its Language.

*Ham.* \* \*

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross  
in nature,  
Possess it merely.

*H.*, I: 2. 1395.**ENTERPRISES.—Dangerous.***Bel.* No single soul

Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason  
He must have some attendants. Though  
his humour

Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse,—not frenzy,  
not

Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,  
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,  
It may be heard at court, that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in  
time

May make some stronger head; the which  
he hearing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and  
swear

He 'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then, on good ground  
we fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1616.**ENTHUSIASM.—Great Events Excite.**

*Hot.* \* \* O! the blood more stirs,  
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 732.**ENVY.—A Monster.***Gow.* \* \*

That monster envy, oft the wreck  
Of earned praise.

*P.*, IV: 2. 1659.

## —Cause of Grumbling.

*Ther.* Thou grumblest and raillest every  
hour on Archilles; and thou art as full of  
envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at  
Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest  
at him.

*T. C.*, II: 1. 1112.

## —Embitters.

*Adam.* \* \*

O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

*A. Y.*, II: 3. 415.

## —Has a Memory.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you,  
Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
I cannot tell, what you and other men  
Think of this life: but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar: so were you:  
We both have fed as well; and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius,  
now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the  
word,

Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.  
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink."  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoul-  
der

The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves  
of Tyber

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man  
Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
A wretched creature, and must bend his  
body,

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did  
shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly;  
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe  
the world,

Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:  
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the  
Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Tinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
A man of such a feeble temper should  
So get the start of the majestic world,  
And bear the palm alone.

*J. C.*, I: 2. 1324.

#### —Its Bitterness.

*Orl.* \* \* But, O, how bitter a thing it  
is to look into happiness through another  
man's eyes!

*A. Y.*, V: 2. 434.

*Var. Serv.* \* \* Who can speak broader  
than he that has no house to put his head  
in? such may rail against great buildings.

*T. A.*, III: 4. 1300.

#### —National.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son; and from  
her blood raise up  
Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores  
look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness.

*H. V.*, V: 2. 856.

#### —Of Beauty.

*Iago.* \* \*  
He hath a daily beauty in his life,  
That makes me ugly.

*O.*, V: 1. 1526

#### —Sharper than Steel.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul,  
harsh Jew.  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal  
can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the  
keenness  
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce  
thee?

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 383.

#### —Sometimes Noble.

*Mar.* They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.  
I sin in envying his nobility:  
And were I anything but what I am,  
I would wish me only he.

*C.*, I: 1. 1152.

#### —Weeded Out.

*Auf.* O Marcius, Marcius,  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded  
from my heart  
A root of ancient envy.

*C.*, IV: 5. 1181.

#### —Wishes Death.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right;—  
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath  
them not  
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—  
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1203.

#### EPILEPSY.

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepsy;  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.  
*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear:  
The lethargy must have his quiet course:  
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he  
stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight.

*O.*, IV: 1. 1518.

#### EPITAPH.—A Cynic's.

*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:  
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture;  
which

With wax I brought away, whose soft im-  
pression

Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [*Reads.*]

Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:  
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked  
caitiffs left!

Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did  
hate:

Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not  
here thy gait.

*T. A.*, V: 5. 1316.

#### —Claudio's.

*Claud.* [*Reads.*]

"Done to death by slanderous tongues

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies:

So the life that died with shame

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb."

*M. A.*, V: 3. 254.



**EPITHETS.—Abundant.**

*Hel.* \* \*  
His humble ambition, proud humility,  
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,  
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world  
Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,  
That blinking Cupid gossips.

*A. W.*, I: 1. 497.

—**Varied.**

*Nath.* True, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least.

*L. L.*, IV: 2. 285.

**EQUALITY.—Inevitable.**

*Gwi.* Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
When neither are alive.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1618.

*K. Hen.* No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shows to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 841.

**EQUIVOCATOR.—Requires Care.**

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

*H.*, V: 1. 1430.

—**Taunted.**

*Port.* \* \* Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale.

*M.*, II: 3. 1365.

**ERROR.—Fatal.**

*Mes.* \* \*  
O hateful error, melancholy's child!  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O error, soon  
conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth.

*J. C.*, V: 3. 1350.

—**Supported by Text.**

*Bass.* \* \* In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?

*M. V.*, III: 2. 377.

**ESSENTIALS.—First, Details Next.**

*Leon.* Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 244.

**EUPHEMISM.—Commended.**

*Shal.* \* \* Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

*Bard.* Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated: That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 791.

—**For Crimes.**

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

*P. Hen.* Thou say'st well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 728.

—**For Illegitimacy.**

*Glo.* \* \* Had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed.

*K. L.*, I: 1. 1443.

**EVASION.—Safety Sought in.**

*Wor.* \* \*  
For, well you know, we of the offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;  
And stop all sight holes, every loop, from  
whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.

## —Worn Out.

*Clo.* \* \* "O Lord, sir:" I see things  
may serve long, but not serve ever.

*A. W.*, II: 2. 505.

**EVENING.—Described.**

1 *Mur.* \* \*

The west yet glimmers with some streaks  
of day:

Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
To gain the timely inn.

*M.*, III: 3. 1371.

**EVENTS.—Those Who Make Them.**

*Cæs.* \* \* High events as these  
Strike those that make them: and their  
story is

No less in pity, than his glory, which  
Brought them to be lamented.

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1582.

## —Unnatural.

*Alon.* These are not natural events;  
they strengthen  
From strange to stranger.

*T.*, V: 1. 33.

## —Worthy of a Holiday.

*K. Phi.* \* \*

To solemnize this day, the glorious sun  
Stays in his course, and plays the alche-  
mist;

Turning, with splendour of his precious  
eye,

The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
The yearly course, that brings this day  
about,

Shall never see it but a holiday.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 657.

**EVIDENCE.—Circumstantial.**

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any  
hand?—

We had a kind of light, what would ensue:  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand.

*K. J.*, IV: 3. 669.

**EVIL.—Aggravated by Words.**

*Hero.* \* \* One doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*M. A.*, III: 1. 238.

## —Doubled.

*Luc.* \* \*

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

*C. E.*, III: 2. 201.

## —Enduring.

*Ant.* \* \*

The evil, that men do, lives after them.

*J. C.*, III: 2. 1339.

## —Good in.

*K. Hen.* \* \* God Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things  
evil,

Would men observingly distil it out;

For our bad neighbour makes us early stir-  
rers,

Which is both healthful and good husbandry:  
Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
And preachers to us all; admonishing  
That we should dress us fairly for our end.  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 840.

## —Its Loss never Bewailed.

*Luc.* \* \*

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

*C. E.*, IV: 2. 205.

## —Out of Good.

*Pro.* \* \* And my trust,

Like a good parent, did beget of him

A falsehood, in its contrary as great

As my trust was.

*T.*, I: 2. 9.

## —Proclivity to.

*Claud.* \* \* Our natures do pursue  
(Like rats that ravin down their proper  
bane)

A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

*M. M.*, I: 2. 145.

## —Worst in Woman.

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend

So horrid, as in woman.

*K. L.*, IV: 2. 1472.

**EVILS.—But Little Choice of.**

*Fal.* To wake a wolf, is as bad as to  
smell a fox.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

## —Departing.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong  
disease,

Even in the instant of repair and health,

The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,

On their departure most of all show evil :  
What have you lost by losing of this day ?

*K. J., III: 4. 663.*

—Great, Their Remedies.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,  
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,  
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic: And what follows then?  
Commutations, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*H. VIII., V: 2. 1090.*

—Lesser, not Thought of.

*Leear.* Thou think'st 't is much, that this contentious storm  
Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,  
The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear;  
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the mind's free,  
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,  
For lifting food to 't?—But I will punish home:—  
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:  
In such a night as this! O Regan, Gone-ril!—  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all,—  
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
No more of that.

*K. L., III: 4. 1464.*

—Unavoidable.

*Cas.* I did not think, you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better:—  
Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!

*J. C., IV: 3. 1345.*

EXAGGERATION.—Bombastic.

*Pol.* \* \* And therefore, like a cipher,  
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply,  
With one we-thank-you, many thousands more

That go before it.

*W. T., I: 2. 581.*

*Sold.* \* \*

If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks.

*M., I: 1. 1357.*

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

\* \*

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

*P. Hen.* What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Hen.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Hen.* Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Hen.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

*P. Hen.* So, two more already.

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 740.

#### —Of Grief.

*Fath.* How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 5. 968.

#### EXAMPLE.—Bad, in War.

*Post.* \* \*

But by example, (O, a sin in war  
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' the hunters.

*Cym.*, V: 3. 1622.

#### —Followed.

1 *Goth.* \* \*

Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou  
lead'st,—

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields.

*Tit. And.*, V: 1. 1225.

#### —Influence of.

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had

a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

*Ham.* \* \*

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother.

*H.*, III: 4. 1419.

#### —Inspires.

*Bast.* \* \*

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the  
brow

Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the  
great,

Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.

Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field.

*K. J.*, V: 1. 671.

#### EXCELLENCE.—Incomparable.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in  
all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

*H.*, I: 2. 1395.

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and  
your lord,  
(The best feather of our wing.)

*Cym.*, I: 7. 1598.

#### —Of Character.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man; breath'd  
as it were,

To an untirable and continuat goodness.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1286.

#### EXCELLENCY.—It Paragons Description.

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd  
a maid

That paragons description, and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning  
pens,

And in the essential vesture of creation,  
Does bear all excellency.

*O.*, II: 1. 1500.



**EXCELSIOR.—Sign of Nobleness.**

*Glo.* My lord, 't is but a base ignoble  
mind  
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 915.*

*Glo.* And fearless minds climb soonest  
unto crowns.

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 7. 984.*

**EXCESS.**

*King.* \* \*

For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,  
Dies in his own too-much.

*H., IV: 7. 1428.*

**—Dangerous.**

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon  
him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night  
already,  
He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog.

*O., II: 3. 1504.*

**—Ridiculous.**

*Sal.* \* \*

To guard a title that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to  
garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*K. J., IV: 2. 665.*

*Claud.* \* \*

So every scope, by the immoderate use,  
Turns to restraint.

*M. M., I: 2. 145.*

**EXCUSE.—Early Found.**

*Bru.* \* \* And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these, and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow  
mischievous;  
And kill him in the shell.

*J. C., II: 1. 1329.*

**EXCUSES.—How Patched.**

*Cæs.* You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgment to me; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*A. C., II: 2. 1548.*

**—Vain When all are Dead.**

*The.* No epilogue, I pray you; for your  
play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for  
when the players are all dead, there need  
none to be blamed.

*M. N., V: 1. 345.*

**EXPECTATION.—Alive and Eager.**

*3 Gent.* \* \*

For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*O., II: 1. 1500.*

**—Bewildering Power.**

*Tro.* \* \* I do fear besides,  
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;  
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps  
The enemy flying.

*T. C., III: 2. 1121.*

**EXPECTATIONS.—False.**

*Biron.* *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle,  
reap'd no corn;  
And justice always whirls in equal measure.

*L. L., IV: 3. 291.*

**—Impatient.**

*The.* \* \* She lingers my desires,  
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*M. N., I: 1. 321.*

**—Unfounded.**

*Bard.* \* \* A cause on foot  
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
We see the appearing buds; which, to prove  
fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant, as de-  
spair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean  
to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the  
model;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then, but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist

To build at all? Much more in this great work,  
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
And set another up,) should we survey  
The plot of situation, and the model;  
Consent upon a sure foundation;  
Question surveyors; know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his opposite; or else,  
We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
Using the names of men, instead of men:  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it, who, half  
through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 3. 779.*

—Why Hidden.

*Chorus. \* \**

For now sits expectation in the air;  
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point.

*H. V., II: C. 824.*

EXPEDIENTS.—Base.

*Isab. \* \**

Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances.

*M. M., III: 1. 157.*

—Fertility in.

*Quin.* Well, it shall be so. But there  
is two things; that is, to bring the moon-  
light into a chamber: for you know Pyra-  
mus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

*Snug.* Doth the moon shine that night  
we play our play?

*Bot.* A calendar, a calendar! look in  
the almanac; find out moonshine, find out  
moonshine.

*Quin.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

*Bot.* Why, then may you leave a case-  
ment of the great chamber-window, where  
we play, open; and the moon may shine in  
at the casement.

*Quin.* Ay; or else one must come in  
with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say,  
he comes to disfigure, or to present, the  
person of moonshine. Then there is another  
thing: we must have a wall in the great  
chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says  
the story, did talk through the chink of a  
wall.

*Snug.* You can never bring in a wall. —  
What say you, Bottom?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present  
wall: and let him have some plaster, or  
some loam, or some rough-cast about him,  
to signify wall: or let him hold his fingers  
thus, and through that cranny shall Pyra-  
mus and Thisby whisper.

*M. N., III: 1. 330.*

—In Extremity.

*Mar.* Sit down, sweet niece;—brother,  
sit down by me. —

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,  
Inspire me, that I may this treason find! —  
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:  
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou  
canst,

This after me, when I have writ my name  
Without the help of any hand at all.

*Tit. And., IV: 1. 1219.*

EXPERIENCE.—A Costly Jewel.

*Ford. \* \** Unless experience be a  
jewel; that I have purchased at an infinite  
rate.

*M. W., II: 2. 99.*

—Disproves Report.

*Imo. \* \**

Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!  
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the  
dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

*Cym., IV: 2. 1615.*

—Perfected by Time.

*Ant. \* \**

Experience is by industry achiev'd,  
And perfected by the swift course of time.

*T. G., I: 3. 51.*

EXPLANATION.—Offered.

*Des. \* \**

To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

*O., I: 3. 1497.*

EXPOSTULATION.—From those We Love.

*Const.* If thou, that bidd'st me be con-  
tent, wert grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,

Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending  
marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content;  
For then I should not love thee; no, nor  
thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a  
crown.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 657.

**EXPULSION.—Ignominious.**

*Ant.* \* \* I cannot tell, good sir, for  
which of his virtues it was, but he was cer-  
tainly whipped out of the court.

*W. T.*, IV: 2. 600.

**EXTENUATION.—Sometimes Aggra-  
vates.**

*Pem.* \* \*

*Ant.*, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,  
Doth make the fault the worse by the ex-  
cuse;

As patches, set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 666.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls  
out

To have what we would have, we speak not  
what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 155.

**EXTERMINATION.—Utter.**

*Char.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell  
our prison is.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

**EXTRAVAGANCE.—In Rulers Worse  
than War.**

*Willo.* And daily new exactions are de-  
vis'd;

As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not  
what:

But what, o' God's name, doth become of  
this?

*North.* Wars have not wasted it, for  
warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise  
That which his ancestors achiev'd with  
blows:

More hath he spent in peace, than they in  
wars.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 695.

**—Must be Checked.**

*Flav.* No care, no stop! so senseless of  
expense,  
That he will neither know how to maintain  
it,

Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no ac-  
count

How things go from him; no reserve, no  
care

Of what is to continue: Never mind

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

What shall be done? He will not hear, till  
feel:

I must be round with him, now he comes  
from hunting.

*T. A.*, II: 2. 1294.

**—Of a Lover.**

*Dem.* O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect,  
divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine  
eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting  
grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus'  
snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a  
crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand. O, let me  
kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of  
bliss!

*M. N.*, III: 2. 334.

**EXTREMITIES.—Presage of Deliver-  
ance.**

*North.* Not so; even through the hol-  
low eyes of death,

I spy life peering; but I dare not say  
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

*Willo.* Nay, let us share thy thoughts,  
as thou dost ours.

*Ross.* Be confident to speak, Northum-  
berland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,  
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore,  
be bold.

*North.* \* \*

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd  
crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's  
guilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,  
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg :  
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,  
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

*R. II., II: 1. 695.*

—Should Blend Policy with Honor

*Vol.* You are too absolute ;  
 Though therein you can never be too noble,  
 But when extremities speak. I have heard  
 you say,  
 Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,  
 I' the war do grow together: Grant that,  
 and tell me,  
 In peace, what each of them by th' other  
 lose,  
 That they combine not there.

\* \*

If it be honour, in your wars, to seem  
 The same you are not, (which, for your  
 best ends  
 You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or  
 worse,  
 That it shall hold companionship in peace  
 With honour, as in war; since that to both  
 It stands in like request?

*C., III: 2. 1173.*

**EXTREMITY.—Demands Courage.**

*Q. Mar. \* \**

What though the mast be now blown over-  
 board,  
 The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,  
 And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?  
 Yet lives our pilot still: Is 't meet, that he  
 Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful  
 lad,  
 With tearful eyes add water to the sea,  
 And give more strength to that which hath  
 too much?

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 4. 989.*

—Frantic Ravings in.

*K. Rich.* A horse! a horse! my king-  
 dom for a horse!

*Cate.* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you  
 to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon  
 a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die:  
 I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;  
 Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—  
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

*R. III., V: 4. 1047.*

—Help in, Implored.

*Mar. \* \**

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—  
 If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Tit. And., II: 4. 1212.*

—Its Resources.

*Q. Mar. \* \**

Say, Warwick was our anchor: What of  
 that?  
 And Montague our top-mast: What of him?  
 Our slaughter'd friends the tackles: What  
 of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?  
 And Somerset another goodly mast?  
 The friends of France our shrouds and tack-  
 lings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I  
 For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 4. 989.*

*Tit. \* \**

For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;  
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by  
 wave,  
 Expecting ever when some envious surge  
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

*Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.*

—Seldom Reached.

*Old Man.* 'T is poor mad Tom.  
*Edg.* And worse I may be yet: The  
 worst is not,

So long as we can say, "This is the worst."

*K. L., IV: 1. 1471.*

—The True Test.

*Cor.* Come, leave your tears; a brief  
 farewell:—the beast  
 With many heads butts me away—Nay,  
 mother,  
 Where is your ancient courage? you were  
 us'd  
 To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;  
 That common chances common men could  
 bear;  
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
 Show'd mastership in floating: fortune's  
 blows,



When most struck home, being gentle-minded, craves

A noble cunning: you were us'd to load me  
With precepts, that would make invincible  
The heart that conn'd them.

*C.*, IV: 1. 1177.

### EYE.—A Leering.

*Biron.* \* \*

You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye,  
Wounds like a leaden sword.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 299.

### —All the Senses in.

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours do make  
their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough  
desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print  
impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride expressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not  
see,

Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to  
be;

All senses to that sense did make their re-  
pair,

To feel only looking on fairest of fair:

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his  
eye,

As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;  
Who, tend'ring their own worth, from

whence they were glass'd,

Did point out to buy them, along as you  
pass'd.

*L. L.*, II: 1. 279.

*K. Rich.* Uncle, even in the glasses of  
thine eyes

I see thy grieved heart.

*R. II.*, I: 3. 690.

### —Emulating a Diamond.

*Fal.* Let the court of France show me  
such another. I see how thine eye would  
emulate the diamond.

*M. W.*, III: 3. 105.

### —Its Power.

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it  
sounds a parley of provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks  
right modest.

*Iago.* And, when she speaks, is it not an  
alarm to love?

*O.*, II: 3. 1504.

### —Its Power not Known.

*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself  
(That most pure spirit of sense) behold it-  
self,

Not going from itself; but eye to eye op-  
pos'd

Salutes each other with each other's form.

For speculation turns not to itself,

Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there

Where it may see itself: this is not strange  
at all.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1124.

### —More Perilous than Sword.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in  
thine eye,

Than twenty of their swords; look thou but  
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

*R. J.*, II: 2. 1251.

### EYEBROWS.—Blue.

*Mam.* \* \*

What colour are your eyebrows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mam.* Nay, that 's a mock; I have seen  
a lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

*W. T.*, II: 1. 587.

### EYES.—A Sign of Rage.

*Suf.* \* \*

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten  
flint.

*H. VI.*, 2pt., III: 2. 930.

### —And Ears.

*Hect.* \* \*

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous  
shores

Of will and judgment.

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1114.

### —Closed with Tears.

*Fal.* \* \*

For tears do stop the flood-gate of her eyes.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

## —Dimmed in Death.

*War.* \* \*

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with  
death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid day-sun,  
To search the secret treasons of the world.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 2. 988.

## —Evil.

*Pol.*

How caught of me?

Make me not sighted like the basilisk.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 585.

## —Fiery.

*Q. Mar.* \* \*

Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-  
hounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful  
hands,  
Are at our backs; and therefore hence  
amain.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 5. 969.

## —Green.

*This.* \* \*

His eyes were green as leeks.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 345.

## —Killing.

*K. Hen.* \* \* Come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 2. 927.

## —Made to Look.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look,  
and let them gaze;

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

*R. J.*, III: 1. 1259.

## —More than the Tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace  
of tongues

Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not,  
Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine  
eyes;

Though to no use, but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*K. J.*, IV: 1. 665.

## —Of Fire.

*Mowb.* \* \*

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights  
of steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them to-  
gether.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 1796.

## —Red.

*Bast.* \* \*

(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 667.

## —Their Power.

*Ham.* \* \*

An eye like Mars, to threaten and com-  
mand.

*H.*, III: 4. 1419.*Men.* \* \*

He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye.

*C.*, V: 5. 1191.*Hel.* \* \*

Your eyes are load-stars.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 323.

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner;  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine  
eye;

'T is pretty sure, and very probable,  
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest  
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, mur-  
derers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them  
kill thee;

Now counterfeit to swoond; why, now fall  
down;

Or, if thou can'st not, O, for shame, for  
shame!

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made  
in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there re-  
mains

Some scar of it; lean upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure  
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now  
mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*A. Y., III: 5. 427.*

—Waxing Dim.

*Mor. \* \**

These eyes, — like lamps whose wasting oil  
is spent, —

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:

Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning  
grief;

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine  
That droops his sapless branches to the  
ground.

*H. VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 876.*

—Woman's.

*Biron. \* \**

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;  
And study too, the causer of your vow:  
For where is any author in the world,  
Teaches such learning as a woman's eye?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
And where we are, our learning likewise is.  
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
With ourselves  
Do we not likewise see our learning there?  
\* \*

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the  
world;

Else, none at all in aught proves excellent:  
Then fools you were these women to for-  
swear.

*L. L., IV: 3. 290.*

## F

### FACE.

*Lady M. \* \**

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where  
men

May read strange matters.

*M., I: 5. 1361.*

—A February.

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, Benedick:

Why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,

So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

*M. A., V: 4. 255.*

—A Good.

*K. Hen. \* \**

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.*

—A Hairy.

*Bot. \* \** I must to the barber's, mon-  
sieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy  
about the face; and I am such a tender ass,  
if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

*M. N., IV: 1. 338.*

—A Red.

*Fal. \* \** If thou wert any way given  
to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my  
oath should be, By this fire: but thou art  
altogether given over; and wert indeed, but  
for the light in thy face, the son of utter  
darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill  
in the night to catch my horse, if I did not  
think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a  
ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in  
money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph,  
an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast  
saved me a thousand marks in links and  
torches, walking with thee in the night be-  
twixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that  
thou hast drunk me, would have bought me  
lights as good cheap, at the dearest chand-  
ler's in Europe. I have maintained that sala-  
mander of yours with fire, any time this  
two-and-thirty years: Heaven reward me  
for it!

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 749.*

—A Tell-Tale.

*Des. \* \**

For, if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,  
I have no judgment in an honest face.

*O., III: 3. 1510.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a  
title-leaf,  
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume :  
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious  
flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 774.*

—An Index to the Mind.

*North.* \* \* And the whiteness in thy  
cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 774.*

*Dun.* There's no art,  
To find the mind's construction in the face :  
He was a gentleman on whom I built  
An absolute trust.

*M., I: 4. 1360.*

—Cannot Express Great Sorrow.

*K. Rich.* \* \*  
Give me that glass, and therein will I read.  
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow  
struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,  
And made no deeper wounds?—O, flatter-  
ing glass,  
Like to my followers in prosperity,  
Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the  
face,  
That every day under his household roof  
Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the  
face,  
That, like the sun, did make beholders  
wink?

Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,  
And was at last out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?  
A brittle glory shineth in this face :  
As brittle as the glory is the face ;

[*Dashes the Glass against the ground.*  
For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.  
Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport, —  
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my  
face.

*Boling.* The shadow of your sorrow  
hath destroy'd  
The shadow of your face.

*K. Rich.* Say that again.  
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see ;  
'T is very true, my grief lies all within ;  
And these external manners of lament

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,  
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul ;  
There lies the substance ; and I thank thee,  
king,  
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st  
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way  
How to lament the cause.

*R. II., IV: 1. 110.*

—Hides Wrong Doing.

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :  
False face must hide what the false heart  
doth know.

*M., I: 7. 1363*

—Its Value.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll  
take my chance :  
Your face hath got five hundred pounds a  
year.

*K. J., I: 1. 648.*

FACES.—Of Criminals.

*Macb.* \* \*  
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;  
Present him eminence, both with eye and  
tongue :  
Unsafe the while, that we  
Must lave our honours in these flattering  
streams ;  
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
Disguising what they are.

*M., III: 2. 1370.*

—Women's, False.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatso-  
e'er their hands are.  
*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman  
has a true face.

*A. C., II: 6. 1555.*

FAILURE.—No Ground for Distrust.

*Char.* We have been guided by thee  
hitherto,  
And of thy cunning had no diffidence ;  
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

*H. VI., 1 pt., III: 3. 882.*

—Sweeping.

*Bass.* \* \*  
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one  
hit?



From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
Of merchant-marring rocks?

*M. V., III: 2. 379.*

**FAIRIES.—Laid under Tribute.**

*Tita.* Be kind and courteous to this  
gentleman;  
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;  
Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;  
With purple grapes, green figs, and mul-  
berries;  
The honey bags steal from the humble-bees,  
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen  
thighs,  
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's  
eyes,  
To have my love to bed, and to arise;  
And pluck the wings from painted butter-  
flies,  
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping  
eyes:  
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

*M. N., III: 1. 332.*

**—Their Business.**

*Pro.* Thou dost! and think'st it much to  
tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep;  
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;  
To do me business in the veins o' th' earth,  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*T., I: 2. 11.*

**—Their Homes.**

*Ari.*  
Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry;  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily:  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

*T., V: 1. 31.*

**—Their Vocation.**

*Anne.* Fairies, black, grey, green, and  
white,  
You moonshine revellers, and shades of  
night,  
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,  
Attend your office and your quality.  
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.

*Pist.* Elves, list your names; silence,  
you airy toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou  
leap:

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and  
hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:  
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

*Fal.* They are fairies; he that speaks to  
them shall die:

I'll wink and couch: no man their works  
must eye.

*Eva.* Where's Bead?—Go you, and  
where you find a maid,

That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers  
said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy,  
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But those as sleep and think not on their  
sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders,  
sides, and shins.

*Anne.* About, about;

Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and  
out:

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred  
room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,  
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;  
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour  
With juice of balm, and every precious  
flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and sev'ral crest,  
With loyal blazon evermore be bless'd!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,  
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:

Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,  
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And, *Hony, soit qui mal y pense*, write,  
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and  
white:

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,  
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending  
knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

*M. W., V: 5. 118.*

**—Their Wanderings.**

*Puck.* How now, spirit! whither wander  
you?

*Fai.* Over hill, over dale,

Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moon's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green:  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:

I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.  
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone;  
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

*M. N.*, I: 2. 325.

#### FAIRY.—A Mischievous One.

*Fai.* \* \* Are you not he,  
That frights the maidens of the villagere;—  
Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the  
quern;  
And bootless make the breathless housewife  
churn;  
And sometime make the drink to bear no  
barm;  
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their  
harm?  
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet  
Puck,  
You do their work, and they shall have good  
luck:

Are you not he?

*Puck.* Thou speak'st aright;  
I am that merry wanderer of the night.  
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,  
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,  
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:  
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,  
In very likeness of a roasted crab;  
And, when she drinks, against her lips I  
bob,

And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.  
The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,  
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;  
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she;  
And "Tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;  
And then the whole quire hold their hips and  
loffe,  
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and  
swear

A merrier hour was never wasted there.

*M. N.*, II: 1. 325.

#### FAITH.—Broken, Ground of Distrust.

*Q. Eliz.* \* \*

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,  
(For trust not him that hath once broken  
faith,)

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,  
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;  
There shall I rest secure from force, and  
fraud.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 4. 982.

#### —Inviolable.

*Flo.* It cannot fail, but by

The violation of my faith: And then  
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth to-  
gether,

And mar the seeds within!

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 606.

#### —Relation to Need.

*Const.* O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle,—  
That faith would live again by death of  
need;

O, then, tread down my need, and faith  
mounts up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden  
down.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 659.

#### FAITHLESS.—Not to be Trusted.

*Ther.* That same Diomed's a false-  
hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I  
will no more trust him when he leers, than  
I will a serpent when he hisses: he will  
spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler  
the hound; but when he performs, astrono-  
mers foretell it: it is prodigious, there will  
come some change; the sun borrows of the  
moon, when Diomed keeps his word.

*T. C.*, V: 1. 1136.

#### FALLS.—Some Fortunate.

*Luc.* \* \* Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes;  
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1619.

#### FALSEHOOD.—Cured by Falsehood.

*Pand.* \* \*

And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools  
fire,

Within the scorched veins of one new  
burn'd.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 659.

## —Defending.

*War.* Can Oxford, that did ever fence  
the right,  
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III : 3. 976.

## —Shameless.

*Leon.* \* \* As you were past all shame,  
(Those of your fact are so,) so past all  
truth.

*W. T.*, III : 2. 594.

## —The Heart of.

*Cres.* \* \* When they have said—as  
false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of  
falsehood,  
As false as Cressid.

*T. C.*, III : 3. 1123.

## —Used as Bait.

*Pol.* \* \* Look you, sir,  
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who, what means, and where  
they keep.

What company, at what expense; and find-  
ing,

By this encompassment and drift of ques-  
tion,

That they do know my son, come you more  
nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it:  
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowl-  
edge of him;

As thus,—“I know his father, and his  
friends,

And, in part, him.” \* \*

“And, in part him;—but,” you may say,  
“not well:

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;  
Addicted so and so;”—and there put on  
him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so  
rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;  
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,  
As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty.

\* \* But breathe his faults so quaintly,  
That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general assault.

\* \*

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of  
truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
With windlances, and with assays of bias,  
By indirections find directions out.

*H.*, II : 1. 1401.

## —With Goodly Outside.

*Ant.* \* \*

A goodly apple rotten at the heart;  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

*M. V.*, I : 3. 366.

## FAME.—Date Outlived.

*Tit.* \* \*

Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Tit. And.*, I : 2. 1203.

## —Deeds Worthily of.

*Fal.* \* \* To the which course if I be  
enforced, if you do not all show like gilt  
two-pences to me; and I, in the clear sky  
of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full  
moon doth the cinders of the element.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV : 3. 799.

*Com.* If I should tell thee o'er this thy  
day's work,

Thou 'lt not believe thy deeds; but I'll re-  
port it,

Where senators shall mingle tears with  
smiles;

Where great patricians shall attend, and  
shrug,

I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be  
frighted,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the  
dull Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine  
honours,

Shall say, against their hearts,—“We thank  
the gods,

Our Rome hath such a soldier!”

*C.*, I : 9. 1158.

## —Demands no Tears.

*All.* \* \*

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Tit. And.*, I : 2. 1206.

## —Dependent on Achievement.

*Ulyss.* \* \*

When fame shall in our islands sound her  
trump;  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping  
sing, —

“Great Hector’s sister did Achilles win;  
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.”

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.

## —Eternal.

*Prince.* \* \*

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

*R. III.*, III: 1. 1020.

*Luc.* \* \* Julius Cæsar (whose re-  
membrance yet

Lives in men’s eyes; and will to ears, and  
tongues,

Be theme and hearing ever.)

*Cym.*, III: 1. 1604.

## —Not Posthumous.

*Bene.* \* \* If a man do not erect in  
this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall  
live no longer in monuments than the bells  
ring, and the widow weeps.

*M. A.*, V: 2. 253.

## —Posthumous.

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in  
their lives,

Live register’d upon our brazen tombs,  
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;  
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,  
Th’ endeavour of this present breath may  
buy

That honour, which shall bate his scythe’s  
keen edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.

*L. L.*, I: 1. 271.

## —Should be Unlimited.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Either our history shall, with full mouth,  
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,  
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless  
mouth,

Not worshipp’d with a waxen epitaph.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 823.

## —Undesirable.

1 *Sen.* Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to  
hear

What you have nobly done.

*Cor.* Your honours’ pardon  
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
Than hear say how I got them.

*Bru.* Sir, I hope,

My words dis-bench’d you not.

*Cor.* No, sir: yet oft,

When blows have made me stay, I fled from  
words.

You sooth’d not, therefore hurt not: But,  
your people,

I love them as they weigh.

*Men.* Pray now, sit down.

*Cor.* I had rather have one scratch my  
head i’ the sun,

When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
To hear my nothings monster’d.

*Men.* Masters o’ the people,

Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,  
(That’s thousand to one good one,) when  
you now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for  
honour,

Than one of his ears to hear it?

*C.*, II: 2. 1163.FAMILIARITY.—Should not be  
Vulgar.

*Pol.* Be thou familiar, but by no means  
vulgar.

*H.*, I: 3. 1397.

## —With Horror.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of  
fears:

The time has been, my senses would have  
cool’d

To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir

As life were in’t: I have supp’d full with  
horrors;

Direness, familiar to my slaught’rous  
thoughts,

Cannot once start me.

*M.*, V: 5. 1383.

## FAMINE.—Creates Valor.

*Imo.* \* \* Yet famine,

Ere clean it o’erthrow nature, makes it  
valiant.

*Cym.*, III: 6. 1612.

## —Its Conquering Power.

*Alen.* \* \*

Either they must be dieted like mules,



And have their provender tied to their mouths,  
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 866.*

—Its Horrors.

*Cle. \* \**

Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,

Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;  
Those mothers who, to nouse up their babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife

Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;

Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.

Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*P., I: 4. 1647.*

**FANCY.—Fantastical.**

*Duke. \* \** So full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is high-fantastical.

*T. N., I: 1. 540.*

—Its Source.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?  
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies:  
Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.  
Ding, dong, bell.

*M. V., III: 2. 377.*

—Overleaps Impediments.

*Ber. \* \**

As all impediments in fancy's course  
Are motives of more fancy.

*A. W., V: 3. 528.*

—Wavering.

*Duke. \* \**

Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,

Than women's are.

*T. N., II: 4. 550.*

**FAREWELL.—Between Brutus and Cassius.**

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome:  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work, the ides of March begun;

And whether we shall meet again, I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*J. C., V: 1. 1349.*

**FASCINATION.—Of Danger.**

*Hor.* What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,

And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

*H., I: 4. 1399.*

**FASHION.—Its Knight.**

*Biron.* Armado is a most illustrious wight,

A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

*L. L., I: 1. 273.*

—Its Power.

*Bora.* Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

\* \* How giddily 'a turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty.

*M. A., III: 3. 241.*

## —Men Take no Interest in.

*Bora.* That shows thou art unconfirm'd.  
Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet,  
or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

*Con.* Yes, it is apparel.

*Bora.* I mean, the fashion.

*Con.* Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

*M. A., III: 3. 241.*

## —Wearisome in its Changes.

*Bora.* \* \* Sometime, fashioning them  
like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting;  
sometime, like god Bel's priests in  
the old church-window; sometime, like the  
shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-  
eaten tapestry. \* \*

*Con.* All this I see; and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man.

*M. A., III: 3. 241.*

## FASHIONS.—Influence of French.

*Cham.* Is it possible, the spells of France  
should juggle

Men into such strange mysteries?

*Sands.* New customs,

Though they be never so ridiculous,

Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our  
English

Have got by the late voyage, is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd  
ones;

For when they hold them, you would swear  
directly,

Their very noses had been counsellors

To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They have all new legs, and  
lame ones; one would take it,

That never saw them pace before, the  
spavin,

A springhalt reign'd among them.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,

Their clothes are after such a pagan cut  
too,

That, sure, they have worn out Christen-  
dom.

*H. VIII., I: 3. 1062.*

## FASTING.—Engenders Maladies.

*Biron.* \* \*

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too  
young,

And abstinence engenders maladies.

*L. L., IV: 3. 290.*

## FATE.—In Our Own Hands.

*Cas.* \* \*

Men at some time are masters of their fates:  
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

*J. C., I: 2. 1324.*

## —Not to be Resisted.

*Ham.* \* \*

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our dear plots do fail: and that  
should teach us,  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*H., V: 2. 1432.*

*Ol.* \* \*

Fate, show thy force. Ourselves we do not  
owe;

What is decreed must be; and be this so!

*T. N., I: 5. 547.*

*K. Edw.* What fates impose, that men  
must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 3. 981.*

## —Read in the Destiny of Others.

*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow:  
methinks he hath no drowning mark  
upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.  
Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging!  
make the rope of his destiny our cable,  
for our own doth little advantage! If  
he be not born to be hang'd, our case is  
miserable.

*T., I: 1. 7.*

## FATHER.—A God to a Daughter.

*The.* What say you, Hermia? Be advis'd,  
fair maid:

To you your father should be as a god;

One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and  
one

To whom you are but as a form in wax,

By him imprinted, and within his power

To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

*M. N., I: 1. 321.*

## —Anxiety of His Sons.

*Tal.* O young John Talbot! I did send  
for thee,

To tutor thee in stratagems of war;

That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,

When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,

Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.  
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—  
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,  
A terrible and unavoided danger:

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest  
horse,

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape  
By sudden flight: come, dally not, begone.

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 5. 888.*

—Curse of a.

*Shep.* \* \*

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the  
time

Of thy nativity! I would, the milk  
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst  
her breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!  
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs-a-  
field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!  
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?  
O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good.

*H. VI., 1 pt., V: 4. 895.*

—Disowned.

*Shep.* Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's  
heart outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,  
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,  
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?  
Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die  
with thee!

*Puc.* Decrepit miser! base ignoble  
wretch!

I am descended of a gentler blood;  
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

\* \*

*Shep:* Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so  
obstacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;  
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:  
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Joan.

*Puc.* Peasant, avaunt!—You have sub-  
orn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

*H. VI., 1 pt., V: 4. 895.*

—The Care of.

*Cor.* \* \* I know you what you are;  
And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well  
our father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him:  
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace.

*K. L., I: 1. 1446.*

—The most Honored Guest.

*Pol.* Methinks, a father

Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest  
That best becomes the table.

\* \*

The father (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*W. T., IV: 3. 605.*

**FATNESS — Admired.**

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that  
are fat;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'  
nights:

Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are danger-  
ous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dan-  
gerous; He is a noble Roman, and well  
given.

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter:—But I  
fear him not.

*J. C., I: 2. 1325.*

—Cannot Rob Death.

*P. Hen.* \* \*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this  
flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spared a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray:—  
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 761.*

—In a Kitchen Wench.

*Dro. S.* Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-  
wench, and all grease; and I know not what  
use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her,  
and run from her by her own light. I war-  
rant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will  
burn a Poland winter: if she lives till dooms-  
day, she'll burn a week longer than the  
whole world.

*C. E., III: 2. 202.*

—Lards the Earth.

*P. Hen.* \* \* Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.

*H. IV., 1 pt., II: 2. 736.*

**FAULT.—Men Moulded out of.**

*Mari.* Isabel,  
Sweet Isabel! do yet but kneel by me;  
Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak  
all.  
They say best men are moulded out of  
faults;  
And, for the most, become much more the  
better  
For being a little bad: so may my husband.

*M. M.*, V: 1. 175.

**FAULTS.—Abstract of All.**

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and hence-  
forth know,  
It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
One great competitor: From Alexandria  
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and  
wastes  
The lamps of night in revel: is not more  
manlike  
Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
More womanly than he: hardly gave au-  
dience, or  
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You  
shall find there  
A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*A. C.*, I: 4. 1545.

**—Freedom from.**

*Iago.* \* \* I confess, it is my nature's  
plague  
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not.

*O.*, III: 3. 1511.

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would  
seem to be,  
From our faults, as faults from seeming,  
free!

*M. M.*, III: 2. 160.

**—Hereditary.**

*Lep.* I must not think, there  
are  
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of  
heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot  
change,  
Than what he chooses.

*A. C.*, I: 4. 1545.

**—Increased by Mending.**

*Pem.* When workmen strive to do better  
than well,  
They do confound their skill in covetous-  
ness:  
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,  
Doth make the fault the worse by the ex-  
cuse;  
As patches, set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 666.

**—Lead to Shame.**

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plaited cun-  
ning hides;  
Who cover faults, at last shame them de-  
rides.

*K. L.*, I: 1. 1446.

**FAWNING.—Fatal with the Noble.**

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most  
puissant Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart:—

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These crouchings, and these lowly court-  
esies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;  
And turn pre-ordination, and first decree,  
Into the law of children. Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools; I mean,  
sweet words,

Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel  
fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished;  
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for  
him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

*J. C.*, III: 1. 1335.

**FEAR.—A Fat Man's.**

*P. Hen.* Got with much ease. Now  
merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd  
with fear

So strongly, that they dare not meet each  
other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,



And lards the lean earth as he walks along :  
Wer 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*H. IV.*, 1. pt., II : 2. 736.

—A Hell.

*Iach.* \* \* I lodge in fear ;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

*Cym.*, II : 2. 1599.

—A Violent Sea.

*Rosse.* \* \* I dare not speak much  
further :  
But cruel are the times, when we are  
traitors,  
And do not know ourselves ; when we hold  
rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we  
fear ;  
But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
Each way, and move.

*M.*, IV : 2. 1377.

—An Accursed Passion.

*Bur.* I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not  
there ;  
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.  
*Puc.* Of all base passions, fear is most  
accurs'd.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., V : 2. 892.

—Betrays Itself.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff !  
This is the very painting of your fear :  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you  
said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and  
starts,  
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become  
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam.

*M.*, III : 4. 1372.

—Buried in Death.

*Exton.* Great king, within this coffin I  
present  
Thy buried fear ; herein all breathless lies  
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies.

*R. II.*, V : 6. 718.

—Causes Defeat and Death.

*Car.* My lord, wise men ne'er wail their  
present woes,  
But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresseseth  
strength.

Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your  
foe,

And so your follies fight against yourself.  
Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to  
fight ;

And fight and die, is death destroying death ;  
Where fearing dying, pays death servile  
breath.

*R. II.*, III : 2. 702.

—Cowardly.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red  
thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?  
Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of  
thine  
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers,  
why-face ?

*M.*, V : 3. 1382.

—Disclaimed.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear ?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;  
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself ?

*H.*, I : 4. 1399.

*Macb.* \* \* Then fly, false thanes,  
And mingle with the English epicures :  
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with  
fear.

*M.*, V : 3. 1382.

—Disowned.

*Cæs.* \* \*  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.

*J. C.*, I : 2. 1325.

—Distills to Jelly.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gen-  
tlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
In the dead waist and middle of the night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your  
father,  
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pe,  
Appears before them, and, with solemn  
march,  
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he  
walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,  
distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

*H.*, I: 2. 1395.

—Fed by Rumors.

*Bast.* How I have sped among the cler-  
gymen,

The sums I have collected shall express.  
But, as I travelled hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumors, full of idle dreams;  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 667.

—How to Inspire.

*Con.* This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,  
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their  
march;

For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
And for achievement, offer us his ransom.

*H. V.*, III: 5. 835.

—Inseparable from Wrong.

*Dion.* Be one of those, that think  
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how cow'd a spirit.

*P.*, IV: 4. 1662.

—Inspiration in Flight.

*Tro.* \* \*

Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds  
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
The very wings of reason to his heels;  
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,  
Or like a star dis-orb'd?

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1114.

—Its Blanching Power.

*K. Hen.* \* \* Why, how now, gentle-  
men,

What see you in those papers, that you lose  
So much complexion?—look ye, how they  
change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read  
you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your  
blood  
Out of appearance?

*H. V.*, II: 2. 827.

—Its Blinding Power.

*Tro.* Fears make devils cherubims; they  
never see truly.

*Cres.* Blind fear that seeing reason leads,  
finds safer footing than blind reason stum-  
bling without fear: To fear the worst, oft  
cures the worst.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1121.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I wish,  
forbear;

In time we hate that which we often fear.

*A. C.*, I: 3. 1543.

—Its Rooting Power.

*Wal.* \* \* If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd  
at,

We should take root here where we sit, or  
sit

State statues only.

*H. VIII.*, I: 2. 1060.

—Its Sign.

*Queen.* \* \*

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end.

*H.*, III: 4. 1419.

—Kills with its Look.

*Sir To.* \* \* This will so fright them  
both, that they will kill one another by the  
look, like cockatrices.

*T. N.*, III: 4. 560.

—Makes the Heart Beat.

*Tro.* \* \*

My heart beats thicker than a feverous  
pulse;

And all my powers do their bestowing lose,  
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring  
The eye of majesty.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1121.

—Of Death.

*Her.* \* \*

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die?

*W. T.*, III: 2. 594.

## —Of the Reputed Brave.

*Hect. \* \**

There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out—"Who knows what  
follows?"  
Than Hector is.

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1113.

## —Reads Results in the Eyes.

*North. \* \**

He, that but fears the thing he would not  
know,  
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others'  
eyes,  
That what he fear'd is chanced.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

## —Some never Inspire it.

*Bot. \* \** Ladies, or fair ladies, I  
would wish you, or I would request you,  
or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to  
tremble: my life for yours. If you think  
I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my  
life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man  
as other men are: and there, indeed, let  
him name his name, and tell them plainly  
he is Snug the joiner.

*M. N.*, III: 1. 330.

## —Transient.

*K. Rich. \* \**

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;  
An easy task it is, to win our own.—  
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his  
power?  
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be  
sour.

*R. II.*, III: 2. 702.

## —Troops Defeated by.

*Tal.* My thoughts are whirled like a  
potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do:  
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,  
Drives back our troops, and conquers as  
she lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome  
stench,  
Are from their hives, and houses, driven  
away.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 5. 871.

## —Unkingly.

*Bast. \* \**

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

*K. J.*, V: 1. 671.

## —Unknown in Scotland.

*Doug.* As heart can think: there is not  
such a word

Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.

## FEARLESSNESS.—Of Malignity.

*Aar. \* \**

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,  
As willingly as one would kill a fly;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Tit. And.*, V: 2. 1227.

## FEARS.—Horrible Imaginings Worse.

*Macb. \* \**

This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I amthane of  
Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:

My thought, whose murder yet is but fan-  
tastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man, that  
function

Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,  
But what is not.

*M.*, I: 3. 1360.

## —Traitors to Us.

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have the advan-  
tage of the ground;  
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but  
The villany of our fears.

*Cym.*, V: 2. 1622.

*L. Macd.* What had he done to make  
him fly the land?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, madam.*L. Macd.* He had none:

His flight was madness: when our actions  
do not,

Our fears do make us traitors.

*M.*, IV: 2. 1376.

**FEAST.—A Costly one.**

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper: she replied,  
It should be better, he became her guest;  
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman  
heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*A. C., II: 2. 1550.*

**FEIGNING.—An Actor's, Perfect.**

*Glo.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake,  
and change thy colour?  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word, —  
And then again begin, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;  
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.

*R. III., III: 5. 1025.*

**FELLOW.—Some Things Have no.**

*Lov.* \* \*  
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

*H. VIII., I: 3. 1063.*

**FEROCITY.—Women's, in War.**

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set down  
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came  
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was—that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
And a thousand of his people butchered;  
Upon whose dead corps there was such misuse,

Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be,  
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 1. 727.*

**FEUDS.—Family, Condemned.**

*Prin.* \* \*

Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;

And made Verona's ancient citizens  
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,  
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,  
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:

If ever you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.  
For this time, all the rest depart away:  
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;  
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,  
To know our further pleasure in this case,  
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

*R. J., I: 1. 1242.*

**—International, Healed.**

*K. Hen.* \* \* Give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up

Issue to me: that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores  
look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord

In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*H. V., V: 2. 556.*

**—Opposition to.**

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partizans! strike!  
beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

*R. J., I: 1. 1242.*



**FICKLENESS.—In Love. (See Chastity.)**

*Beat.* \* \* He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block.

*M. A.*, I: 1. 226.

*Fri.* Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,  
So soon forsaken? young men's love then  
flies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.  
*Jesu Maria!* what a deal of brine  
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!  
How much salt water thrown away in waste,  
To season love, that of it doth not taste!  
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven  
clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;  
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit  
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:  
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes  
thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;  
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then—

Woman may fall, when there's no strength  
in men.

*R. J.*, II: 3. 1254.

*Pro.* \* \* \*

O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

*T. G.*, I: 3. 51.

**FIDELITY.—Asks no Reward. (See Constancy.)**

*Ari.* I prithee

Remember I have done thee worthy service,  
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings,  
serv'd

Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou  
didst promise

To bate me a full year.

*T.*, I: 2. 11.

**—Avowed.**

*Vol.* I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own; that am, have, and  
will be.

Though all the world should crack their  
duty to you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils  
did

Abound, as thick as thought could make  
them, and

Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1079.

**—Conjugal.**

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable  
wife;

As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*J. C.*, II: 1. 1332.

**—Has Memory.**

*Lady P.* \* \* So came I a widow;  
And never shall have length of life enough,  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as  
heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., II: 3. 785.

**—In Misfortune.**

*K. Rich.* Thanks, noble peer,  
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.  
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,  
Where no man never comes, but that sad  
dog

That brings me food, to make misfortune  
live?

*Groom.* I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,  
When thou wert king; who, travelling to-  
wards York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave  
To look upon my sometime master's face.  
O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,  
In London streets, that coronation day,  
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!  
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;  
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

*R. II.*, V: 5. 716.

**—In Servants.**

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd  
house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

*T. A., IV: 1. 1304.*

—**Its Sacrifices.**

*Cal.* \* \*

I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
Incurr'd a traitor's name; expos'd myself,  
From certain and possess'd conveniences,  
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me  
all  
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,  
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;  
And here, to do you service, am become  
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.

*T. C., III: 3. 1123.*

—**Made Powerless.**

*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:  
If those that care to keep your royal person  
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,  
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,  
And the offender granted scope of speech,  
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.*

—**Not Alarmed.**

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
To take thy life.

*Hel.* I have ground the axe myself;  
Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, pr'ythee, rise;  
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:  
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,

What would'st thou have me do?

*Hel.* With patience bear  
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

*P., I: 2. 1645.*

—**Of Friends.**

*War.* \* \*

In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.  
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—  
Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,  
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs,—  
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 8. 985.*

—**The best Defence.**

*Bast.* O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—

This England never did, (nor never shall,) lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
But when it first did help to wound itself.  
Now these her princes are come home again,  
Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true.

*K. J., V: 7. 677.*

—**To a Friend.**

*Ant.* \* \*

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better, than to close  
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

*J. C., III: 1. 1337.*

—**To Friends.**

*Pol.* \* \*

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

*H., I: 3. 1397.*

—**Trusted Everywhere.**

*Cor.* \* \* My mother, you wot well,  
My hazards still have been your solace: and  
Believe 't not lightly, (though I go alone,  
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen  
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught  
With cautelous baits and practice.

*C., IV: 1. 1177.*

**FIGHTING.—Its Folly**

*Bard.* \* \* We must to France together:  
Why, the devil, should we keep knives  
to cut one another's throats?

*H. V., II: 1. 826.*

## —Of Rebels, a Shadow.

*Mor.* \* \*

My lord your son had only but the corps,  
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight:  
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
 The action of their bodies from their souls;  
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
 As men drink potions; that their weapons  
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits  
 and souls,  
 This word, rebellion, it hath froze them up,  
 As fish are in a pond.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 776.**FINGERS.—A good Cook Licks.**

*2 Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for  
 I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canst thou try them so?

*2 Serv.* Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that  
 cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he,  
 that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with  
 me.

*R. J.*, IV: 2. 1269.**FIRMNESS.—Cæsar's.**

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as  
 you;

If I could pray to move, prayers would  
 move me:

But I am constant as the northern star,  
 Of whose true-fixed, and resting quality,  
 There is no fellow in the firmament.  
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd

sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
 But there's but one in all doth hold his  
 place;

So, in the world: 'T is furnish'd well with  
 men,  
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
 That unassailable holds on his rank,  
 Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,  
 Let me a little show it, even in this;  
 That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

*J. C.*, III: 1. 1336.

## —Invoked.

*Cor.*

The god of soldiers,  
 With the consent of supreme Jove, inform  
 Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou  
 may'st prove  
 To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the  
 wars  
 Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,  
 And saving those that eye thee!

*C.*, V: 3. 1189.**FISHING.—Tricks in.***Cleo.* \* \*

Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river:  
 there,  
 My music playing far off, I will betray  
 Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall  
 pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
 I'll think them every one an Antony,  
 And say, Ah, ah! you're caught.

*Char.*

'T was merry, when  
 You wager'd on your angling; when your  
 diver

Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he  
 With fervency drew up.

*A. C.*, II: 5. 1552.**FITNESS.—Of Cowards to Feasts.***Fal.* Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and the begin-  
 ning of a feast,  
 Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., IV: 2. 754.**FLATTERER.—Relation to the Flattered.**

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and  
 to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves  
 to be flattered, is worthy o' the flatterer.  
 Heavens, that I were a lord!

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1289.**FLATTERERS.—Led by Those Who Hate Them.**

*Dec.* Never fear that: If he be so res-  
 solv'd,

I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,  
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:  
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
 He says, he does; being then most flattered.

*J. C.*, II: 1. 1331.

**FLATTERIES.—Wrong.**

*K. Rich.* He does me double wrong,  
That wounds me with the flatteries of his  
tongue.

*R. II., III: 2. 703.*

**FLATTERY.—A Sin. (See Unction.)**

*Glo.* Good day, my lord! What, at your  
book so hard?

*K. Hen.* Ay, my good lord: My lord, I  
should say rather;  
'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:  
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,  
And both preposterous; therefore, not good  
lord.

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 991.*

**—Blind.**

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such  
faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though  
they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*J. C., IV: 3. 1345.*

**—Bought, soon Gone.**

*Flav.* \* \* \*

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy  
this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is  
made:

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter  
showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

*T. A., II: 2. 1296.*

**—Cruel Afterwards.**

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your  
vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd  
like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's  
feet.

*J. C., V: 1. 1348.*

**—Deafens Counsel.**

*Apem.* \* \* \*

If I should be brib'd too, there would be  
none left

To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st  
sin the faster.

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly;  
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain  
glories?

*Tim.* Nay,

An you begin to rail on society once,  
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.

Farewell; and come with better music.

*Apem.* So;—

Thou 'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not  
then, I'll lock

Thy heaven from thee, O, that men's ears  
should be

To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

*T. A., I: 2. 1298.*

**—Disclaimed.**

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot: If speak-  
ing truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the  
world.

By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy  
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
In my heart's love, hath no man than your-  
self:

Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.*

**—Distasteful.**

*Mar.* Sir, praise me not:

My work hath yet not warm'd me: Fare you  
well.

The blood I drop is rather physical  
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus  
I will appear, and fight.

*C., I: 5. 1156.*

**—Fulsome.**

*Nor.* Each day still better other's happi-  
ness:

Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,  
Add an immortal title to your crown!

*R. II., I: 1. 684.*

*Auf.* \* \* \*

He water'd his new plants with dews of  
flattery.

*C., V: 5. 1192.*

**—Lovers'.**

*Rom.* It is my soul, that calls upon my  
name:



How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by  
night,  
Like softest music to attending ears!

*R. J., II: 2. 1253.*

—Met by Flattery.

*Apem.* I was directed hither: Men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use  
them.

*Tim.* 'T is then, because thou dost not  
keep a dog

Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch  
thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but affected;

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade?  
this place?

This slave-like habit? and these looks of  
care?

Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie  
soft;

Hug their diseas'd perfumes, and have forgot

That ever Timon was. Shame not these  
woods,

By putting on the cunning of a carper,  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy  
knee,

And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,

Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious  
strain,

And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that  
bid welcome,

To knaves, and all approachers: 'T is most  
just,

That thou turn rascal; had'st thou wealth  
again,

Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my  
likeness.

*T. A., IV: 3. 1307.*

—No Sign of Love.

*Pom.* \* \* Lepidus flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,  
Nor either cares for him.

*A. C., II: 1. 1547.*

—Not for the Poor.

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter:  
For what advancement may I hope from  
thee,

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the  
poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning.

*H., III: 2. 1413.*

—Rebuked.

*K. Hen.* You were ever good at sudden  
commendations,  
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come  
not

To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.  
To me you cannot reach, you play the  
spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to  
win me;

But, whatso'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,  
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.

*H. VIII., V: 2. 1091.*

—Reproof better.

*Hel.* \* \*

They do abuse the king, that flatter him:  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that breath gives heat and stronger  
glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may  
err.

*P., I: 2. 1645.*

—Resented.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty,  
though but mean,  
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise.  
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's  
tongues:

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,  
Than you much willing to be counted wise  
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

*L. L., II: 1. 277.*

## —The Devil hypocritically Sugared.

*Pol.* \* \*

'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,  
And pious action, we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*H.*, III: 1. 1410.

## —Visor of Villany.

*Gow.* \* \*

No visor does become black villany,  
So well as soft and tender flattery.

*P.*, IV: 4. 1663.

## FLEET.—At Sea.

*Chorus.* \* \* \* Suppose, that you have  
seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet  
With silken streamers the young Phœbus  
fanning.

Play with your fancies; and in them behold,  
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing:

Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order  
give  
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten  
sails,

Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the fur-  
row'd sea,

Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,  
You stand upon the rivage, and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;  
For so appears this fleet majestic,  
Holding due course to Harfleur.

*H.* V., III: C. 831.

## FLESH.—Its Tyranny.

*Clo.* My poor body, madam, requires it:  
I am driven on by the flesh; and he must  
needs go that the devil drives.

*A.* W., I: 3. 499.

## FLIGHT.—A Family Dishonor.

*John.* Is my name Talbot? and am I  
your son?  
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,  
Dishonour not her honourable name,  
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:  
The world will say—He is not Talbot's  
blood,  
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

*Tal.* Fly, to revenge my death, if I be  
slain.

*John.* He, that flies so, will ne'er return  
again.

*Tal.* If we both stay, we both are sure  
to die.

*John.* Then let me stay; and, father, do  
you fly:

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;  
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.  
Upon my death the French can little boast;  
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.  
Flight cannot stain the honour you have  
won;

But mine it will, that no exploit have done:  
You fled for vantage every one will swear;  
But, if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.  
There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.  
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

*H.* VI., 1 pt., IV: 5. 888.

## —Called a Retreat.

*Tro.* Fly not; for, shouldst thou take  
the river Styx,  
I would swim after.

*Dio.* Thou dost miscall retire:  
I do not fly; but advantageous care  
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:  
Have at thee!

*T.* C., V: 4. 1141.

## —Cowardly.

*Rosse.* You know not,  
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom! to leave his wife,  
to leave his babes,  
His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
From whence himself does fly? He loves  
us not;

He wants the natural touch: for the poor  
wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;  
As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
So runs against all reason.

*M.*, IV: 2. 1376.

## —From Vengeance.

*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards  
Berwick post again:

Edward and Richard, like a brace of grey-hounds  
 Having the fearful flying hare in sight,  
 With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,  
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,  
 Are at our backs; and therefore hence  
 amain.

*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along  
 with them:

Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;  
 Or else come after, I'll away before.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 5. 969.*

—**Hastened by Fear.**

*Mor.* \* \* As the thing that's heavy in  
 itself,

Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;  
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 Lend to this weight such lightness with  
 their fear,

That arrows fled not swifter toward their  
 aim,

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
 Fly from the field: Then was that noble  
 Worcester

Too soon ta'en prisoner.

\* \* And did grace the shame  
 Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his  
 flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 775.*

—**Hasty.**

*Fal.* \* \* A rascal bragging slave!  
 the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 4. 787.*

—**Manly and Wise.**

*Q. Mar.* What are you made of? you'll  
 not fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,  
 To give the enemy way; and to secure us  
 By what we can, which can no more but fly.  
 If you be ta'en, we then should see the bot-  
 tom

Of all our fortunes: but if we haply scape,  
 (As well we may, if not through your neg-  
 lect,)

We shall to London get; where you are  
 lov'd;

And where this breach, now in our fortunes  
 made,  
 May readily be stopp'd.

*H. VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 945.*

—**Rapid on Compulsion.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

And make them skim away, as swift as  
 stones

Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.

*H. V., IV: 7. 848.*

**FLIPPANCY.**—**Mixes Death and Bar-  
 gains.**

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 't is certain; very sure,  
 very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is  
 certain to all; all shall die. How a good  
 yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double  
 of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Dead!—see, see!—he drew a  
 good bow;—And dead!—he shot a fine  
 shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and  
 betted much money on his head. Dead!—  
 he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve  
 score; and carried you a forehand shaft a  
 fourteen and fourteen and-a-half, that it  
 would have done a man's heart good to see.  
 —How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of  
 good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead!

*H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 791.*

**FLOODS.**—**Accompanying Disaster.**

*Tita.* \* \* The green corn

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:  
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,  
 And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;  
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;  
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,  
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;  
 The human mortals want their winter cheer;  
 No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:  
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
 That rheumatic diseases do abound.

*M. N., II: 1. 326.*

—**Destroy Husbandry.**

*Tita.* \* \*

Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,  
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea

Contagious fogs ; which, falling in the land,  
Have every pelting river made so proud,  
That they have overborne their continents :  
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in  
vain,  
The ploughman lost his sweat.

*M. N.*, II : 1. 326.

#### FLOWERS.—Allusions to.

*York.* \* \* Sweet flowers are slow, and  
weeds make haste.

*R. III.*, II : 4. 1018.

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to  
heaven, from whence  
They have their nourishment?

*P.*, I : 2. 1645.

#### —For the Grave.

*Arr.* \* \*  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not  
lack

The flower, that's like thy face, pale prim-  
rose ; nor

The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath.

*Cym.*, IV : 2. 1617.

*Bel.* Here's a few flowers ; but about  
midnight, more :  
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'  
the night,  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.

*Cym.*, IV : 2. 1618.

*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet : Farewell !  
I hop'd, thou should'st have been my Ham-  
let's wife ;  
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd,  
sweet maid,  
And not have strew'd thy grave.

*H.*, V : 1. 1432.

#### —Of Spring.

*Per.* \* \* O, Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou  
let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon ! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and  
take  
The winds of March with beauty ; violets,  
dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips, and  
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one !

*W. T.*, IV : 3. 602.

#### —Of Summer, for the Middle- Aged.

*Per.* \* \* Here's flowers for you ;  
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram ;  
The marigold, that goes to bed with th' sun,  
And with him rises weeping ; these are  
flowers

Of middle summer, and, I think, they are  
given

To men of middle age : Y' are very welcome.

*W. T.*, IV : 3. 602.

#### FLY.—Type of Innocence.

*Tit.* \* \*  
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy  
knife?

*Mar.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord ;  
a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st  
my heart ;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :  
A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
Becomes not Titus' brother : Get thee gone ;  
I see, thou art not for my company.

*Mar.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a  
fly.

*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and  
mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded  
wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air ?  
Poor harmless fly !

That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry ; and thou  
hast kill'd him.

*Tit. And.*, III : 2. 1218.

#### FOE.—A Treacherous.

*Val.* Thou common friend, that's with-  
out faith or love ;  
(For such is a friend now ;) treacherous  
man !



Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but  
mine eye  
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not  
say  
I have one friend alive; thou would'st dis-  
prove me.  
Who should be trusted, when one's right  
hand  
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,  
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,  
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.  
The private wound is deepest: O time most  
accurs'd!  
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the  
worst.

*T. G.*, V: 4. 72.

—His Rank Respected in Death.

*Bel.* \* \* Though mean and mighty,  
rotting  
Together, have one dust; yet reverence,  
(That angel of the world,) doth make dis-  
tinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was  
princely:  
And though you took his life, as being our  
foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1618.

—Noble Treatment of.

*Agam.* Fair lord Æneas, let me touch  
your hand;  
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.  
Achilles shall have word of this intent;  
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to  
tent:  
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,  
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1110.

FOEMAN.—A Noble one.

*Mar.* Were half to half the world by the  
ears, and he  
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make  
Only my wars with him: he is a lion  
That I am proud to hunt.

*C.*, I: 1. 1152.

FOES.—Our greatest Friends.

*Clo.* \* \* Now my foes tell me plainly  
I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit  
in the knowledge of myself.

*T. N.*, V: 1. 565.

FOLLOWERS.—Cast off, their Use.

*War.* \* \* So, like gross terms,  
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
Cast off his followers: and their memory  
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
By which his grace must mete the lives of  
others;  
Turning past evils to advantages.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

FOLLY.—Things worse than.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you  
sad: I had rather have a fool to make me  
merry, than experience to make me sad;  
and to travel for it too!

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 429.

—Of the Wise.

*Q. Mar.* \* \*  
Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottle-spi-  
der,  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

*E. III.*, I: 3. 1009.

*Touch.* The more pity, that fools may  
not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou say'st true; for  
since the little wit that fools have was  
silenced, the little foolery that wise men  
have makes a great show.

*A. Y.*, I: 2. 410.

—Reproved by the Wise.

*P. Hen.* Well, thus we play the fools  
with the time; and the spirits of the wise  
sit in the clouds, and mock us.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., II: 2. 784.

—Wisdom's Disguise.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?  
he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

*Duke S.* He uses his folly like a stalk-  
ing-horse, and under the presentation of  
that, he shoots his wit.

*A. Y.*, V: 4. 437.

—Youthful, Punished.

*D. Pedro.* To be whipped! what's his  
fault?

*Bene.* The flat transgression of a school-  
boy; who, being overjoyed with finding a  
bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he  
steals it.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 232.

FOOL.—A Complete.

*Ther.* \* \* Here's Agamemnon,—an  
honest fellow enough, and one that loves

quails : but he has not so much brain as ear-wax.

*T. C.*, V : 1. 1136.

### —A Corrupter of Words.

*Vio.* Art thou not the lady Olivia's fool?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly : she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

*T. N.*, III : 1. 554.

### —A Mean Spirited.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you :

And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,

To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,

I do appoint him store of provender.

It is a creature that I teach to fight,

To wind, to stop, to run directly on;

His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;

He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth :

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds

On objects, arts, and imitations;

Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,

Begin his fashion : Do not talk of him,

But as a property.

*J. C.*, IV : 1. 1343.

### —A Wise.

*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man : as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

*T. A.*, II : 2. 1295.

### —A wise Man one.

*Touch.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying; "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool."

*A. Y.*, V : 1. 433.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at anything, and yet a fool.

*A. Y.*, V : 4. 437.

### —Confession of a.

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains : and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

*O.*, II : 3. 1508.

### —Less Wit than a Sparrow.

*Ther.* Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones : I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is wit worth the ninth part of a sparrow.

*T. C.*, II : 2. 1112.

### —Not to be Feared.

*Orl.* \* \* A fool's bolt is soon shot.

*H. V.*, III : 7. 833.

### —Playing the.

*Vio.* This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;

And to do that well craves a kind of wit :

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,

The quality of persons, and the time;

And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice

As full of labour as a wise man's art :

For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;

But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

*T. N.*, III : 1. 555.

### —Self-Confessed.

*Fal.* Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? Shall I have a cox-

comb of frize? 'Tis time I were chok'd  
with a piece of toasted cheese.

*M. W.*, V: 5. 119.

—**Sodden-Witted.**

*Ajax.* Thou stool for a witch!

*Ther.* Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted  
lord! thou hast no more brain than I have  
in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee.

*T. C.*, II: 1. 1112.

—**Wisdom Affected by a**

*Jaq.* A fool! a fool! I met a fool i' the  
forest,

A motley fool; (a miserable world!)

As I do live by food, I met a fool,

Who laid him down and bask'd him in the  
sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I. “No, sir,”  
quoth he,

“Call me not fool, till Heaven hath sent me  
fortune:”

And then he drew a dial from his poke,

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, “It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see,” quoth he, “how the  
world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;

And after one hour more, 't will be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale.”

*A. Y.*, II: 7. 413.

**FOOLERY.—Universal.**

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the  
orb, like the sun; it shines everywhere. I  
would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be  
as oft with your master, as with my mistress:  
I think I saw your wisdom there.

*T. N.*, III: 1. 554.

**FOOLHARDINESS.—Not Valor.**

*North.* \* \*

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,  
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,  
When he might spurn him with his foot  
away?

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

*Cæs.* \* \* 'T is to be chid

As we rate boys; who, being mature in  
knowledge,

Pawn their experience to their present  
pleasure,

And so rebel to judgment.

*A. C.*, I: 4. 1545.

—**Resists Odds.**

*Com.* But now 't is odds beyond arith-  
metic;

And manhood is call'd foolery, when it  
stands

Against a falling fabrick.—Will you hence,

Before the tag return? whose rage doth  
rend

Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear

What they are used to bear.

*C.*, III: 1. 1172.

**FOOLS.**

*Ros.* \* \*

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,  
When they are thirsty, fools would fain  
have drink.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 298.

—**Lucky.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should  
break.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.

—**Of various Kinds.**

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is  
a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

*Achil.* Derive this; come.

*Ther.* Agamemnon is a fool to offer to  
command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be  
commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a  
fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is  
a fool positive.

*Patr.* Why am I a fool?

*Ther.* Make that demand of the plover.  
—It suffices me, thou art.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1116.

—**Should Use their Talents.**

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that  
have it; and those that are fools, let them  
use their talents.

*T. N.*, I: 5. 543.

—**To be Restrained**

*Ham.* \* \*

Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him;  
that he may play the fool no where but in 's  
own house.

*H.*, III: 1. 1411.

**FOOT.—A Firm.**

*Fal.* \* \* The firm fixture of thy foot  
would give an excellent motion to thy gait,  
in a semicircled farthingale. I see what  
thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature  
thy friend: Come, thou canst not hide it.

*M. W.*, III: 3. 105.

**FOPPERY.—Rebuked.**

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage, and extreme  
toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my  
sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly  
dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new  
reap'd,  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—  
Who, therewith angry, when it next came  
there,  
Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd, and  
talk'd;  
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unman-  
nerly,  
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
With many holiday and lady terms  
He question'd me; among the rest demanded  
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
I then, all smarting, with my wounds being  
cold,  
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
Out of my grief and my impatience,  
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;  
He should, or he should not;—for he made  
me mad,  
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so  
sweet,  
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God  
save the mark!)

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on  
earth  
Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;  
And that it was great pity, so it was,

That villanous salt-petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had de-  
stroy'd

So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,  
He would himself have been a soldier.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 731.

**FORBEARANCE.—A Quality of Greatness.**

*Tam.* \* \*

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby;  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,  
He can at pleasure stint their melody:  
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.  
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou em-  
peror,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
With words more sweet, and yet more dan-  
gerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;  
When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious feed.

*Tit. And.*, IV: 4. 1224.

**—A Virtue.**

*Cham.* \* \*

Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1081.

**—Invoked.**

*P. Hen.* Content;—and the argument  
shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou  
lovest me.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

**—Its binding Power.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd;  
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity:  
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's  
flint;  
As humorous as winter, and as sudden  
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.  
His temper, therefore, must be well ob-  
serv'd:

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to  
mirth:



But, being moody, give him line and scope;  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn  
this, Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;  
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion,  
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 800.*

—**Knowledge should Teach.**

*Imo.* \* \* I pray you, spare me: i'  
faith,

I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness; one of your great  
knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Cym., II: 3. 1601.*

—**Mistaken.**

*Lear.* O me, my heart, my rising heart!  
but, down.

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney  
did to the eels, when she put them i' the  
paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs  
with a stick, and cry'd, "Down, wantons,  
down:" 'T was her brother, that, in pure  
kindness to his horse, buttered his lay.

*K. L., II: 4. 1460.*

—**Not to be Trifled with.**

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.  
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat,  
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear.

*H., V: 1. 1432.*

—**Undermines Respect.**

*K. Hen.* My blood hath been too cold  
and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as  
young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect,  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the  
proud.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 730.*

**FOREBODING.—Of Misfortune. (See  
Fear.)**

*Q. Eliz.* Ah me, I see the ruin of my  
house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet  
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—  
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre,  
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*R. III., II: 4. 1019.*

**FOREBODINGS.—Call for Defense.**

*War.* Indeed, I think, the young king  
loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know, he doth not; and do  
arm myself,

To welcome the condition of the time;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon  
me

Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*H. IV., 2 pt., V: 2. 806.*

—**Excited.**

*Mar.* \* \* The skies look grimly,  
And threaten present blusters. In my con-  
science,  
The heavens with that we have in hand are  
angry,  
And frown upon 's.

*W. T., III: 3. 596.*

**FORECAST.—An Instinct.**

*3 Cit.* Before the days of change, still is  
it so:

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see  
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.  
But leave it all to God.

*R. III., II: 3. 1018.*

*Arch.* \* \*

We see which way the stream of time doth  
run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere  
By the rough torrent of occasion.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 795.*

**FORECASTING.—Of great Events.**

*Ant.* \* \* Our slippery people  
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,  
Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw  
Pompey the Great, and all his dignities,  
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,

Higher than both in blood and life, stands  
up  
For the main soldier : whose quality, going  
on,  
The sides o' the world may danger : Much  
is breeding,  
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but  
life,  
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleas-  
ure,  
To such whose place is under us, requires  
Our quick remove from hence.

*A. C., I : 2. 1543.*

**FOREKNOWLEDGE.—A Source of Gloom.**

*K. Hen.* O heaven ! that one might read  
the book of fate ;  
And see the revolution of the times  
Make mountains level, and the continent  
(Weary of solid firmness,) melt itself  
Into the sea ! and, other times, to see  
The beachy girdle of the ocean  
Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances  
mock,  
And changes fill the cup of alteration  
With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,  
The happiest youth, — viewing his progress  
through,  
What perils past, what crosses to ensue, —  
Would shut the book, and sit him down and  
die.

*H. IV., 2 pt., III : 1. 790.*

**FORFEITURE.—An Unprofitable.**

*Shy.* O father Abram ! what these Chris-  
tians are,  
Whose own hard dealings teaches them sus-  
pect  
The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me  
this ;  
If he should break his day, what should I  
gain  
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?  
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,  
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.

*M. V., I : 3. 366.*

**FORGETFULNESS.—Complete.**

*Cor.* Like a dull actor now,  
I have forgot my part, and I am out,  
Even to a full disgrace.

*C., V : 3. 1188.*

**—Not always Possible.**

*Jul.* \* \* I would forget fain ;  
But, O ! it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.

*R. J., III : 2. 1262.*

**—Not Possible.**

*Macd.* I shall do so ;  
But I must also feel it as a man :  
I cannot but remember such things were,  
That were most precious to me.

*M., IV : 3. 1389.*

**—Of the Best. (See Memory.)**

*Iago.* \* \*  
But men are men ; the best sometimes for-  
get.

*O., II : 3. 1506.*

**—Of the Loved, Impossible.**

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of  
her.  
*Rom.* O, teach me how I should forget to  
think.  
*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes ;  
Examine other beauties.  
\* \*  
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget  
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost :  
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,  
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note  
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing  
fair ?  
Farewell ; thou canst not teach me to for-  
get.

*R. J., I : 1. 1244.*

**FORGIVENESS.—A Favor.**

*King.* \* \* Let him not ask our pardon ;  
The nature of his great offence is dead,  
And deeper than oblivion we do bury  
Th' incensing relics of it ; let him approach,  
A stranger, no offender ; and inform him  
So 't is our will he should.

*A. W., V : 3. 526.*

**—Divine to be Sought.**

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any  
crime,  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*O., V : 2. 1523.*

## —Generous.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven; I forgive all;  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no  
black envy  
Shall make my grave. — Commend me to  
his grace;  
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell  
him,  
You met him half in heaven: my vows and  
prayers  
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake  
me,  
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years!  
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!  
And, when old time shall lead him to his  
end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

*H. VIII., II: 1. 1066.*

## —Insincere.

*Wor.* \* \* \*

He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults:  
Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:  
For treason is but trusted like the fox;  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd  
up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad, or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.*

## —Magnanimous.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts;  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*A. C., V: 2. 1579*

*Pro.* \* \* \* The rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being  
penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further.

*T., V: 1. 30.*

## —Undeserved.

*Pro.* \* \* \*

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call  
brother  
Would ever infect my mouth, I do forgive  
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require  
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I  
know  
Thou must restore.

*T., V: 1. 31.*

## FORTITUDE.—Exalts.

*Ant.* \* \* \* Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly.

*A. C., IV: 12. 1575.*

## —Exulted in.

*Ham.* \* \* \* Bless'd are those,

Whose blood and judgment are so well com-  
mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please.

*H., III: 2. 1413.*

*Ham.*

My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

*H., I: 4. 1399.*

## —In physical Anguish.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'-  
rous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be  
bound!

Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men  
away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb:  
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily:  
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive  
you,

Whatever torment you do put me to.

*K. J., IV: 1. 665.*

## —Mocks in Defeat.

*Wol.* \* \* \* I am able now, methinks,  
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)

To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad?

*Crom.* The heaviest, and the worst,  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him.

*Crom.* The next is, that sir Thomas  
More is chosen  
Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden :  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that  
his bones,

When he has run his course, and sleeps in  
blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on  
'em!

What more?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with  
welcome,  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long mar-  
ried,  
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
Going to chapel; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd  
me down. O Cromwell,  
The king has gone beyond me, all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever :  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles.

*H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.*

#### FORTUNE.—A Strumpet.

1 *Play.* \* \*

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you  
gods,  
In general synod, take away her power;  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her  
wheel,  
And bow the round nave down the hill of  
heaven,  
As low as to the fiends!

*H., II: 2. 1403.*

#### —Bad, a Relief.

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and known to be  
contemn'd,  
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be  
worst,

The lowest, and most dejected thing of for-  
tune,

Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear :  
The lamentable change is from the best;  
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome  
then,

Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!  
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the  
worst,

Owes nothing to thy blasts.

*K. L., IV: 1. 1470.*

#### —Borne with Patience.

*Wor.* What I have done, my safety urg'd  
me to;

And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 5. 762.*

#### —Conquered by Submission.

*Hen.* \* \*

He was the author, thou the instrument.  
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's  
spite,

By living low, where fortune cannot hurt  
me;

And that the people of this blessed land  
May not be punish'd with my thwarting  
stars;

Warwick, although my head still wear the  
crown,

I here resign my government to thee,  
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 6. 982.*

#### —Contentds with Nature.

*Cel.* No! When Nature hath made a  
fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall  
into the fire? Though Nature hath given  
us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune  
sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

*Ros.* Indeed, there is a Fortune too hard  
for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's  
natural the cutter off of Nature's wit.

*Cel.* Peradventure, this is not Fortune's  
work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiv-  
ing our natural wits too dull to reason of  
such goddesses, hath sent this natural for  
our whetstone: for always the dulness of  
the fool is the whetstone of the wits.

*A. Y., I: 2. 409.*

#### —Defied.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my  
face,



But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*A. C.*, II: 6. 1554.

—**Fickle.** (See **Greatness.**)

*Wor.* \* \* But, in short space,  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your  
head.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 1. 757.

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call  
thee fickle!

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him  
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, for-  
tune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him  
long,

But send him back.

*R. J.*, III: 5. 1265.

—**Has strange Freaks.**

*Old L.* Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)  
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth  
fill'd up,

Before you open it.

*H. VIII.*, II: 3. 1070.

—**Her Mistakes.**

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good house-  
wife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts  
may henceforth be bestowed equally.

\* \*

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's  
office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of  
the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*A. Y.*, I: 2. 409.

—**In our own Hands.**

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,  
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward  
pull

Our slow designs, when we ourselves are  
dull.

\* \*

Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense; and do sup-  
pose

What hath been cannot be. Who ever strove  
To show her merit, that did miss her love?

*A. W.*, I: 2. 497.

—**Invoked.**

*Lart.* Now the fair goddess, Fortune,  
Fall deep in love with thee; and great  
charms

Misguide thy opposers' swords? Bold gen-  
tleman,

Prosperity be thy page!

*C.*, I: 5. 1156.

—**Its Favorite.**

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleas-  
ant hill,

Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'  
the mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere

To propagate their states: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,

One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,  
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts  
to her.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1287.

—**Its Fickleness.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Will fortune never come with both hands  
full,

But write her fair words still in foulest let-  
ters?

She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,

And takes away the stomach,—such are the  
rich,

That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

—**Its Frown, a Test.**

*Agam.* \* \*

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,  
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,  
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;  
And what hath mass, or matter, by itself  
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1107.

—**Its Instability.**

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and  
change of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his de-  
pendants,

Which labour'd after him to the mountain's  
top,

Even on their knees and hands, let him slip  
down,

Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'T is common :

A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of  
fortune

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do  
well,

To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have  
seen

The foot above the head.

*T. A., I: 1. 1287.*

—**Its Yoke not for All.**

*K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou still  
like thyself,

And sit thee by our side ; yield not thy neck  
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless  
mind

Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

*H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 975.*

—**Kings, Ministers of.**

*Cleo.* \* \* 'T is paltry to be Cæsar :

Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,  
A minister of her will.

*A. C., V: 2. 1577.*

—**Like the Tide.**

*Brw.* \* \*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to for-  
tune ;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

*J. C., IV: 3. 1346.*

—**Mind Superior to.**

*K. Edw.* \* \*

Edward will always bear himself as king :  
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,  
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 3. 981.*

—**Mutations Lead to Hate.**

*Edg.* \* \* World, world, O world !

But that thy strange mutations make us hate  
thee,

Life would not yield to age.

*K. L., IV: 1. 1470.*

—**No Power over the Heart.**

*Pom.* Well, I know not

What counts harsh fortune casts upon my  
face,

But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*A. C., II: 6. 1554.*

—**Scorned when She Frowns.**

*Ant.* \* \* Fortune knows,

We scorn her most, when most she offers  
blows.

*A. C., III: 9. 1564.*

—**Scratches the Cowardly.**

*Par.* My lord, I am a man whom For-  
tune hath cruelly scratch'd.

*Laf.* And what would you have me to  
do? 't is too late to pare her nails now.  
Wherein have you played the knave with  
Fortune, that she should scratch you, who  
of herself is a good lady, and would not  
have knaves thrive long under her?

*A. W., V: 2. 525.*

—**Threatens when Friendly.**

*Pand.* \* \*

No, no ; when fortune means to men most  
good,

She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

*K. J., III: 4. 663.*

—**To be Endured.**

*Glo.* \* \*

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load.

*R. III., III: 7. 1029.*

—**Turns on Use.**

*Pro.* \* \*

I find my zenith doth depend upon  
A most auspicious star ; whose influence  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will ever after droop.

*T., I: 2. 10.*

—**Variable and Blind.**

*Flu.* By your patience, ancient Pistol.  
Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler be-  
fore her eyes, to signify to you, that fortune  
is blind : And she is painted also with a  
wheel ; to signify \* \* that she is turn-  
ing, and inconstant, and variations, and  
mutabilities : and her foot, look you, is fixed  
upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls,  
and rolls :—In good truth, the poet is make  
a most excellent description of fortune : for-  
tune, look you, is an excellent moral.

*H. V., III: 6. 836.*

**FRAILITY.—Its Name, Woman.**

*Ham.* \* \* That it should come to this!  
But two months dead!—Nay, not so much,  
not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,  
That he might not betwixt the winds of  
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and  
earth!

Must I remember? why, she would hang on  
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on: and yet, within a  
month,—

Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name  
is woman!—

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
With which she follow'd my poor father's  
body,

Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,—  
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of  
reason,

Would have mourn'd longer,—married with  
my uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my  
father,

Than I to Hercules: Within a month;  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married:—O most wicked speed, to post  
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.

*H., I: 2. 1395.*

**—Woman's.**

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view  
themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make  
forms.

Women!—Help heaven! men their crea-  
tion mar

In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times  
frail;

For we are soft as our complexions are,  
And credulous to false promises.

*M. M., II: 4. 155.*

**FRANCE.—Contempt for.**

*Par.* France is a dog-hole, and it no  
more merits

The tread of a man's foot: to th' wars!

*A. W., II: 3. 508.*

**FRANKNESS.—Soldierly.**

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam; you may  
relish him more in the soldier, than in the  
scholar.

*O., II: 1. 1502.*

**FREEDOM.—Contingent on Obedi-  
ence.**

*Pro.* Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds: but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*T., I: 2. 14.*

**FREEZING.—The Diminutive Escape.**

*Gru.* \* \* I am sent before to make a  
fire, and they are coming after to warm  
them. Now, were not I a little pot, and  
soon hot, my very lips might freeze to my  
teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth,  
my heart in my belly, ere I should come by  
a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing  
the fire, shall warm myself; for, consider-  
ing the weather, a taller man than I will  
take cold.

*T. S., IV: 1. 471.*

**FRENCHMEN. — Mistake the English.**

*Con.* Then we shall find to-morrow—  
they have only stomachs to eat, and none  
to fight. Now is it time to arm: Come,  
shall we about it?

*H. V., III: 7. 839.*

**—English Opinion of.**

*Bour.* They bid us—to the English  
dancing-schools,  
And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos;  
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,  
And that we are most lofty runaways.

*H. V. III: 5. 835.*

**—Englishman's Contempt for.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
My people are with sickness much en-  
feebled;

My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,  
Almost no better than so many French;  
Who when they were in health, I tell thee,  
herald,

I thought, upon one pair of English legs  
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive  
me, God,

That I do brag thus! this your air of France  
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.  
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:  
My ransom, is this frail and worthless trunk;

My army, but a weak and sickly guard;  
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,  
Though France himself, and such another  
neighbour,  
Stand in our way.

*H. V., III: 6. 837.*

**FRIEND.—A false, Anathematized.**

*Flam.* May these add to the number  
that may scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!  
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,  
It turns in less than two nights? O you  
gods,

I feel my master's passion! This slave  
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:  
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,  
When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon 't!  
And, when he is sick to death, let not that  
part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power  
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

*T. A., III: 1. 1297.*

**—A perfect. (See Infirmities.)**

*Ulyss.* The amity that wisdom knits not,  
folly may easily untie.

*T. C., II: 3. 1117.*

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the  
kindest man,  
The best condition'd and unwearied'st spirit  
In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
The ancient Roman honour more appears,  
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*M. V., III: 2. 379.*

**—Hamlet's Picture of a.**

*Ham.* \* \* Why should the poor be  
flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd  
pomp;

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost  
thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her  
choice,

And could of men distinguish her election,  
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou  
hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards

Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are  
those,

Whose blood and judgment are so well  
co-mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please: Give me  
that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear  
him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts,  
As I do thee.

*H., III: 2. 1413.*

**—More than Money.**

*Shal.* Yes, Davy. I will use him well:  
A friend i' the court is better than a penny  
in purse.

*H. IV., 2 pt., V: 1. 805.*

**—Transformed into a Foe.**

*War.* I came from Edward as ambassa-  
dor,

But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave  
me,

But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale, but me?

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,

And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery,

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

*H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 978.*

**FRIENDS.—Abundant.**

*Tim.* \* \* Canst thou the conscience  
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy  
heart;

If I would broach the vessels of my love,

And try the argument of hearts by borrow-  
ing,

Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly  
use,

As I can bid thee speak.

*T. A., II: 2. 1296.*

**—Bewailing their Loss.**

*King.* \* \*

Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it

From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends  
lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,

As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*L. L., V: 2. 302.*



## —Blind Estimate of.

*Tim.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that kept their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes!

*T. A., I: 2. 1291.*

## —Faithful.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

We carry not a heart with us from hence,  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;  
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

*H. V., II: 2. 826.*

## —False, their Vileness.

*Flav.* \* \*

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?  
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:  
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!

*T. A., IV: 3. 1310.*

## —Fearful.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear;  
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

*R. III., V: 2. 1042.*

## —Fidelity to.

*Pol.* \* \*

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

*H., I: 3. 1397.*

## —Hollow.

*K. Edw.* \* \* You twain, of all the rest,

Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance;

Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends;

But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,  
That I may never have you in suspect.

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 1. 980.*

## —Inconstancy of.

*Buck.* \* \*

Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away

Like water from ye, never found again

But where they mean to sink ye.

*H. VIII., II: 1. 1067.*

## —Mouth, Rebuked.

*Tim.* \* \*

Such summer-birds are men.

*T. A., III: 6. 1302.*

*Tim.* May you a better feast never behold,

You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and lukewarm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;

Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,

Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

[*Throwing water in their faces.*]

Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,

Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher friends, time's flies,

Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!

Of man, and beast, the infinite malady

Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?

Soft, take thy physic first—thou too—and thou.

[*Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.*]

*T. A., III: 6. 1303.*

## —Mutation of.

*Apem.* Hey day, what a sweep of vanity  
comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.  
We make ourselves fools, to disport our-  
selves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives,  
that's not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears  
Not one spurn to their graves of their  
friend's gift?

I should fear, those, that dance before me  
now,

Would one day stamp upon me: It has  
been done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*T. A., I: 2. 1291.*

## —Recognition in Heaven.

*Const. \* \**

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in  
heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male  
child,

To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
There was not such a gracious creature  
born.

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;

And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of  
heaven

I shall not know him: therefore never,  
never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*K. J., III: 4. 662.*

## FRIENDSHIP.—Continuance Desired.

*Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter,  
but

The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,  
We shall remain in friendship, our condi-  
tions

So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us staunch, from  
edge to edge  
O' the world I would pursue it.

*A. C., II: 2. 1549.*

## —Covetous.

*Stan. \* \**

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time  
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell  
upon;

God give us leisure for these rites of love!  
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed  
well!

*R. III., V: 3. 1043.*

## —Dependent on Fortune.

*P. King. \* \** 'T is a question left us  
yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune  
love.

The great man down, you mark his favour-  
ite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:  
For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.

*H., III: 2. 1414.*

## —Disinterested, a Dream.

*Flav. \* \**

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings  
us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth ex-  
empt,

Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
But in a dream of friendship?

To have his pomp, and all what state com-  
pounds,

But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own  
heart;

Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual  
blood,

When man's worst sin is, he does too much  
good!

Who then dares to be half so kind again?  
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar  
men.

My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
 Rich, only to be wretched; thy great fortunes  
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
 Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to  
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.

*T. A., IV: 2. 1305.*

—Flatters.

*Con.* I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

*H. V., III: 7. 838.*

—Has its Dregs.

*Apem.* \* \* Friendship's full of dregs: Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.  
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*T. A., I: 2. 1293.*

—Impotent.

*Men.* I tell thee, fellow,  
 Thy general is my lover: I have been  
 The book of his good acts, whence men have read  
 His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;  
 For I have ever magnified my friends,  
 (Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity  
 Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,  
 Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,  
 I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise  
 Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing: Therefore, fellow,  
 I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* 'Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

*Men.* Has he dined, can'st thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

*Men.* I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the queasy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution; you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

*C., V: 2. 1187.*

—Inconstant in Matters of Love.

*Claud.* \* \* The prince woes for himself;

Friendship is constant in all other things,  
 Save in the office and affairs of love:  
 Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
 And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,  
 Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

*M. A., II: 1. 231.*

—Of two Girls.

*Hel.* \* \* O, and is all forgot?  
 All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
 Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
 As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an union in partition,  
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
 So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
 Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.  
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,  
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

*M. N., III: 2. 334.*



**—Requires a Pledge.**

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship  
doubtful;

I never was, nor never will be false.

*K. Rich.* Well, go, muster men. But,  
hear you, leave behind

Your son, George Stanley; look your heart  
be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him, as I prove true  
to you.

*R. III., IV: 4. 1040.*

**—Stronger than Death.**

*Ant.* \* \*

Repent not you that you shall lose your  
friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life;  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*M. V., IV: 1. 385.*

**—True, its Wisdom.**

*Cor.* \* \* Thou old and true Menenius,  
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,  
And venomous to thine eyes.—My some-  
time general,  
I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft be-  
held

Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad  
women,

'T is fond to wail inevitable strokes,

As 't is to laugh at them.

*C., IV: 1. 1177.*

**—True, unselfish.**

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvo-  
lio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite.  
To be generous, guiltless, and of free dis-  
position, is to take those things for bird-  
bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There  
is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he  
do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a  
known discreet man, though he do nothing  
but reprove.

*T. N., I: 5. 544.*

**—Unlocks all Resources.**

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me  
know it;

And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd  
My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*M. V., I: 1. 362.*

**FRIVOLITY.—Excessive.**

*Ros.* \* \* I will be \* \* more new-  
fangled than an ape; more giddy in my  
desires than a monkey.

*A. Y., IV: 2. 430.*

**—Life too short for.**

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short;  
To spend that shortness basely, were too  
long,

If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

An if we live, we live to tread on kings;

If die, brave death, when princes die with  
us!

Now for our conscience,—the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.*

**FROLICSOMENESS.—Boasted of in Age.**

*Shal.* He must then to the inns of court  
shortly: I was once of Clement's inn; where,  
I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called—lusty Shallow,  
then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called any  
thing; and I would have done any thing,  
indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and  
little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black  
George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and  
Will Squele a Cotswold man,—you had not  
four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of  
court again: and, I may say to you, we  
knew where the bona-robas were; and had  
the best of them all at commandment. Then  
was Jack Falstaff, now sir John, a boy; and  
page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

*Sil.* This sir John, cousin, that comes  
hither anon about soldiers?

*Shal.* The same sir John, the very same.  
I saw him break Skogan's head at the court  
gate, when he was a crack, not thus high:  
and the very same day did I fight with  
one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind



Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 791.

**FROWNING.—An Honor to be Cause of.**

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,  
That we have given him cause.

*Cym.*, III: 5. 1610.

**FRUIT.—Ripest, falls first.**

*K. Rich.* The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 693.

**FUNCTION.—Smothered.**

*Macb.* \* \*

Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
Is smother'd in surmise.

*M.*, I: 3. 1360.

**FUNEREAL.—Sorrow.**

*Oph.* I hope, all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., 5. 1424.

**FURY.—Crowned with Snakes.**

*Cleo.* \* \* Why so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,  
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd  
with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

*A. C.*, II: 5. 1552.

*Ant.* \* \* He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*A. C.*, IV: 8. 1571.

**—Unreasonable.**

*1 Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on 't: before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

*C.*, IV: 5. 1182.

*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,  
I am so angry at these abject terms;  
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,  
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury!

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., V: 1. 942.

**FUTURE.—Interpreted by the Past.**

*War.* There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:  
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds.  
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.  
Such things become the hatch and brood of time:

And, by the necessary form of this,  
King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater false-  
ness,  
Which should not find a ground to root  
upon,  
Unless on you.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., III: 1. 790.

**—Knowledge of the. (See Foreknowledge.)**

*Bru.* \* \* O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business, ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known.

*J. C.*, V: 1. 1349.

## G

**GAIT.—A Betrayer.**

*Agam.* Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

*Ulyss.* 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait;

He rises on the toe : that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

*T. C.*, IV : 5. 1131.

**GALLANT.—An Accomplished.**

*Biron.* This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas,  
And utters it again when Jove doth please.  
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares  
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets,  
fairs :

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,  
Hath not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;  
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve :  
He can carve too, and lisp : Why, this is he,  
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy ;  
This is the ape of form, Monsieur the Nice,  
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms ; nay, he can sing  
A mean most meanly ; and, in ushering,  
Mend him who can : the ladies call him,  
sweet ;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet ;

This is the flower that smiles on every one,  
To show his teeth as white as whales' bone :  
And consciences, that will not die in debt,  
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*L. L.*, V : 2. 297.

**—Disgust at an Old.**

*Mrs. Page.* \* \* O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant ! \* \* I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.

*M. W.*, II : 1. 95.

**GALLANTS.—Travelled.**

*Low.* \* \* Our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*H. VIII.*, I : 3. 1062.

**GARTER.—Order of, a Reward.**

*Tal.* When first this order was ordain'd,  
my lords,  
Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;  
Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,  
Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;  
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,

But always resolute in worst extremes.  
He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,  
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,  
Profaning this most honourable order ;  
And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)  
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain  
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV : 1. 884.

**GAUNTNESS.—Bred of Watching.**

*Gaunt.* O, how that name befits my composition !

Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :  
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;  
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?

For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;

Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt ;

The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,  
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks ;

And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,  
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

*R. II.*, II : 1. 693.

**GENERALSHIP.—Above rude Force.**

*Ulyss.* \* \* The still and mental parts,  
That do contrive how many hands shall  
strike,  
When fitness calls them on; and know, by  
measure  
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:  
They call this—bed-work, mappery, closet-  
war;  
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness o' his  
poize,  
They place before his hand that made the  
engine;  
Or those, that with the fineness of their  
souls  
By reason guide his execution.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1109.

**GENEROSITY.—Easily Paid.**

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satis-  
fied:  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid;  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 387.

**—Exhausted and Empty.**

*Flav.* What will this come to?  
He commands us to provide, and give great  
gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer.—  
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me  
this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good:  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes  
For every word; he is so kind, that he now  
Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their  
books.  
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were forc'd out!  
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than such as do even enemies exceed.  
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

*T. A.*, I: 2. 1292.

**—Lavish.**

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but  
a word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone!

*T. A.*, II: 2. 1295.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out: Plutus, the  
god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1289.

**—Maintains the Feeble.**

*Tim.* Imprison'd is he, say you?  
*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord: five tal-  
ents is his debt;  
His means most short, his creditors most  
strait:

Your honourable letter he desires  
To those have shut him up; which failing  
to him,  
Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well;  
I am not of that feather, to shake off  
My friend when he must need me. I do  
know him  
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,  
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt,  
and free him.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1287.

**—Manly, easily Deceived.**

*Iago.* \* \*  
The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest, that but seem to  
be so;  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,  
As asses are.

*O.*, I: 3. 1499.

**—Of Others' Property, easy.**

*York.* \* \*  
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of  
their pillage,  
And purchase friends, and give to courte-  
zans,  
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:  
While as the silly owner of the goods  
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless  
hands,  
And shakes his head, and trembling stands  
aloof,  
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away;

Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own.  
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his  
tongue,  
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and  
sold.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 909.

—Worthy of Praise.

*Prin.* \* \*

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair  
praise.

*L. L.*, IV: 1. 283.

**GENIUS.—Universal.**

*Cant.* \* \*

Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter.

*H. V.*, I: 1. 820.

**GENTLEMAN.—An Experienced.**

*Pol.* \* \* Camillo—

As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto  
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no less adorns  
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,  
In whose success we are gentle.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 585.

—His Rights.

*Clo.* You are well met, sir: You deny'd  
to fight with me this other day, because  
I was no gentleman born: See you these  
clothes? say; you see them not, and think  
me still no gentleman born: you were best  
say these robes are not gentlemen born.  
Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am  
not now a gentleman born.

*Aut.* I know you are now, sir, a gentle-  
man born.

*Clo.* Ay, and have been so any time these  
four hours.

*Shep.* And so have I, boy.

*Clo.* So you have:—but I was a gentle-  
man born before my father: for the king's  
son took me by the hand, and call'd me,  
brother: and then the two kings call'd my  
father, brother; and then the prince, my  
brother, and the princess, my sister, call'd  
my father, father; and so we wept: and  
there was the first gentlemanlike tears that  
ever we shed.

*W. T.*, V: 2. 615.

—True, chivalrous.

*Sil.* O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman.

\* \*

I do desire thy worthy company,

Upon whose faith and honour I repose.  
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,  
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—  
And on the justice of my flying hence,  
To keep me from a most unholy match,  
Which heaven and fortune still reward with  
plagues.

*T. G.*, IV: 2. 67.

**GENTLEMEN.—Neither Envy nor  
Despise.**

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are  
gentlemen,  
That neither in our hearts, nor outward  
eyes,  
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

*P.*, II: 3. 1651.

**GENTLENESS.—Its Power. (See  
Pity.)**

*Duke S.* What would you have? Your  
gentleness shall force,  
More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* \* \*

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.

*A. Y.*, II: 7. 419.

**GERMAN.—Effect of Drink on.**

*Ner.* How like you the young German,  
the duke of Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vildly in the morning, when  
he is sober; and most vildly in the after-  
noon, when he is drunk: when he is best,  
he is a little worse than a man; and when  
he is worse, he is little better than a beast.

*M. V.*, I: 3. 364.

**GERMANS.—Honest Men.**

*Bard.* \* \* For so soon as I came be-  
yond Eton, they threw me off, from behind  
one of them, in a slough of mire; and set  
spurs and away, like three German devils,  
three doctor Faustuses.

*Host.* They are gone but to meet the  
duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Ger-  
mans are honest men.

*M. W.*, IV: 5. 115.

**GHOST.—Admonitory.**

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:  
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;  
And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.  
I know, my hour is come.

*J. C.*, V: 5. 1352.



## —A Hero's, invoked.

*Bed.* \* \*

Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!  
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,  
Than Julius Cæsar.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 1. 865.

## —Cæsar's, startles Brutus.

*Bru.* \* \*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes  
here?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some  
devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to  
stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

*J. C.*, IV: 3. 1347.

## —King of Denmark's, interrogated.

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace de-  
fend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts  
from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee  
Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:  
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,  
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements! why the sep-  
ulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
Hast open'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again! What may this  
mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete  
steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of na-  
ture,

So horribly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our  
souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should  
we do?

*H.*, I: 4. 1398.

## —King of Denmark's, invoked to speak. (See Fear.)

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king  
that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar, speak to it,  
Horatio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? mark  
it, Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like:—it harrows me with  
fear, and wonder.

*Ber.* It would be spoken to.

*Mar.* Speak to it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this  
time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge  
thee, speak.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See! it stalks away.

*Hor.* Stay; speak: speak I charge thee,  
speak. [*Exit Ghost.*

*H.*, I: 1. 1391.

## —Not needed.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain, dwelling  
in all Denmark,  
But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord,  
come from the grave,  
To tell us this.

*H.*, I: 5. 1400.

## —Not to be struck at.

*Mar.* 'Tis gone.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
To offer it the show of violence;  
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*H.*, I: 1. 1393.

## —Of Banquo, its Effect.

*Len.* \* \* What is't that moves your  
highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou canst not say, I did it: never  
shake

Thy gory locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his highness is  
not well.

*Lady M.* Sit, worthy friends:—my lord  
is often thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you,  
keep seat;  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well: If much you note  
him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his pas-  
sion;  
Feed, and regard him not. — Are you a  
man?

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look  
on that

Which might appal the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you  
said,  
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and  
starts,

(Impostors to true fear,) would well become  
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces?— When all's  
done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, seethere! behold! look!  
lo: how say you? —

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak  
too. —

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must  
send

Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites.

*M., III, 4. 1372.*

#### —Of Banquo, second Appearance.

*Macb.* Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let  
the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is  
cold;

Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me  
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

Unreal mockery, hence! — Why, so; — be-  
ing gone,  
I am a man again. — Pray you, sit still.

*H., III, 4. 1372.*

#### GHOSTS.—A Tradition.

*Ant.* \* \* \*

I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the spirits  
o' th' dead

May walk again.

*W. T., III, 3. 596.*

#### GIFT.—Excelled.

*Iach.* Sir, (I thank her,) that:  
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me,  
and said,  
She priz'd it once.

*Cym., II, 4. 1603.*

#### —Of Absurdity.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple,  
simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of  
forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, appre-  
hensions, motions, revolutions: these are  
begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished  
in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered  
upon the mellowing of occasion: But the  
gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and  
I am thankful for it.

*L. L., IV, 2. 285.*

#### —Of Things not Prized, easy.

*Lear.* \* \* Sir, there she stands;  
If aught within that little, seeming substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,  
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

*K. L., I, 1. 1445.*

#### GIFTS.—Common, Despised.

*Flo.* Old sir, I know  
She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and  
lock'd

Up in my heart; which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd.

*W. T., IV, 3. 604.*

#### —From Women, Impudence.

*Thai.* \* \* \*

He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*P., II, 3. 1652.*

## —Good.

*Eva.* Seven hundred pounds and possibilities, is good gifts.

*M. W.*, I: 1. 89.

## —Natural, a Trust.

*Duke.* \* \* Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use.

*M. M.*, I: 1. 143.

## —Nature's, to her Favorites.

*Const.* \* \*  
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear  
boy!  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee  
great:  
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies  
boast,  
And with the half-blown rose.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 657.

## —Of Fortune Delayed.

*Jup.* \* \*  
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift  
The more delay'd, delighted.

*Cym.*, V: 4. 1624.

## —Recalled by the gods.

*Per.* O you gods!  
Why do you make us love your goodly  
gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We, here  
below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Use honour with yourselves.

*P.*, III: 1. 1655.

## —When to be Returned.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of  
yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I;  
I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honour'd lord, you know right  
well, you did;  
And, with them, words of so sweet breath  
compos'd  
As made the things more rich: their per-  
fume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove un-  
kind.

*H.*, III: 1. 1411.

## GIVERS.—Careless, poorly Rewarded.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open  
hand:—These wise men that give fools  
money get themselves a good report after  
fourteen years purchase.

*T. N.*, IV: 1. 562.

## GIVING.—Enriches the Giver.

*Ulyss.* \* \* No man is the lord of any  
thing,  
(Though in and of him there be much con-  
sisting,)  
Till he communicate his parts to others:  
Nor doth he of himself know them for  
aught  
Till he behold them form'd in the applause  
Where they are extended; which, like an  
arch, reverberates  
The voice again; or like a gate of steel  
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back  
His figure and his heat.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1124.

## —Readiness in.

*King.* \* \* What would'st thou beg,  
Laertes,  
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?  
The head is not more native to the heart,  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.  
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

*H.*, I: 2. 1394.

GLADNESS.—Seeming, Covers Sor-  
rows.

*Tro.* \* \*  
I have, (as when the sun doth light a storm,)  
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.

*J. C.*, I: 1. 1103.

## GLOOM.

*K. Rich.* \* \*  
For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the  
ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in  
war;  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have de-  
pos'd;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleep-  
ing kill'd;  
All murder'd.

*R. II., III: 2. 702.*

—**Its Language.**

*K. Rich.* No matter where; of comfort  
no man speak:  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epi-  
taphs;  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

*R. II., III: 2. 702.*

—**Of Countenance.**

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted  
colour off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Den-  
mark.  
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:  
Thou know'st, 't is common; all, that live,  
must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*H., I: 2. 1394.*

**GLORY.**

*Apem.* \* \*  
Like madness is the glory of this life,  
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.

*T. A., I: 2. 1291.*

—**Departure of, Foreseen.**

*Sal.* Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy  
mind,  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!  
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,  
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and un-  
rest.

*R. II., II: 4. 699.*

—**Human, painful.**

*P. Hen.* \* \* O majesty!  
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost  
sit  
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,  
That scalds with safety.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.*

—**Leads to Crime.**

*Prin.* \* \*  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes.

*L. L., IV: 1. 283.*

—**Short-Lived.**

*Vol.* \* \* I have ventur'd,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on blad-  
ders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown  
pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left  
me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide  
me.

*H. VIII., III: 2. 1081.*

—**Superlative.**

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory: Men might say,  
Till this time, pomp was single; but now  
married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last,  
Made former wonders it's: To-day, the  
French,  
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow,  
they  
Made Britain, India: every man that stood,  
Show'd like a mine.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.*

—**Vanisheth.**

*Puc.* \* \*  
Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to  
nought.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 868.*

**GOD.—Acknowledgment of.**

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to  
the village:  
And be it death proclaimed through our  
host,  
To boast of this, or take that praise from  
God,  
Which is his only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, and please your  
majesty, to tell how many is killed?

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain; but with this ac-  
knowledgment,  
That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us  
great good.



*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites;  
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.

*H. V., IV: 8. 851.*

### GOLD.—Causes Nature to Revolt.

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes her object!

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.*

### —For Corruption.

*K. Rich.* \* \*  
Boy,—  
*Page.* My lord.  
*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom  
corrupting gold  
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?  
*Page.* I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty  
mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*R. III., IV: 2. 1032.*

### —Given to Insure Destruction.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow  
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp  
shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the law-  
yer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the  
flamen,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,  
And not believes himself: down with the  
nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite  
away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee,  
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-  
pate ruffians bald;  
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection. — There 's  
more gold:—  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all!

*T. A., IV: 3. 1307.*

### —Its Omnipotence. (See Money.)

*Gru.* Nay, look you sir, he tells you  
flatly what his mind is. Why, give him

gold enough and marry him to a puppet,  
or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er  
a tooth in her head, though she have as  
many diseases as two-and-fifty horses: why,  
nothing comes amiss, so money comes  
withal.

*T. S., I: 2. 458.*

*Tim.* \* \*  
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce  
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright de-  
filer  
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate  
wooer  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated  
snow  
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,  
That solder'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with  
every tongue,  
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!  
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy  
virtue  
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire!

*T. A., IV: 3. 1309.*

### —Its Power.

*Rom.* \* \* Saint-seducing gold.  
*R. J., I: 1. 1244.*

*Anne.* O, what a world of vild ill-favour'd  
faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds  
a-year!

*M. W., III: 4. 107.*

*Tim.* \* \*  
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?  
No, gods,  
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear  
heavens!  
Thus much of this, will make black, white;  
foul, fair;  
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young;  
cowards, valiant.  
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you  
gods? Why this  
Will lug your priests and servants from  
your sides;  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their  
heads:  
This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions ; bless the ac-  
curs'd ;  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd ; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee and approbation,  
With senators on the bench : this is it,  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again ;  
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous  
sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and  
spices  
To the April day again.

*T. A., IV : 3. 1305.*

—**Its Slavery.**

*K. Hen. \* \**

How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes her object !  
For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their  
brains with care,  
Their bones with industry ;  
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved  
gold ;  
For this they have been thoughtful to in-  
vest  
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises !  
When like the bee culling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets !  
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths  
with honey,  
We bring it to the hive ; and, like the bees,  
Are murder'd for our pains.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV : 4. 802.*

—**What it will Bring.**

*Clo. \* \* 'T is gold*

That buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and  
makes  
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and  
't is gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves  
the thief ;  
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true  
man : What  
Can it not do, and undo ?

*Cym., II : 3. 1600.*

—**Worse than Poison.**

*Rom.* There is thy gold ; worse poison  
to men's souls,  
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,

Than these poor compounds that thou may'st  
not sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

*R. J., V : 1. 1274.*

—**Worshiped as a God.**

*Tim. \* \* What a god's gold,*

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple  
Than where swine feed !

'T is thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st  
the foam ;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave :

To thee be worship ! and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone  
obey !

*T. A., V : 1. 1312.*

**GOOD.—And Evil in Everything.**

*Fri. \* \**

O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true quali-  
ties :

For nought so vile that on the earth doth  
live,

But to the earth some special good doth  
give ;

Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that  
fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied :

And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and med'cine power :

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers  
each part ;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will ;

And, where the worser is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that  
plant.

*R. J., II : 3. 1253.*

—**Out of Evil.**

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone,  
the issue of it being so proper.

*K. L., I : 1. 1443.*

—**Too, for Working-days.**

*D. Pedro.* Will you have me, lady ?

*Beat.* No, my lord, unless I might have  
another for working-days ; your grace is  
too costly to wear every day.

*M. A., II : 1. 233.*

**GOODNESS.—Courageous.**

*Isab.* \* \* I have spirit to do anything  
that appears not foul in the truth of my  
spirit.

*M. M.*, III: 1. 159.

**—Dignified.**

*King.* \* \*

From lowest place when virtuous things  
proceed,

The place is dignified by th' doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell, and virtue  
none,

It is a dropsied honour: good alone  
Is good without a name; vileness is so:  
The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title.

*A. W.*, II: 3. 507.

**—Excessive.**

*King.* \* \*

For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,  
Dies in his own too-much.

*H.*, IV: 7. 1428.

**—Extraordinary, Dangerous.**

*Car.* \* \*

Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing  
words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circum-  
spect.

What though the common people favour  
him,

Calling him—"Humphrey, the good duke  
of Gloster;"

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud  
voice—

"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"

With—"God preserve the good duke  
Humphrey!"

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous protector.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 909.

**—Influence on the Masses.**

*K. Hen.* That 's not my fear, my meed  
hath got me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their de-  
mands,

Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;  
My pity hath been balm to heal their  
wounds,

My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their bitter-flowing tears:  
I have not been desirous of their wealth,  
Nor much oppress'd them with great sub-  
sidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much  
err'd;

Then why should they love Edward more  
than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:  
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,  
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 8. 985.

**—Inspires Awe and Terror.**

*Cran.* \* \* All princely graces,  
That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall  
nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:  
She shall be lov'd, and fear'd: Her own  
shall bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good  
grows with her.

*H. VIII.*, V: 3. 1094.

**—Life of Beauty.**

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair  
hath made you good: the goodness that is  
cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in good-  
ness; but grace, being the soul of your com-  
plexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair.

*M. M.*, III: 1. 158.

**—Never Fearful.**

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never  
fearful.

*M. M.*, III: 1. 159.

**—No less Good because of Evil.**

*Mal.* \* \*

Angels are bright still, though the brightest  
fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows  
of grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*M.*, IV: 3. 1378.

**—Shines Afar.**

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my  
hall.

How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*M. V.*, V: 1. 389.

## —Sometimes Wearisome.

*Ang.* \* \* The state whereon I studied  
Is like a good thing, being often read,  
Grown sear'd and tedious.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 154.

## —Uniform.

*Laf.* \* \* He that so generally is at all  
times good, must of necessity hold his vir-  
tue to you.

*A. W.*, I: 1. 495.

## —Unparalleled.

*Paul.* True, too true, my lord:  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or, from the all that are took something  
good,  
To make a perfect woman, she, you kill'd,  
Would be unparalleled'd.

*W. T.*, V: 1. 611.

## GORMANDIZER.—Cast off.

*Shy.* \* \* Thou shalt not gormandise,  
As thou hast done with me; — \* \*  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out.

*M. V.*, II: 5. 370.

*Sir And.* \* \* But I am a great eater  
of beef, and I believe that does harm to my  
wit.

*T. N.*, I: 3. 542.

## GOSSIP.—A Lying.

*Solan.* I would she were as lying a gos-  
sip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made  
her neighbours believe she wept for the death  
of a third husband.

*M. V.*, III: 1. 375.

## —Bloody, Ends in Silence.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: A knavish speech  
sleeps in a foolish ear.

*H.*, IV: 2. 1421.

*Aar.* O, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy:  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?  
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords,  
no.

And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far hence Muli lives, my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to  
bed;

His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all;

And how by this their child shall be ad-  
vanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords; ye see that I have given  
her physic, [*Pointing to the Nurse.*]  
And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant  
grooms.

*Tit. And.*, IV: 2. 1222.

## GOVERNMENT.—A Unit.

*Exe.* \* \*

While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
The advised head defends itself at home:  
For government, though high, and low, and  
lower,  
Put into parts, both keep in one concent,  
Congruing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 822.

## —Ability to Discourse on.

*Duke.* Of government the properties to  
unfold,  
Would seem in me t' affect speech and dis-  
course;  
Since I am put to know that your own sci-  
ence

Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice  
My strength can give you. Then no more  
remains,

Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth  
is able,

And let them work. The nature of our  
people,

Our city's institutions, and the terms  
For common justice, y' are as pregnant in,  
As art and practice hath enriched any  
That we remember.

*M. M.*, I: 1. 143.

## —Good, almost Omniscient.

*Ulyss.* \* \*

The providence that 's in a watchful state,  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;  
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like  
the gods,

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.



## —Good, Prunes.

*Gard.* \* \* Oh! what pity is it,  
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his  
land,  
As we this garden! We at time of year  
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-  
trees;  
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,  
With too much riches it confound itself:  
Had he done so to great and growing men,  
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to  
taste  
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous  
branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:  
Had he done so, himself had borne the  
crown,  
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown  
down.

*R. II., III: 4. 706.*

## —Its Effect on Woman.

*York.* \* \*  
'T is government, that makes them seem  
divine;  
The want thereof makes thee abominable:

*H. VI., 3 pt., 1: 4. 961.*

## —Not easily Overthrown.

*Men.* I tell you, friends, most charitable  
care  
Have the patricians of you. For your  
wants,  
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as  
well  
Strike at the heaven with your staves, as  
lift them  
Against the Roman state; whose course  
will on  
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand  
curbs  
Of more strong link asunder, than can ever  
Appear in your impediment: For the dearth,  
The gods, not the patricians, make it; and  
Your knees to them, not arms, must help.

*C., I: 1. 1150.*

## —Popular, Rebuked.

*Cor.* \* \*  
You that will be less fearful than discreet;  
That love the fundamental part of state,  
More than you doubt the change of 't; that  
prefer

A noble life before a long, and wish  
To jump a body with a dangerous physic  
That's sure of death without it,—at once  
pluck out  
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick  
The sweet which is their poison: your dis-  
honour

Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the  
state

Of that integrity which should become it;  
Not having the power to do the good it  
would,

For the ill which doth control it.

*Brw.* He has said enough.

*Sic.* He has spoken like a traitor, and  
shall answer

As traitors do.

*Cor.* Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm  
thee!—

What should the people do with these bald  
tribunes?

On whom depending, their obedience fails  
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,  
When what's not meet, but what must be,  
was law,

Then were they chosen; in a better hour,  
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,  
And throw their power i' the dust.

*C., III: 1. 1170.*

## —Who Should be Subject to.

*York.* \* \*  
Let them obey, that know not how to rule.

*H. VI., 2 pt., V: 1. 941.*

GRACE.—A Woman's. (See Good-  
ness.)

*Suf.* \* \*  
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,  
Mid natural graces that extinguish art.

*H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 894.*

*Pet.* \* \* Kate, like the hazel-twigg,  
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in  
hue,  
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

*T. S., II: 1. 464.*

*Ulyss.* \* \*  
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her  
lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks.

*T. C., IV: 5. 1132.*

## —Always the same.

*Lucio.* \* \*

Grace is grace, despite of all controversy.

*M. M.*, I: 2. 144.

## —Apemantus's, before Meal.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
 I pray for no man but myself:  
 Grant I may never prove so fond,  
 To trust man, on his oath or bond;  
 Or a harlot, for her weeping;  
 Or a dog, that seems a sleeping.

*T. A.*, I: 2. 1290.

## —Overflowing.

*Pro.* \* \*

Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
 Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
 On all that need.

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1578.

## —Profaned.

*York.* \* \* Grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

*R. II.*, II: 3. 698.

## —Timon's, a Rebuke.

*Tim.* \* \* Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.]**T. A.*, III: 6. 1303.

## GRACES.—King's, distasteful.

*Mal.* But I have none: The king-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
 Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
 I have no relish of them.

*M.*, IV: 3. 1379.

## —Traitors to Us.

*Adam.* \* \*

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

*A. Y.*, II: 3. 415.

## —Work Evil.

*Her.* \* \*

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens like a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

*M. N.*, I: 1. 323.

## GRAFTING.—Nature's Art.

*Per.*

For I have heard it said,

There is an art which, in their piousness, shares

With great creating nature.

*Pol.*

Say, there be;

Yet nature is made better by no mean,

But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,

Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art

That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;

And make conceive a bark of baser kind

By bud of nobler race: This is an art

Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but

The art itself is nature.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 601.

## GRANDEUR.—Luxuriant.

*Eno.* I will tell you:

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
 Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;

Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that

The winds were love-sick with them: the  
 oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and  
 made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes.

\* \*

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,

So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,

And made their bends adornings: at the  
helm  
A seeming Mermaid steers; the silken  
tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft  
hands,  
That yarely frame the office.

*A. C.*, II: 2. 1550.

#### GRATITUDE.—Due to God.

*K. Hen.* Poor soul! God's goodness  
hath been great to thee:  
Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath  
done.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II: 1. 916.

#### —How expressed.

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours  
done

To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name, and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my emperess,  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please  
thee?

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1204.

#### —Prayer for.

*K. Hen.* \* \* O Lord, that lends me  
life,  
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 907.

#### —Requites.

*K. Hen.* \* \* I'll well requite thy kind-  
ness,  
For that it made my imprisonment a pleas-  
ure;

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds  
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,  
At last, by notes of household harmony,  
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 6. 982.

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll  
ope my arms;  
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,  
Repast them with my blood.

*H.*, IV: 5. 1425.

#### —Tears, its Sign.

*P. Hen.* I have a kind soul, that would  
give you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

*K. J.*, V: 7. 677.

#### GRAVE.—By the Sea.

*Alcib.* \* \*

Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human  
griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our  
droplets which  
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for  
aye  
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven.

*T. A.*, V: 5. 1316.

#### —How Marked.

*Oph.* \* \*

[*Sings.*

He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone:  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.

*H.*, IV: 5. 1424.

*Bel.* \* \*

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'  
the night,  
Are strewings fittest for graves.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1618.

#### —Selection of a.

*Luc.* \* \* Let us

Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1619.

#### GRAVITY.—Circumspect.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed  
at midnight?

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

#### —Its Excesses.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with  
such excess,  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 294.

#### GREAT.—Eat up the small.

i *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land; the  
great ones eat up the little ones: I can com-  
pare our rich-misers to nothing so fitly as to  
a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the

poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*P.*, II: 2. 1649.

—Represented by the Small.

*Cho.* \* \* But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,  
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth  
So great an object: Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O, the very casques,  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
Q, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
Attest, in little place, a million;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces work:  
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.

*H.* V., I: C. 819.

—Their Visits portentous.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. What can be their business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from  
favour?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.  
They should be good men; their affairs as  
righteous;  
But all hoods make not monks.

*H.* VIII., III: 1. 1074.

**GREATNESS.—Absorbs all lesser Things.**

*K. Edw.* Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry,  
bear him hence,  
And once again proclaim us king of Eng-  
land.—  
You are the fount, that makes small brooks  
to flow;  
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck  
them dry,  
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.

*H.* VI., 3 pt., IV: 8. 986.

—Apparent.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a de-  
scended god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming.

*Cym.*, I: 7. 1597.

*Cran.* \* \* He shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his  
branches  
To all the plains about him.

*H.* VIII., V: 4. 1094.

—Earned.

*K. Hen.* \* \* I will keep my state;  
Be like a king, and show my soul of great-  
ness,  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:  
For that I have laid by my majesty,  
And plodded like a man for working-days;  
But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.

*H.* V., I: 2. 823.

—Envied.

*Duke.* O place and greatness, millions  
of false eyes  
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious  
quests  
Upon thy doings! thousand escapes of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
And rack thee in their fancies!

*M. M.*, IV: 1. 163.

—Ever growing.

*Cleo.* I dream'd, there was an emperor  
Antony;—

\* \*

His face was as the heavens; and therein  
stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course,  
and lighted

The little O, the earth.

\* \*

His legs bestrid the ocean; his rear'd arm  
Crested the world: his voice was propertied  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the  
orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,  
That grew the more by reaping.

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1578.



## —Fallen.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he  
there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.

*J. C.*, III: 2. 1340.

*Cleo.* \* \*

O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys,  
and girls,  
Are level now with men: the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.

*A. C.*, IV: 13. 1576.

## —Has its Weaknesses.

*Achil.* 'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen  
out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1124.

*P. Hen.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is it come to that? I had thought,  
weariness durst not have attached one of so  
high blood.

*P. Hen.* 'Faith, it does me; though it  
discolours the complexion of my greatness  
to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely  
in me, to desire small beer?

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., II: 2. 782.

## —In Ruins.

*Ant.* \* \*

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived in the tide of times.

*J. C.*, III: 1. 1338.

## —Its Sources.

*Mal.* \* \*

[*Reads.*

Be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great,  
some achieve greatness, and some have greatness  
thrust upon them. The fates open their hands; let  
thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure  
thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble  
slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kins-  
man, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang  
arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singu-  
larity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee.

*T. N.*, II: 5. 553.

## —Its Culmination.

*Vol.* \* \*

I have touch'd the highest point of all my  
greatness;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1079.

## —Its Danger.

*Apem.* I scorn thy meat; 't would choke  
me, for I should  
Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a  
number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!  
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat  
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,  
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with  
men:

Methinks, they should invite them without  
knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their  
lives.

There 's much example for 't; the fellow,  
that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him,  
and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,  
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been  
prov'd.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink  
at meals;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dan-  
gerous notes:

Great men should drink with harness on  
their throats.

\* *T. A.*, I: 2. 1290.

## —Its Fall.

*War.* \* \*

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely  
eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;  
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spread-  
ing tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's power-  
ful wind.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 2. 988.

## —Not Supported.

*K. Hen.* \* \* O, be sick, great great-  
ness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
With titles blown from adulation?

*H. V., IV: 1. 842.*

—Not to be Estimated.

*Tro.* Fie, fie, my brother!  
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,  
So great as our dread father, in a scale  
Of common ounces? will you with counters  
sum

The past-proportion of his infinite?  
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,  
With spans and inches so diminutive  
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

*T. C., II: 2. 1113.*

—Overpowering.

*Cæs.* Why, man, he doth bestride the  
narrow world,  
Like a Colossus; and we petty men  
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

*J. C., I: 2. 1324.*

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.  
Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:  
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps  
thee, is  
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy  
angel  
Becomes a Fear, as being o'erpower'd;  
therefore  
Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth.* To none but thee; no more, but  
when to thee.  
If thou dost play with him at any game,  
Thou art sure to lose! and, of that natural  
luck,  
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre  
thickens,  
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit  
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;  
But, he away, 't is noble.

*A. C., II: 3. 1551.*

—That which Made it, Despised.

*Bru.* \* \*  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth  
of Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 't is a common  
proof,

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base de-  
grees

By which he did ascend.

*J. C., II: 1. 1329.*

—True, Invincible.

*Auf.* \* \* I think, he'll be to Rome,  
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it  
By sovereignty of nature. First he was  
A noble servant to them; but he could not  
Carry his honours even: whether 't was  
pride,

Which out of daily fortune ever taints  
The happy man; whether defect of judg-  
ment,

To fail in the disposing of those chances  
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,  
Not to be other than one thing, not moving  
From the casque to the cushion, but com-  
manding peace

Even with the same austerity and garb  
As he controll'd the war.

\* \* So our virtues  
Lie in the interpretation of the time:  
And power, unto itself most commendable,  
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair  
To extol what it hath done.

One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one  
nail;  
Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths  
do fail.

*C., IV: 7. 1185.*

—True, its Growth.

*Ham.* \* \* Rightly to be great,  
Is, not to stir without great argument;  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honour's at the stake.

*H., IV: 4. 1423.*

*Com.* \* \*

That valour is the chiefest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,  
The man I speak of cannot in the world  
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,

When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he  
fought

Beyond the mark of others: our then dic-  
tator,

Whom with all praise I point at, saw him  
fight,

When with his Amazonian chin he drove  
The bristled lips before him: he bestrid  
An o'er-press'd Roman, and i' the consul's  
view

Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met,  
And struck him on his knee: in that day's  
feats,

When he might act the woman in the scene,  
He prov'd best man i' the field, and for his  
meed

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil  
age

Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;  
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,  
He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For  
this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say,  
I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the  
fliers:

And, by his rare example, made the coward  
Turn terror into sport: as waves before  
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,  
And fell below his stem: his sword (death's  
stamp)

Where it did mark, it took; from face to  
foot

He was a thing of blood, whose every mo-  
tion

Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd  
The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted  
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,  
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck  
Corioli, like a planet: Now all 's his:

When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce  
His ready sense, then straight his doubled  
spirit

Re-quicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,  
And to the battle came he; where he did  
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if  
'T were a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd  
Both field and city ours, he never stood  
To ease his breast with panting.

*C.*, II: 2. 1164.

—True, its Vagaries.

*Lieu.* I do not know what witchcraft 's  
in him, but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore  
meat,

Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;  
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,  
Even by your own.

*Auf.* I cannot help it now;  
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot  
Of our design. He bears himself more  
proudlie

Even to my person, than I thought he would,  
When first I did embrace him: Yet his na-  
ture

In that's no changeling; and I must excuse  
What cannot be amended.

*C.*, IV: 7. 1185.

GRIEF.—A Solace. (See Sorrow.)

*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my ab-  
sent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with  
me;

Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.

*K. J.*, III: 4. 662.

—Aggravated.

*Æge.* A heavier task could not have been  
impos'd,  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.

*C. E.*, I: 1. 192.

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—when  
my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain.

*T. C.*, I: 1. 1103.

*Tit.* \* \*

What fool hath added water to the sea?  
Or brought a fagot to bright burning Troy?  
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,  
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds:  
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;  
For they have fought for Rome, and all in  
vain;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding  
life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.  
Now all the service I require of them  
Is that the one will help to cut the other.

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1215.

## —All our Own.

*K. Rich.* My crown, I am; but still my  
griefs are mine;  
You may my glories and my state depose,  
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

*R. II., IV: 1. 709.*

## —Atoning.

*Eno.* \* \* Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault:  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to  
powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts.

*A. C., IV: 9. 1572.*

## —Disguised.

*Macd.* O, I could play the woman with  
mine eyes,  
And braggart with my tongue!

*M., IV: 3. 1380.*

## —Emphatic.

*Ham.* What is he, whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of  
sorrow  
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes  
them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers?

*H., V: 2. 1432.*

## —Entertained.

*Queen.* \* \*  
Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged  
in thee,  
When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

*R. II., V: 1. 711.*

## —Excessive.

*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right  
of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to  
the living.

*Hel.* If the living be enemy to the grief,  
the excess makes it soon mortal.

*A. W., I: 1. 496.*

*Fal.* \* \*

A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a  
man up like a bladder.

*H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.*

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your  
cousin's death?  
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave  
with tears?

An if thou could'st, thou could'st not make  
him live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shows  
much of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of  
wit.

*R. J., III: 5. 1265.*

## —Extravagant.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* 'Zounds, show me what thou 'lt  
do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast?  
woul't tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. — Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them  
throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,  
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt  
mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

*H., V: 1. 1432.*

*Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard—that grief  
softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to  
weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on  
this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing  
breast:

But where 's the body that I should em-  
brace?

\* \*

*K. Hen.* How now, madam? Still  
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's  
death?

I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,  
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much  
for me.

*Q. Mar.* No, my love, I should not  
mourn, but die for thee.

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 4. 936.*

## —Foreshadowed.

*Queen.* \* \*

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,  
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest



As my sweet Richard: Yetagain, methinks,  
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's  
womb,  
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul  
With nothing trembles: at something it  
grieves,  
More than with parting from my lord the  
king.

*R. II., II: 2. 695.*

—General.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah! who shall hinder me to  
wail and weep?

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude  
impatience?

*Q. Eliz.* To make an act of tragic vio-  
lence:—

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.  
Why grow the branches, when the root is  
gone?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their  
sap?—

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the  
king's;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

*Duch.* Ah, so much interest have I in  
thy sorrow,

As I had title in thy noble husband!  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And liv'd by looking on his images:  
But now, two mirrors of his princely sem-  
blance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in  
him.

Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left  
thee:

But death hath snatch'd my husband from  
my arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble  
hands,

Clarence, and Edward. O what cause have I,  
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)  
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

\* \*

*Duch.* Was never mother had so dear a  
loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;  
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.  
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;  
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:  
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:  
I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—  
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,  
Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's  
nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

*R. III., II: 2. 1016.*

—Great, an Excuse.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words,  
I think, were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners,  
reason now.

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your  
grief:  
Therefore, 't were reason, you had manners  
now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath this priv-  
ilege.

*Best.* 'T is true; to hurt his master, no  
man else.

*K. J., IV: 3. 669.*

—Great, proud.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings.

*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will  
not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner  
stout.

To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to  
it.

*K. J., III: 1. 657.*

—Heavy.

*Duch.* \* \* Grief boundeth where it  
falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:  
I take my leave before I have begun;  
For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

*R. II., I: 2. 667.*

## —Helps Nothing.

*Bra.* \* \*

We lose it not, so long as we can smile.  
He bears the sentence well, that nothing  
bears

But the free comfort which from thence he  
hears :

But he bears both the sentence and the sor-  
row,

That, to pay grief, must of poor patience  
borrow

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :  
But words are words ; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruise'd heart was pierced through  
the ear.

*O.*, I: 3. 1497.

## —Inconsolable.

*Edw.* Sweet duke of York, our prop to  
lean upon ;  
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no  
stay ! —

O Clifford, boist'rous Clifford, thou hast  
slain

The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;  
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,  
For hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd  
thee ! —

Now my soul's palace is become a prison :  
Ah, would she break from hence ! that this  
my body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest :  
For never henceforth shall I joy again,  
Never, O never, shall I see more joy.

*H.* VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

## —Its changing Power.

*Edge.* Oh ! grief hath chang'd me, since  
you saw me last ;  
And careful hours, with Time's deformed  
hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in my face.

*C.* E., V: 1. 212.

## —Its Shadows.

*Bushy.* Each substance of a grief hath  
twenty shadows,  
Which show like grief itself, but are not  
so.

*R.* II., II: 2. 695.

## —Its Signs.

*Agam.* Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your  
cheeks ?

*T.* C., I: 3. 1107.

## —Its weakening Power.

*North.* \* \*

And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd  
joints,

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire,  
Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd  
with grief,  
Are thrice themselves.

*H.* IV., 1: 1. 775.

## —Lengthens Time.

*Gaunt.* What is six winters ? they are  
quickly gone.

*Boling.* To men in joy ; but grief makes  
one hour ten.

*R.* II., I: 3. 690.

## —Not conducive to Humility.

*Prince.* \* \* Farewell, worthy lord,  
A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue :  
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks  
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

*L.* L., V: 2. 302.

## —Puissant.

*Edg.* \* \*

His grief grew puissant, and the strings of  
life  
Began to crack.

*K.* L., V: 3. 1484.

## —Quenchless.

*Fath.* \* \*

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell :  
And so obsequious will thy father be,  
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,  
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

*H.* VI., 3 pt., II: 5. 969.

## —Tearless.

*Her.* \* \*

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities : but I have

That honourable grief lodg'd here, which  
burns  
Worse than tears drown.

*W. T.*, II: 1. 588.

—Unutterable.

*Sen.* \* \*  
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utterance.

*Tit. And.*, V: 3. 1230.

—Who master it.

*Bene.* Well, every one can master a  
grief, but he that has it.

*M. A.*, III: 2. 239.

**GRIEFS.—Great, medicine the Less.**

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the  
less.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1617.

—Not for the Past.

*Paul.* \* \* What's gone, and what's  
past help,  
Should be past grief.

*W. T.*, III: 3. 596.

—Some medicinable.

*Imo.* \* \*  
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one  
of them,  
For it doth physic love;—of his content,  
All but in that!

*Cym.*, III: 2. 1606.

**GRIEVANCES.—Complained of.**

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your sub-  
jects  
Are in great grievance: there have been  
commissions  
Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd  
the heart  
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,  
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!)  
even he escapes not  
Language unmannerly; yea, such which  
breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*H. VIII.*, I: 2. 1060.

**GROANS.—Fearful.**

*Pro.* \* \* Thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the  
breasts  
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo; it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made  
gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*T.*, I: 2. 11.

**GROWTH.—Of evil Things, swift.**

*York.* \* \*  
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow  
More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my  
uncle Gloster,  
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do  
grow apace."  
And since, methinks, I would not grow so  
fast,  
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds  
make haste.

*R. III.*, II: 4. 1018.

**GRUDGES.—Private, not to be  
Avenged.**

*Bas.* Crossing the sea from England into  
France,  
This fellow here, with envious carping  
tongue,  
Upbraided me about the rose I wear:  
Saying,—the sanguine color of the leaves  
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,  
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,  
About a certain question in the law,  
Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him;  
With other vile and ignominious terms:  
In confutation of which rude reproach,  
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,  
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

*Ver.* And that is my petition, noble lord:  
For though he seem, with forged quaint  
conceit  
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,  
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;  
And he first took exceptions at this badge,  
Pronouncing—that the paleness of this  
flower

Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

*York.* Will not this malice, Somerset,  
be left?

*Som.* Your private grudge, my lord of  
York, will out,  
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV : 1. 885.*

#### GUESSING.—Ability of.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his em-  
bassy :

Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*H. V., I : 1. 820.*

#### GUEST.—A famous.

*Ulyss.* The great Achilles, — whom opin-  
ion crowns  
The sinew and the forehand of our host.

*T. C., I : 3. 1109.*

#### —Banquo's Invitation.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn sup-  
per, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

*Ban.* Set your highness'  
Command upon me ; to the which, my duties  
Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*M., III : 1. 1368.*

#### —Urged to Delay.

*Her.* Verily !  
You put me off with limber vows : But I,  
Though you would seek t' unsphere the stars  
with oaths,  
Should yet say, " Sir, no going." Verily,  
You shall not go ; a lady's verily is  
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?  
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,  
Not like a guest ; so you shall pay your fees,  
When you depart, and save your thanks.  
How say you?  
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread  
verily,  
One of them you shall be.

*Pol.* Your guest, then, madam :  
To be your prisoner should import offend-  
ing.

*W. T., I : 2. 581.*

#### GUESTS.—Unbidden.

*Bed.* \* \* Unbidden guests  
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

*H. VI., II : 2. 873.*

#### GUILE.—Dissembling. (See Hypoc- risy.)

*Glo.* \* \*

O monstrous treachery ! Can this be so  
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,  
There should be found such false dissem-  
bling guile?

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV : 1. 885.*

#### GUILT.—Enfeebles and Destroys.

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my  
bosom  
Takes off my manhood : I have belied a  
lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air  
on't,  
Revengingly enfeebles me ; Or could this  
carl,  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd  
me,  
In my profession? Knighthoods and hon-  
ours, borne,  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.

*Cym., V : 2. 1622.*

#### —Expedient to unkennel.

*Ham.* \* \*

Observe my uncle : if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen ;  
And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note,  
For I mine eyes will rivet on his face ;  
And, after, we will both our judgments join  
In censure of his seeming.

*H., III : 2. 1413.*

#### —Full of Jealousy.

*Queen.* \* \*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great  
amiss :  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*H., IV : 5. 1424.*

#### —Its Bravado.

*War.* What dares not Warwick, if false  
Suffolk dare him?  
*Q. Mar.* He dares not calm his contume-  
lious spirit,  
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,



Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

*War.* Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;

For every word, you speak in his behalf,  
Is slander to your royal dignity.

*Suf.* Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit  
thou art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,  
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,

And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee

Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,  
And say—it was thy mother that thou meant'st,

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy:  
And, after all this fearful homage done,  
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,

Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

*Suf.* Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

*War.* Away even now, or I will drag thee hence:

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,

And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 928.

### —Cowardly.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?

Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause

To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, to be attended

By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant

To break within the bloody house of life:

And, on the winking of authority,

To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns

More upon humor than advis'd respect.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 668.

### —Its Heaviness.

*Ghost of P. Ed.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth

At Tewkesbury: Despair therefore, and die!—

*Ghost of Hen. VI.* When I was mortal my anointed body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:  
Think on the Tower, and me: Despair, and die.

*Ghost of Clarence.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster.

*Ghost of Riv.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

*Ghost of Grey.* Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

*Ghost of Vaugh.* Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

*Ghost of Hastings.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake!

*Ghost of the two Princes.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die. —

*Ghost of Queen Anne.* Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife, That never slept a quiet hour with thee, Now fills thy sleep with perturbations : To-morrow in the battle think on me, And fall thy edgeless sword : Despair, and die ! —

*Ghost of Buckingham.* The first was I, that help'd thee to the crown ; The last was I that felt thy tyranny : O, in the battle think on Buckingham, And die in terror of thy guiltiness ! Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ; Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !

*R. III., V : 3. 1043.*

*Clar.* O Brankenbury, I have done these things, — That now give evidence against my soul, — For Edward's sake ; and, see, how he requites me ! — O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee, But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds, Yet execute thy wrath on me alone : O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children ! — I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ; My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*R. III., I : 4. 1011.*

—Self-Confessed.

*Ang.* \* \*

No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession : Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

*M. M., V : 1. 174.*

—Sometimes Defiant.

*Fitz.* If that thy valour stand on sympathies, There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine : By that fair sun that shows me where thou stand'st, I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ; And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart, Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

*Aum.* Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

*Fitz.* Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour. \* \*

*Surrey.* Dishonourable boy ! That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword, That it shall render vengeance and revenge, Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie In earth as quiet as thy father's skull. In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn ;

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

*Fitz.* How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse.

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live, I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness, And spit upon him, whilst I say he lies, And lies, and lies : there is my bond of faith, To tie thee to my strong correction. — As I intend to thrive in this new world, Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal : Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say, That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men

To execute the noble duke at Calais.

*Aum.* Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,

That Norfolk lies ; here do I throw down this,

If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

*R. II., IV : 1. 707.*

**GUILTINESS.—Speaks without Tongue.**

*Iago.* \* \*

Do you see, gentlemen ? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

*O., V : 1. 1528.*

—Suspiciously Scatters.

*Sal.* The king hath dispossess'd himself of us ;

We will not line his sin bestained cloak With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks ;

Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

*K. J., IV : 3. 669.*

## H

**HABIT.—Gives Ease**

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*H.*, V: 1. 1430.

**—Powerful.**

*Ham.* \* \* If you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat

Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,  
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy:  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either curb the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency.

*H.*, III: 4. 1420.

**HABITS.—Bred by Use.**

*Val.* How use doth breed a habit in a man;  
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.  
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,  
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;  
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,  
And leave no memory of what it was!

*T. G.*, V: 4. 71.

**HAIR.—Abundance of.**

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses: O, what love I note  
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

*K. J.*, III: 4. 662.

**—Disheveled, a Sign of Liberty.**

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.

*Const.* Yes, that I will: And wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,

“O that these hands could so redeem my son,

As they have given these hairs their liberty!”

But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

*K. J.*, IV: 4. 662.

**—False.**

*Bass.* \* \*

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known  
To be the dowry of a second head,  
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.

*M. V.*, III: 2. 377.

**—Flaxen.**

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

*T. N.*, I: 3. 542.

**—Golden.**

*Bass.* \* \* Her sunny locks  
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 363.

**—Straight.**

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou see'st it will not curl by nature.

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

*T. N.*, I: 3. 542.

—Subject of Jest.

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin.

*T. N.*, III: 1. 554.

—White, unbecoming in a Fool.

*King.* \* \*

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 5. 810.

**HALF-HEARTEDNESS.—Despised.**

*Q. Kath.* \* \* The pretence for this Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths;

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze

Allegiance in them.

*H. VIII.*, I: 2. 1060.

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,

Without corral, all her dignities:

But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 733.

—Fights poorly.

*War.* \* \*

Our soldiers,—like the night-owl's lazy flight,

Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,—

Fall gently down, as if they struck their friends.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 963.

**HALLUCINATIONS.—Produced by Strong Drink.**

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking:

So full of valour, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground

For kissing of their feet; yet always bending

Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,

At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,

That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through

Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them

I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake

O'erstunk their feet.

*T.*, IV: 1. 28.

**HAND.—A coarse.**

*Ros.* \* \*

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think

That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands;

She has a housewife's hand: but that's no matter:

I say, she never did invent this letter;

This is a man's invention, and his hand.

*A. Y.*, IV: 4. 431.

—Cleopatra's.

*Cleo.* \* \* A hand, that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*A. C.*, II: 5. 1552.

—Superlatively White.

*This.* With hands as pale as milk.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 345.

*Flo.* \* \* I take thy hand; this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,  
That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 604.



## —White and soft.

*Tro.* \* \* O, that her hand,  
In whose comparison all whites are ink,  
Writing their own reproach; to whose soft  
seizure  
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of  
sense  
Hard as the palm of ploughman!

*T. C., I: 1. 1103.*

**HANDKERCHIEF.**—Desdemona's.

*Oth.* That handkerchief  
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people: she told her, while  
she kept it,  
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my  
father  
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits  
should hunt  
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me  
wife,  
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of 't,  
Make it a darling like your precious eye;  
To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is it possible?

*Oth.* 'T is true: there's magic in the web  
of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to make two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:  
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed  
the silk;  
And it was died in mummy, which the skil-  
ful  
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

\* \*

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handker-  
chief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*O., III: 4. 1516.*

**HANGING.**—A Destiny.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy:—  
Hanging and wiving go by destiny.

*M. V., II: 9. 374.*

*Pro.* Go, go, be gone, to save your ship  
from wreck,  
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,  
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

*T. G., I: 1. 49.*

## —Deplored.

*Pis.* \* \*

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
And let no hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,  
For *pix* of little price.  
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy  
voice;  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach.

*H. V., III: 6. 836.*

## —Felicities attendant upon.

*Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir:  
But the comfort is, you shall be called to no  
more payments, fear no more tavern bills;  
which are often the sadness of parting, as  
the procuring of mirth: you come in faint  
for want of meat, depart reeling with too  
much drink; sorry that you have paid too  
much, and sorry that you are paid too much;  
purse and brain both empty: the brain the  
heavier for being too light, the purse too  
light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this  
contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the  
charity of a penny cord! it sums up thou-  
sands in a trice: you have no true debtor  
and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and  
to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is  
pen, book, and counters; so the acquit-  
tance follows.

*Cym., V: 4. 1625.*

## —Its Advantages.

*Clo.* Let her hang me; he that is well  
hang'd in this world needs to fear no  
colours.

\* \*

Well, God give them wisdom that have  
it; and those that are fools, let them use  
their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hang'd, for being  
so long absent; or, to be turn'd away; is  
not that as good as a hanging to you?

*Clo.* Many a good hanging prevents a  
bad marriage; and, for turning away, let  
summer bear it out.

*T. N., I: 5. 543.*

**HAPPINESS.**—Embittered.

*Orl.* \* \* But, O, how bitter a thing it  
is to look into happiness through another  
man's eyes!

*A. Y., V: 2. 434.*

## —Perfect.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not over-  
happy;  
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.  
*H.*, II: 2. 1406.

*Oth.* \* \* If it were now to die,  
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*O.*, II: 1. 1502.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald of  
joy: I were but little happy, if I could say  
how much.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 233.

*King.* \* \*  
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.  
*A. W.*, V: 3. 530.

*Hel.* How happy some o'er othersome  
can be!  
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.  
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;  
He will not know what all but he do know.  
*M. N.*, I: 1. 323.

**HARD-HEARTEDNESS.—Unfits for Death.**

*Duke.* Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel  
heart!  
*M. M.*, IV: 3. 167.

**HARDINESS.—Hardiness, Mother of.**

*Imos.* \* \* Hardness ever  
Of hardiness is mother.  
*Cym.*, III: 6. 1612.

**HARMONY.—In Diversity.**

*Cant.* \* \* I this infer, —  
That many things, having full reference  
To one conent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Fly to one mark;  
As many several ways meet in one town;  
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 823.

## —In Nature.

*Hel.* \* \*  
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds  
appear.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 323.

**HASTE.—Demanded.**

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over  
land.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 297.

*North.* \* \* Every minute now  
Should be the father of some stratagem.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

## —Imperative.

*Duke.* \* \*  
Either for her stay, or going: the affair  
cries—haste,  
And speed must answer it; you must hence  
to-night.

*O.*, I: 3. 1498.

## —In Securing Shelter.

*Mess.* \* \*  
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown  
tide,  
As the recomforted through the gates.  
*C.*, V: 4. 1191.

## —In Time of Danger.

*K. John.* Nay, but make haste: the bet-  
ter foot before. —  
O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion! —  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.  
*K. J.*, IV: 2. 667.

## —Not wise.

*Mal.* \* \* Modest wisdom plucks me  
From over-credulous haste.  
*M.*, IV: 2. 1379.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.  
*L. L.*, III: 1. 281.

*Rom.* O, let us hence; I stand on sud-  
den haste.

*Fri.* Wisely, and slow; They stumble,  
that run fast.

*R. J.*, II: 3. 1254.

## —Should Speak in the Eyes.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look,  
That comes to speak things strange.

*M.*, I: 2. 1358.

## —The Superlative of.

*Rum.* \* \*  
Making the wind my post-horse.

*H.* IV., 2 pt., Ind: 773.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and re-  
turn  
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

*T.*, V: 1. 31.

**HATE.—Growing out of Kindness.**

*Ant.* Let him alone;  
I'll follow him no more with bootless  
prayers.  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

*M.* V., III: 3, 380.

## —Of that We Fear.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I  
wish, forbear;  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

*A.* C., I: 3. 1543.

## —Renounced.

*Riv.* By heaven, my soul is purg'd from  
grudging hate;  
And with my hand I seal my true heart's  
love.

*R.* III., 11: 1. 1014.

## —Superlative.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion; I hate it as  
an unfill'd can.

*T.* N., II: 3. 548.

**HATRED.—Accounts for Tyranny.**

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones  
teach the dam?  
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it  
thee:  
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn  
to marble;  
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

*Tit. And.*, II: 3. 1211.

## —An Excuse.

*Lep.* I must not think, there are  
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:  
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of  
heaven,  
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot  
change,  
Than what he chooses.

*A.* C., I: 3. 1545.

## —Bitter and Undying.

*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate man-  
kind.

*T.* A., IV: 3. 1305.

*Cor.* Spoke he of me?

*Lart.* He did, my lord.

*Cor.* How? what?

*Lart.* How often he had met you, sword  
to sword:

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated  
Your person most: that he would pawn his  
fortunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might

Be call'd your vanquisher.

*C.*, III: 1. 1168.

## —Of the Common People.

*Cor.* You common cry of curs! whose  
breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I  
prize  
As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain with your uncertainty!  
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!  
Your enemies, with noddling of their plumes,  
Fan you into despair! Have the power still  
To banish your defenders; till, at length,  
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it  
feels,)  
Making not reservation of yourselves,  
(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most  
Abated captives, to some nation  
That won you without blows! Despising,  
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:  
There is a world elsewhere.

*C.*, III: 3. 1177.

**HAZARD.—Hope of, Advantage.**

*Mor.* \* \*

What says this leaden casket?

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he  
hath."

Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens : Men that hazard all  
Do it in hope of fair advantages :  
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;  
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, ought for lead.

*M. V.*, II : 7. 372.

#### HEAD-PIECES.—Heavy.

*Orl.* That they lack ; for if their heads  
had any intellectual armour, they could  
never wear such heavy head-pieces.

*H. V.*, III : 7. 839.

#### HEALTH.—Its Restoration.

*Hel.* \* \*

What is infirm from your sound parts shall  
fly,  
Health shall live free, and sickness freely  
die.

*A. W.*, II : 1. 504.

#### HEART.—A broken One.

*Edg.* \* \* But his flaw'd heart,  
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)  
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and  
grief,  
Burst smilingly.

*K. L.*, V : 3. 1484.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right ;  
His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

*H. V.*, II : 1. 826.

#### —A good.

*K. Hen.* \* \* A good heart, Kate, is  
the sun and moon ; or, rather the sun, and  
not the moon ; for it shines bright, and  
never changes, but keeps his course truly.

*H. V.*, V : 2. 854.

*Host.* Why, that 's well said ; a good  
heart's worth gold.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., II : 4. 735.

#### —A Woman's.

*Old L.* \* \*

For all this spice of your hypocrisy :  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on  
you,  
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty.

*H. VIII.*, II : 3. 1070

#### —Dancing.

*Leon.* \* \*

I have *tremor cordis* on me :—my heart  
dances ;  
But not for joy,—not joy.

*W. T.*, I : 2. 582.

#### —Hard to Wring.

*Ham.* \* \*

Leave wringing of your hands : Peace ; sit  
you down,  
And let me wring your heart : for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff ;  
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,  
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

*H.*, III : 4. 1418.

#### HEARTLESSNESS.—ATemperament.

*Lucio.* \* \* A man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth.

*M. M.*, I : 5. 147.

#### HEAVEN.—Its Sanction.

*Lew.* \* \*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :  
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,  
And on our actions set the name of right,  
With holy breath.

*K. J.*, V : 2. 672.

#### HEAVINESS.—A good Presage.

*Arch.* Against ill chances, men are ever  
merry ;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz ; since  
sudden sorrow  
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing  
comes to-morrow.

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in  
spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own  
rule be true.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV : 2. 798.

#### HEIGHTS.—Looking from.

*Edg.* \* \* How fearful

And dizzy 't is, to cast one's eyes so low !  
The crows, and choughs, that wing the mid-  
way air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles : Half way  
down



Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,  
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,

Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;

Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight  
Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand: You are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse: in it, a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off.

*K. L.*, IV: 6. 1475.

#### —Looking up to.

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:

Look up a height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*K. L.*, IV: 6. 1475.

#### HEIRLOOM.—By Testament.

*Count.* \* \*

Of six preceding ancestors, that gem  
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,  
Hath it been ow'd and worn.

*A. W.*, V: 3. 528.

*Ber.* It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.

*A. W.*, IV: 2. 518.

#### HEIRS.—Danger of numerous.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came  
by his father;

Or, by his father, there were none at all:  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not;

O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;  
And the queen's sons, and brothers, haught and proud;

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

*R. III.*, II: 3. 1018.

#### —Their Haste to Inherit.

*K. Hen.* \* \* See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:  
When, like the bee, culling from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,  
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 803.

#### HEIRSHIP.—Hereditary.

*Lear.* To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,  
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom.

*K. L.*, I: 1. 1444.

#### HELL.—Prison of Despair.

*Char.* For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

#### —Within Us.

*K. John.* The salt in them is hot.—  
Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize  
On unreprievable condemned blood.

*K. J.*, V: 7. 676.

**HELP.—Heaven's.**

*Bishop.* Fear not, my lord; that Power,  
that made you king,  
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.  
The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,

And not neglected; else, if heaven would,  
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;  
The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

*R. II., III: 2. 701.*

**—Uncalled for.**

*Buck.* \* \* To as much end,  
As give a crutch to the dead.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1059.*

**HELPLESSNESS.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,  
Looking the way her harmless young one  
went,

And can do nought but wail her darling's  
loss;

Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,  
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd  
eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good;  
So mighty are his vowed enemies.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.*

**—Inveterate.**

*Fal.* \* \* You may know by my size  
that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if  
the bottom were as deep as hell, I should  
down.

*M. W., III: 5. 108.*

**HENPECKERY.—Ancient.**

*Pet.* \* \*  
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
As Socrates' Xantippe, or worse.

*T. S., I: 2. 458.*

**HEREDITY.—Affecting Habits. (See Retribution.)**

*Val.* O' my word, the father's son: I'll  
swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth,  
I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an  
hour together: he has such a confirmed  
countenance. I saw him run after a gilded  
butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it  
go again; and after it again; and over and  
over he comes, and up again; caught it  
again: or whether his fall enraged him, or

how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear  
it; O, I warrant, how he mammocked it!

*Vol.* One of his father's moods.

*Val.* Indeed la, 't is a noble child.

*C., I: 3. 1154.*

**—In Personnel.**

*K. Phi.* \* \*

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face,—  
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out  
of his;

This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of  
time

Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

*K. J., II: 1. 650.*

**—Inclines to Professions.**

*Men.* \* \* Yet you must be saying Marcius  
is proud; who, in a cheap estimation is worth  
all your predecessors, since Deucalion;  
though, peradventure, some of the best of  
them were hereditary hangmen.

*C., II: 1. 1160.*

**—Its Misfortune.**

*Const.* \* \* This is thy eldest son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;  
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
The cannon of the law is laid on him,  
Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

*K. J., II: 1. 651.*

*Const.* I have but this to say,—  
That he's not only plagued for her sin,  
But God hath made her sin and her the  
plague

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,  
And with her plague, her sin: his injury  
Her injury,—the beadle to her sin;  
All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her: A plague upon her!

*K. J., II: 1. 651.*

**—Of Blood.**

*Duch.* \* \*

Edward's seven sons whereof thyself art one,  
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,  
Of seven fair branches springing from one  
root.

*R. II., I: 2. 686.*

**—Of Greatness.**

*Bel.* O noble strain!

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!

Cowards father cowards, and base things  
sire base :

Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and  
grace.

I'm not their father ; yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.

*Cym.*, IV : 2. 1614.

*Bel.* O thou goddess,  
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou bla-  
zon'st

In these two princely boys ! They are as  
gentle

As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as  
rough,

Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st  
wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain  
pine,

And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis  
wonderful,

That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd ; honour untaught ;

Civility not seen from other ; valour,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop

As if it had been sow'd !

*Cym.*, IV : 2. 1616.

#### —Originating.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these  
ends :

For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose  
grace

Chalks successors their way,)

\* \* Neither allied

To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us  
note.

*H. VIII.*, I : 1. 1057.

#### —Relation to Acquirements.

*Count.* His sole child, my lord ; and be-  
queathed to my overlooking. I have those  
hopes of her good that her education prom-  
ises : her dispositions she inherits, which  
make fair gifts fairer ; for where an unclean  
mind carries virtuous qualities, there com-  
mendations go with pity,—they are virtues  
and traitors too : in her they are the better  
for their simpleness ; she derives her honesty,  
and achieves her goodness.

*A. W.*, I : 1. 495.

#### —Seen in Likeness.

*Leon.* Thou want'st a rough pash, and  
the shoots that I have,

To be full like me :—yet, they say we are  
Almost as like as eggs ; women say so,  
That will say anything : But were they false  
As o'er-di'd blacks, as wind, as waters ; false  
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes  
No bourn 'twixt his and mine ; yet were it  
true

To say this boy were like me.

*W. T.*, I : 2. 582.

#### —Source of Faults.

*Lep.* \* \*

His faults, in him, seem as the spots of  
heaven,

More fiery by night's blackness ; hereditary,  
Rather than purchas'd.

*A. C.*, V : 4. 1545.

*Tim.* \* \*

Poor rogue hereditary. Hence ! be gone !

*T. A.*, IV : 3. 1308.

*Tim.* \* \* These old fellows

Have their ingratitude in them hereditary.

*T. A.*, II : 2. 1296.

*Seb.* Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*T.*, II : 1. 17.

#### —To be Trusted.

*Glo.* \* \*

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of  
time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

*R. III.*, III : 7. 1029.

#### —Virtuous, Desired.

*K. Hen.* Full well hath Clifford play'd  
the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never  
hear,—

That things ill got had ever bad success ?

And happy always was it for that son,

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell.

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;

And 'would, my father had left me no more !

For all the rest is held at such a rate,  
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,  
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 2. 965.*

— **When not Answerable.**

*Leon.* No, in good earnest. —

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, my thoughts I did recoil  
Twenty-three years; and saw myself un-  
breech'd

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muz-  
zled,

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,  
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this  
kernel,

This squash, this gentleman: — Mine honest  
friend,

Will you take eggs for money?

*Mam.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*W. T., I: 2. 582.*

**HERETIC.—Who is the?**

*Paul.* I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,  
Not she that burns in 't.

*W. T., II: 3. 592.*

**HERO.—A Model.**

*Lady P.* \* \* By his light,  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress them-  
selves.

He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:  
And speaking thick, which nature made his  
blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;  
For those that could speak low, and tardily,  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him: So that, in speech, in  
gait,

In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others.

*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 3. 784.*

— **A powerful Leader.**

*Com.* If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing

Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better: and they follow  
him,

Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*C., IV: 6. 1184.*

**HEROES.—Compliment each Other.**

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee, good old  
chronicle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with  
time: —

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp  
thee.

*Nest.* I would, my arms could match  
thee in contention,

As they contended with thee in courtesy.

*Hect.* I would they could.

*Nest.* Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-  
morrow.

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen  
the time —

*Ulyss.* I wonder now how yonder city  
stands,

When we have here her base and pillar by  
us.

*Hect.* I know your favour, lord Ulysses,  
well.

Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan  
dead,

Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

*Ulyss.* Sir, I foretold you then what  
would ensue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your  
town,

Yon towers whose wanton tops do buss the  
clouds,

Must kiss their own feet.

*T. C., IV: 5. 1134*

— **Contemptible in Appearance.**

*Count.* Is this the scourge of France?  
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,  
That with his name the mothers still their  
babes?

I see, report is fabulous and false:

I thought, I should have seen some Her-  
cules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect,



And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:

It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp  
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

*H. VI., 1 pt., II: 3. 874.*

—**Inspiration in dead.**

*Lucy.* Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's  
only scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?  
It were enough to fright the realm of

France:

Were but his picture left among you here,  
It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies; that I may bear them  
hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

*Puc.* I think, this upstart is old Talbot's  
ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding  
spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep  
them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

*Char.* Go, take their bodies hence.

*Lucy.* I'll bear them hence:

But from their ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afear'd.

*Char.* So we be rid of them, do with  
'em what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;

All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 7. 891.*

**HESITATION.—On the Verge of Crime.**

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in  
this business:

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have  
bought

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

Which would be worn now in their newest  
gloss,

Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,

Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept  
since,

And wakes it now, to look so green and  
pale

At what it did so freely? From this time,  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afear'd

To be the same in thine own act and valour,  
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have  
that

Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem;

Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

*M., I: 7. 1362.*

**HINTS.—Incite to Crime.**

*Exton.* Didst thou not mark the king,  
what words he spake?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living  
fear?"

Was it not so?

*Serv.* Those were his very words.

*Exton.* "Have I no friend?" quoth he:  
he spake it twice,

And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

*Serv.* He did.

*Exton.* And, speaking it, he wistfully  
look'd on me!

As who should say,—I would, thou wert the  
man

That would divorce this terror from my  
heart;

Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's  
go;

I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

*R. II., V: 4. 715.*

—**Not to be Indulged in.**

*Ham.* \* \*

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never  
shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-  
shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We

could, an if we would;"—or, "If we list to  
speak;"—or,

"There be, an if they might;"—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me:—This do you  
swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help  
you!

*H., I: 5. 1401.*

**HOBBLEDEHOYS.—Described.**

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*T. N.*, I: 5. 545.

**HOLIDAYS.—Too numerous.**

*P. Hen.* \* \*

If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 730.

**HOMICIDE.—Guiltless.**

*Oth.* \* \* Why, any thing:  
An honourable murderer, if you will;  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

*O.*, V: 2. 1532.

**—In Self-Defence.**

\* 1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;

To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

*Alcib.* \* \*

If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,  
As you are great, be pitifully good:  
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;  
But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.  
To be in anger is impiety;  
But who is man, that is not angry?  
Weigh but the crime with this.

*T. A.*, III: 5. 1301.

**—Innocent.**

*Val.* \* \*

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;  
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,  
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

*T. G.*, IV: 1. 65.

**HONEST.—The, never Harmful.**

*Clo.* \* \* Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.

*A. W.*, I: 3. 499.

**HONESTY.—A Chance.**

*Aut.* Though I am not naturally honest,  
I am so sometimes by chance.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 609.

**—A rich Legacy.**

*Mar.* \* \* The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*A. W.*, III: 5. 513.

**—Fearless.**

*Bru.* \* \*

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not.

*J. C.*, IV: 3. 1344.

**—Hates filthy Deeds.**

*Oth.* \* \*

An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*O.*, V: 2. 1530.

**—Heir to Woe.**

*Rosse.*

No mind that's honest

But in it shares some woe.

*M.*, IV: 3. 1380.

**—Incited to Hate.**

*Tim.* \* \* Thou singly honest man,

Here, take:—the gods out of my misery  
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:

But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men;

Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,

Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so, farewell, and thrive.

*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1311.

**—Independent.**

*Touch.* \* \* Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

*A. Y.*, V: 4. 436.

*Davy.* \* \* An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

**—Misplaced.**

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*A. Y.*, III: 3. 425.

## —Pretended.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven, defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—  
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O  
wretched fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note,  
O world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

*O.*, III: 5. 1514.

## —Remarkable.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fish-monger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*H.*, II: 2. 1405.

## —Reputed.

*Mal.* \* \*

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our  
tongues,

Was once thought honest.

*M.*, IV: 3. 1378.

## —Unfaltering, Punished.

*Sic.* For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time  
Envied against the people, seeking means  
To pluck away their power; has now at  
last

Given hostile strokes, and that not in the  
presence

Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers  
That do distribute it: In the name o' the  
people,

And in the power of us the tribunes, we,  
Even from this instant, banish him our city;  
In peril of precipitation

From off the rock Tarpeian, never more  
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's  
name,

I say, it shall be so.

*C.*, III: 3. 1176.

## —Universal.

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's  
grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is dooms-day near.

*H.*, II: 2. 1406.

## —Want of.

*Ant.* If it be so,  
We need no grave to bury honesty;  
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten  
Of the whole dungy earth.

*W. T.*, II: 1. 589.

## —With Beauty, superfluous.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*A. Y.*, III: 3. 425.

## HONOR.—Argument in a Straw.

*Ham.* \* \* Rightly to be great,  
Is, not to stir without great argument;  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,  
When honor's at the stake. How stand I  
then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason, and my blood,  
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,  
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,  
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

*H.*, IV: 2. 1423.

## —Deserved.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's  
vengeance proud, and loves not the common  
people.

\* \*

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his  
country: And his ascent is not by such easy  
degrees, as those, who, having been supple  
and courteous to the people, bonnetted,  
without any further deed to heave them at  
all into their estimation and report: but he  
hath so planted his honours in their eyes,  
and his actions in their hearts, that for their  
tongues to be silent, and not confess so  
much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to  
report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving  
itself the lie, would pluck reproof and re-  
buke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy  
man.

*C.*, II: 2. 1163.

## —Drives away Shame

*Jul.* \* \*

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For't is a throne where honour may be  
crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

—**Due to Greatness.**

*Cas.* \* \* The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the  
way,  
Should have borne men; and expectation  
fainted,  
Longing for what it had not.

*A. C.*, III: 6. 1561.

—**Easily Attained.**

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks, it were an  
easy leap,  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd  
moon;  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom-line could never touch the  
ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 733.

—**Entailed.**

*Her.* \* \* For honour,  
'T is a derivative from me to mine.

*W. T.*, III: 2. 594.

—**Fed not by Gold.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my de-  
sires:  
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

*H. V.*, IV: 2. 844.

—**Hard to Keep.**

*Fal.* \* \* \* Why, thou unconfinable  
baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep  
the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I  
myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven  
on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in  
my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge,  
and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will  
ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain  
looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your  
blunderbuss oaths, under the shelter of  
your honour!

*M. W.*, II: 2. 97.

—**Independent of Habiliments.**

*Pet.* Well, come, my Kate; we will unto  
your father's,  
Even in these honest mean habiliments;  
Our purses shall be proud, our garments  
poor:  
For't is the mind that makes the body rich,  
And as the sun breaks through the darkest  
clouds,  
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.  
What, is the jay more precious than the  
lark,  
Because his feathers are more beautiful?  
Or is the adder better than the eel,  
Because his painted skin contents the eye?  
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the  
worse  
For this poor furniture and mean array.

*T. S.*, IV: 3. 477.

—**Its Train.**

*Old L.* \* \* Honour's train  
Is longer than his foreskirt.

*H. VIII.*, II: 3. 1071.

—**Loved more than Life.**

*Ver.* \* \*  
If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., IV: 3. 754.

*Bru.* \* \*

What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the  
other,  
And I will look on both indifferently:  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*J. C.*, I: 2. 1324.

—**More precious than Life.**

*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;  
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear  
man  
Holds honour far more precious-dear than  
life.

*T. C.*, V: 3. 1139.

—**New made, its Arrogance.**

*Bast.* \* \*  
For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation;



(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)   
 And not alone in habit and device,   
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement;   
 But from the inward motion to deliver   
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's   
 tooth:

Which, though I will not practise to deceive,   
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;   
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

*K. J., I: 1. 648.*

—**New made, its Ignorance.**

*Bast. \* \**

Well, now, can I make any Joan a lady:—   
 “Good dear, sir Richard,—God-a-mercy,   
 fellow;”—

And if his name be George, I'll call him   
 Peter:

For new-made honour doth forget men's   
 names;

'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,   
 For your conversion. Now your traveller,—   
 He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;   
 And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,   
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise   
 My picked man of countries:—“My dear   
 sir,”

(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)   
 “I shall beseech you”—That is question   
 now;

And then comes answer like an ABC-book:   
 “O sir,” says answer, “at your best com-   
 mand;

At your employment; at your service, sir:”   
 “No, sir,” says question, “I, sweet sir, at   
 yours:”

And so, ere answer knows what question   
 would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;   
 And talking of the Alps, and Appennines,   
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,)

It draws toward supper in conclusion so.   
 But this is worshipful society,   
 And fits the mounting spirit like myself.

*K. J., I: 1. 648.*

—**Not Hereditary.**

*King. \* \** Honours thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive   
 Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a   
 slave,

Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave   
 A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,

Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the   
 tomb   
 Of honoured bones indeed.

*A. W., II: 3. 507.*

—**Not Worth Risks.**

*Fal. \* \** Honour pricks me on? Yea,   
 but how if honour prick me off when I come   
 on? how then? Can honour set to a leg?   
 No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the   
 grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no   
 skill in surgery then? No. What is hon-   
 our? A word. What is in that word, hon-   
 our? What is that honour? Air. A trim   
 reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died   
 o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth   
 he hear it? No. Is it insensible then?   
 Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with   
 the living? No. Why? Detraction will   
 not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it:   
 Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends   
 my catechism.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 1. 757.*

—**Secured by great Victories.**

*K. Hen. \* \**

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe   
 home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,   
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He, that shall live this day, and see old age,   
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,   
 And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian:   
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his   
 scars,

And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's   
 day.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,   
 But he'll remember, with advantages   
 What feats he did that day: Then shall our   
 names:

Familiar in their mouths as household   
 words,—

Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,   
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,   
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:   
 This story shall the good man teach his son;   
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,   
 From this day to the ending of the world,   
 But we in it shall be remembered:

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;   
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,   
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,   
 This day shall gentle his condition:   
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,

Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were  
not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any  
speaks,

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's  
day.

*H. V., IV: 3. 844.*

—Swearing by.

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I was  
bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that oath, fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that swore  
by his honour they were good pancakes,  
and swore by his honour the mustard was  
naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes  
were naught, and the mustard was good;  
and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great  
heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your  
wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke  
your chins, and swear by your beards that I  
am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou  
art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then  
I were: but if you swear by that that is not,  
you are not forsworn: no more was this  
knight, swearing by his honour, for he never  
had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it  
away before ever he saw those pancakes or  
that mustard.

*A. Y., I: 2. 409.*

—To be Wed.

*King.* \* \* You come  
Not to woo honour, but to wed it.

*A. W., II: 1. 502.*

HONORS.—Funeral, Withheld.

*Lare.* \* \*

His means of death, his obscure funeral,—  
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his  
bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—

Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to  
earth,

That I must call 't in question.

*H., IV: 5. 1426.*

—New, Sit strangely.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him  
Like our strange garments; cleave not to  
their mould,

But with the aid of use.

*M., I: 3. 1360.*

—National, Declined.

*Tit.* \* \*

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
In right and service of their noble country:  
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
But not a sceptre to control the world:  
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Tit. And., I: 2. 1203.*

—To successful Intercessors.

*1 Sent.* Behold our patroness, the life  
of Rome:

Call all your tribes together, praise the  
gods,

And make triumphant fires; strew flowers  
before them;

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,  
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother.

*C., V: 4. 1191.*

—Undeserved.

*Ar.* \* \* Let none presume  
To wear an undeserved dignity.  
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear  
honour

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

*M. V., II: 9. 374.*

—Worldly, Uncertain.

*P. Hen.* Even so must I run on, and  
even so stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what  
stay,

When this was now a king, and now is clay!

*K. J., V: 7. 676.*

HOPE.—A Lure to Destruction.

*Mrs. Ford.* \* \* What tempest, I trow,  
threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil  
in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall  
I be revenged on him? I think the best  
way were to entertain him with hope, till  
the wicked fire of lust have melted him in  
his own grease.

*M. W., II: 1. 95.*

*Hast.* \* \*

Who builds his hope in air of your fair  
looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*R. III., III: 5. 1025.*

## —Christian.

*K. Hen.* \* \* God shall be my hope,  
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.  
*H. VI., 2 pt., II: 3. 919.*

*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly in this trou-  
blous world,  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.  
*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 5. 990.*

*K. Hen.* Now, God be prais'd! that to  
believing souls  
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!  
*H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 916.*

## —Confident.

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the par-  
ties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.  
*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 744.*

## —Diverted and Defeated.

*Agam.* \* \*  
The ample proposition, that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below,  
Fails in the promis'd largeness: checks and  
disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;  
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,  
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.  
*T. C., I: 3. 1107.*

## —Drunken.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept  
since  
And wakes it now, to look so green and  
pale  
At what it did so freely?  
*M., I: 7. 1362.*

## —False, Causes Despair.

*Bushy.* Despair not, madam.  
*Queen.* Who shall hinder me?  
I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,  
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which false hope lingers in extremity.  
*R. II., II: 2. 696.*

## —Happiness.

*K. Rich.* \* \*  
What! we have many goodly days to see:  
The liquid drops of tears that you have  
shed,  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient  
pearl;  
Advantaging their loan, with interest  
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.  
*R. III., IV: 4. 1038.*

## —In Old Age.

*Gaunt.* I thank my liege, that, in regard  
of me,  
He shortens four years of my son's exile:  
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;  
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,  
Can change their moons, and bring their  
times about,  
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,  
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;  
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,  
And blindfold death not let me see my son.  
*R. II., I: 3. 690.*

## —In War.

*Hot.* \* \* Come, let me take my horse,  
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales.  
*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.*

## —Inspires Comfort.

*Ant.* \* \*  
I spake to you for your comfort: did desire  
you  
To burn this night with torches: Know, my  
hearts,  
I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you,  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,  
Than death and honour.  
*A. C., IV: 2. 1568.*

## —Its Exalting Power.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeled sin-  
ews toil;  
And labour shall refresh itself with hope.  
*H. V., II: 2. 826.*

*K. Hen.* O Westmoreland, thou art a  
summer bird,  
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day.  
*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.*

*Rich.* True hope is swift, and flies with  
swallows' wings,  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures  
kings.

*R. III., V: 2. 1042.*

—**Its Relation to Joy.**

*North.* \* \*  
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess:  
And hope to joy, is little less in joy,  
Than hope enjoy'd.

*R. II., II: 3. 697.*

—**Its Strength.**

*Boling.* Strong as a tower in hope, I  
cry—amen.

*R. II., I: 3. 688.*

—**Medicine to the Miserable.**

*Claud.* The miserable have no other  
medicine,  
But only hope:  
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*M. M., III: 1. 156.*

—**The Lover's Staff.**

*Pro.* \* \*  
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with  
that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art  
hence:

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

*T. G., III: 1. 62.*

—**Valueless at Times.**

*Pist.* Hope is a curtail dog in some af-  
fairs.

*M. W., II: 1. 96.*

**HOPELESSNESS.—Mournful.**

*Æge.* Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon  
wend  
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

*C. E., I: 1. 193.*

—**Of some Tasks.**

*Green.* Alas, poor duke! the task he  
undertakes  
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans  
dry;  
Where one on his side fights, thousands will  
fly.

*R. II., II: 2. 697.*

—**Unrelieved.**

*Tro.* When I do tell thee, there my hopes  
lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd.

*T. C., I: 1. 1103.*

—**Utter.**

*Mal.* \* \*  
The night is long, that never finds the day.

*M., IV: 3. 1380.*

*Ant.* O, out of that no hope,  
What great hope have you! no hope that  
way, is

Another way so high a hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,  
But doubts discovery there.

*T., II: 1. 18.*

**HOPES.—False, dangerous.**

*Bard.* It was, my lord; who lin'd him-  
self with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his  
thoughts;  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 3. 779.*

—**Their Expression.**

*Mar.* Who's this,—my niece, that flies  
away so fast?  
Cousin, a word: Where is your husband?—  
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would  
wake me!  
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,  
That I may slumber in eternal sleep.

*T. A., II: 5. 1213.*

—**Lost.**

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.  
*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I  
did find my doubts.

*M., IV: 3. 1378.*

—**That Appall and Startle.**

*Ghost.* \* \* But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young  
blood;



Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from  
their spheres;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

*H.*, I: 5. 1399.

#### HORSE.—Extravagant Praise of.

*Dau.* What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *que a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He 's of the colour of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

\* \*

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown,) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of nature."

*H. V.*, III: 7. 837.

#### HORSEMANSHIP.—The Perfection of.

*Ver.* \* \*

I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horseman-  
ship.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.

*King.* \* \* Two months since  
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—  
I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the  
French,

And they can well on horseback: but this  
gallant

Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;  
And to such wond'rous doing brought his  
horse,

As he had been incorp'd and demi-natur'd  
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my  
thought,

That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,  
Come short of what he did.

*H.*, IV: 7. 1427.

#### HOSPITALITY.—Deeds of.

*Cor.* \* \*

My master is of churlish disposition,  
And little recks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.

*A. Y.*, II: 4. 416.

*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome  
make a merry feast.

*C. E.*, III: 1. 199.

#### —Gratefully Remembered.

*Cor.* The gods begin to mock me. I  
that now

Refus'd most princely gifts, am bound to  
beg

Of my lord general.

*Com.* Take it: 't is yours.—What is 't?

*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,  
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:  
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;  
But when Aufidius was within my view,  
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I request  
you

To give my poor host freedom.

*Com.* O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should  
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

*C.*, I: 9. 1159.

#### —Not Destroyed by Virtue.

*Sir To.* \* \* Dost thou think, because  
thou art virtuous, there shall be no more  
cakes and ale?

*T. N.*, II: 3. 549.

## —Sinister.

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica;  
There are my keys. — But wherefore should  
I go?

I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
The prodigal Christian.

*M. V., II: 5. 370.*

**HOSTILITIES.—Never to be Suspended.**

*Mar.* \* \* Our gentlemen,  
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes  
for them!)  
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they  
did budge  
From rascals worse than they.

*Com.* But how prevail'd you?

*Mar.* Will the time serve to tell? I do  
not think——

Where is the enemy? Are you lords o' the  
field?

If not, why cease you till you are so?

*C., I: 6. 1156.*

**HOUNDS.—Spartan.**

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the  
Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are  
hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning  
dew;  
Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian  
bulls;  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like  
bells,  
Each under each.

*M. N., IV: 1. 339.*

**HUMANITY.—Enjoined.**

*Ros.* \* \* \*

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse  
With groaning wretches; and your task  
shall be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,  
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

*L. L., V: 2. 304.*

## —Self-sacrificing.

*K. Edw.* \* \* \* When we both lay in the  
field,  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garments; and did give himself,  
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

*R. III., II: 1. 1015.*

**HUMILITY.**

*Vol.* \* \* \*

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such  
business

Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the  
ignorant

More learned than the ears,) waving thy  
head,

Which often, thus, correcting thy stout  
heart,

That humble, as the ripest mulberry,  
Now will not hold the handling.

*C., III: 2. 1174.*

## —Assumed.

*Cor.* \* \* \*

My throat of war be turn'd,  
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe  
Such as an eunuch, or the virgin voice  
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of  
knaves

Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears  
take up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue  
Make motion through my lips; and my  
arm'd knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his  
That hath receiv'd an alms!—I will not  
do't.

*C., III: 2. 1174.*

## —At the Gates of Monarchs.

*Bel.* \* \* \*

Stoop, boys: This gate  
Instructs you how to adore the heavens;  
and bows you

To morning's holy office: The gates of mon-  
archs

Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet  
through

And keep their impious turbands on, with-  
out

Good morrow to the sun.

*Cym., III: 3. 1606.*

## —Base.

*Queen.* \* \* \*

Wilt thou, pupil-like,  
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;  
And fawn on rage with base humility.

*R. II., V: 1. 711.*

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling  
knee!

*R. II., V: 4. 715.*

—Feigned.

*Bru.* Now we have shown our power,  
Let us seem humbler after it is done,  
Than when it was a doing.

*C., IV: 2. 1178.*

—Feigned by Ambition.

*Glo.* \* \*

Definitively thus I answer you.  
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert

Unmeritable, shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty, and so many, my defects,  
That I would rather hide me from my greatness, —

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea, —  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.  
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;  
(And much I need to help you, if need were;)   
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,

Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.  
On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happy stars, —  
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

*Buck.* \* \*

Then, good my lord, take to your royal self  
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:  
If not to bless us and the land withal,  
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing time,  
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

\* \*

*Glo.* Will you enforce me to a world of  
cares?

Well, call them again; I am not made of  
stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,  
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.  
Cousin of Buckingham, — and sage, grave  
men, —

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load:  
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;

For God he knows, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*R. III., III: 1. 1029.*

—Its napless Vesture.

*Bru.* I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand as consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put  
The napless vesture of humility;  
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds  
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

*C., II: 1. 1162.*

—Perfect.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing  
good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

*M. M., II: 4. 155.*

**HUMBUG. — The Success of.**

*Aut.* Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is!  
and trust, his sworn brother, a very simple  
gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery;  
not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass,  
pomander, brooch, table-hook, ballad,  
knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-  
ring, to keep my pack from fasting; they  
throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets  
had been hallowed, and brought a benediction  
to the buyer: by which means I saw  
whose purse was best in picture; and what  
I saw, to my good use I remembered. \* \*

So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd  
and cut most of their festival purses: and  
had not the old man come in with a whoo-  
bub against his daughter and the king's son,  
and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had  
not left a purse alive in the whole army.

*W. T., IV: 3. 607.*

**HUMILIATION. — Of Falstaff.**

*Fal.* Nay, you shall hear, master Brook,  
what I have suffer'd to bring this woman to  
evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in  
the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his  
hinds, were call'd forth by their mistress, to  
carry me in the name of foul clothes to  
Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders;  
met the jealous knave their master in



the door; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quak'd for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have search'd it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compass'd like a good bilbo in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopp'd in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch fish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

*M. W.*, III: 5. 109.

#### —Treated as dirty Linen.

*Fal.* Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well, if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'er out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swell'd! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

*M. W.*, III: 5. 108.

#### HUMOR.—Falstaff's.

*Boy.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained that fire: that 's all the riches I got in his service.

*H. V.*, II: 3. 829.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the

days of villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket?

*P. Hen.* It appears so by the story.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 751.

#### HUMORIST.—His Portraiture.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't; said to be something imperfect, in favouring the thirst complaint: hasty, and tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. — What I think, I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meeting two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you Lycurguses,) if the drink you gave me, touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I cannot say, your worship has delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables; and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men; yet they lie deadly, that tell, you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? What harm can your bison conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

*C.*, II: 1. 1160.

#### HUNTING.—Its Confusion.

*The.* Go one of you, find out the forester;

For now our observation is perform'd;  
And since we have the vaward of the day,  
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.  
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:  
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,

And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus  
once,

When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the  
boar

With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the  
groves,

The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*M. N.*, IV: 1. 339.



## —Roman.

*Sat.* Come on then, horse and chariots  
let us have,  
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye  
see

Our Roman hunting.

*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the  
chase,

And climb the highest promontory top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where  
the game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the  
plain.

*Tit. And., II: 2. 1209.*

**HUSBAND—Eulogy on a Noble.**

*Lady P.* \* \* So came I a widow;  
And never shall have length of life enough,  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
That it may grow and sprout as high as  
heaven,

For recordation to my noble husband.

*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 3. 785.*

**HUSBANDS.—Can be Bought.**

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a hus-  
band?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at  
any market.

*Son.* Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

*M., IV: 2. 1377.*

## —Should Deal gently.

*Emil.* \* \* Let husbands know,  
Their wives have sense like them: they see,  
and smell,  
And have their palates both for sweet and  
sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do,  
When they change us for others? Is it  
sport?

I think it is: And doth affection breed it?

I think, it doth: Is 't frailty, that thus errs?

It is so too: And have not we affections?

Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?  
Then, let them use us well: else let them  
know,

The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

*O., IV: 3. 1526.*

**HYPERBOLE.—Launce's.**

*Launce.* \* \* Why, man, if the river  
were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears;  
if the wind were down, I could drive the  
boat with my sighs.

*T. G., II: 3. 454.*

*Gru.* \* \* Though she have as many  
diseases as two-and-fifty horses.

*T. S., I: 2. 458.*

*Fath.* \* \* Shed seas of tears, and  
ne'er be satisfied!

*H. VI., 3 pt., VI: 5. 968.*

**HYPOCRISY.—A bold Accuser.**

*Glo.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue  
of your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man,

Than of his outward show; which, God he  
knows,

Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were danger-  
ous;

Your grace attended to the sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:  
God keep you from them, and from such  
false friends!

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends!  
but they were none.

*R. III., III: 1. 1020.*

## —A treble Shame.

*Duke.* \* \*

He who the sword of heaven will bear

Should be as holy as severe;

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking!

Twice treble shame on Angelo,

To weed my vice, and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide,

Though angel on the outward side!

*M. M., III: 2. 162.*

## —After Tears.

*Q. Mar.* \* \*

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a  
child,  
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.*

—Boastful.

*Tam. \* \**

I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
With words more sweet, and yet more dan-  
gerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep.

*Tit. And., IV: 4. 1225.*

—Complete.

*K. Hen. \* \**

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
The sweetness of affiance! Show men duti-  
ful?

Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and  
learned?

Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble  
family?

Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?

Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in  
diet;

Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or an-  
ger;

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the  
blood;

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest comple-  
ment;

Not working with the eye, without the ear,  
And, but in purged judgment, trusting  
neither?

Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:  
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
To mark the full-fraught man, and best en-  
dued,

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;  
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,  
Arrest them to the answer of the law:—  
And God acquit them of their practices!

*H. V., II: 2. 827.*

*Glo. \* \**

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of  
virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted \* \*  
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

*R. III., III: 5. 1026.*

—Consummate.

*Iago. \* \**

But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
For when my outward action doth demon-  
strate

The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 't is not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

*O., I: 1. 1492.*

—Covers Hate.

*Iago. \* \**

Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign.

*O., I: 1. 1493.*

—Covers Itself.

*Claud. \* \**

O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

*M. A., IV: 1. 244.*

—Crafty.

*Lady M. \* \** To beguile the time,  
Look like the time; bear welcome in your  
eye,

Your hand, your tongue: look like the inno-  
cent flower,

But be the serpent under it.

*M., I: 5. 1361.*

*Buck. \* \**

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my  
request?

*Cate.* He doth entreat your grace, my  
noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow, or next day.

He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent on meditation;

And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

\* \*

*Buck.* Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is  
not an Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,

But on his knees at meditation;

Not dallying with a brace of courtézans,

But meditating with two deep divines;

Not sleeping to engross his idle body,

But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince

Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:  
But, sore, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.  
\* \*

*May.* See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity:  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand;  
True ornaments to know a holy man.—  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favourable ear to our requests;  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.

*Glo.* My lord, there needs no such apology;  
I rather do beseech you pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.

*R. III., III: 7. 1028.*

#### —Destitute of.

*Cor.* \* \*  
(If for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not.)

*K. L., I: 1. 1446.*

*Fool.* \* \* Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly.

*K. L., I: 4. 1450.*

#### —Extreme of.

*Oct.* And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischief.

*J. C., IV: 1. 1343.*

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess,  
is a thing  
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,  
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—  
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think,  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,  
Endows a man but he.

*Cym., I: 1. 1589.*

#### —Falsely Accused of.

*Q. Mar.* Ah, what 's more dangerous than this fond affiance?  
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,

For he 's disposed as the hateful raven.  
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,  
For he 's inclin'd as are the ravenous wolves,

Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?

Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all  
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 924.*

#### —Foul within.

*Isab.* \* \*  
This outward-sainted deputy—  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth em-mew,  
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.

*M. M., III: 1. 157.*

#### —Impudent.

*Tit.* O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!  
Did ever raven sing so like a lark.

*Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.*

*Glo.* Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,  
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee

I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,  
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

*Glo.* Amen; and make me die a good old man!—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing,  
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

*R. III., II: 2. 1017.*

#### —Its Chagrin.

*Vol.* What should this mean?  
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes : So looks the chafed  
 lion  
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd  
 him ;  
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this  
 paper ;  
 I fear the story of his anger. — 'T is so ;  
 This paper has undone me : — 'T is the ac-  
 count  
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn  
 together  
 For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the  
 popedom,  
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
 Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure  
 this ?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?  
 I know, 't will stir him strongly : Yet I  
 know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune  
 Will bring me off again. What 's this —  
 "To the Pope?"  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !  
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my  
 greatness ;  
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more.

*H. VIII., III : 2. 1079.*

—Its Falsehoods.

*Salan.* I would she were as lying a gos-  
 sip in that, as ever knapped ginger, or made  
 her neighbours believe she wept for the death  
 of a third husband.

*M. V., III : 1. 375.*

—Loud-Mouthed.

*K. Hen. \* \**

That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd  
 honour more  
 On you, than any ; so your hand, and heart,  
 Your brain, and every function of your  
 power,  
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of  
 duty,

As 't were in love's particular, be more  
 To me, your friend, than any.

*Vol.* I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd  
 More than mine own ; that am, have, and  
 will be.

Though all the world should crack their  
 duty to you,

And throw it from their soul ; though perils  
 did

Abound, as thick as thought could make  
 them, and

Appear in forms more horrid ; yet my duty,  
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,  
 Should the approach of this wild river break,  
 And stand unshaken yours.

*H. VIII., III : 2. 1079.*

—Noisy.

*Mar. \* \** You shout me forth

In acclamations hyperbolic ;

As if I loved my little should be dieted

In praises sauc'd with lies.

*C., I : 9. 1158.*

—Of Winchester.

*Sol. \* \**

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal —  
 More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,  
 As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all, —  
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself  
 Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.

*H. VI., 2 pt., I : 1. 909*

—Possible in the Greatest.

*Isab. \* \** 'T is not impossible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
 May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as abso-  
 lute,

As Angelo ; even so may Angelo,  
 In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,  
 Be an arch-villain.

*M. M., V : 1. 170.*

—Self-Confessed.

*Glo.* I do the wrong, and first begin to  
 brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,  
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
 Clarence, — whom I, indeed, have laid in  
 darkness, —

I do bewep to many simple gulls ;



Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;  
And tell them, — 't is the queen and her allies,  
That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
Now they believe it; and withal whet me  
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:  
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

*R. III., I: 3. 1010.*

—Silent.

*K. Rich.* What said our cousin, when you parted with him?

*Aum.* Farewell:

And, for my heart disdained that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

Marry, would the word farewell have  
lengthen'd hours,  
And added years to his short banishment,  
He should have had a volume of farewells;  
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

*R. II., I: 4. 691.*

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit. And., III: 1. 1217.*

—Small.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say amen;  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam,—never trust me more.

*M. V., II: 2. 369.*

—Superlative.

*Riv.* My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,

Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glo.* If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

*R. III., I: 3. 1008.*

—Tearful, of a Murderer.

*Son.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

*Duch.* No, boy.

*Daugh.* Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast:

And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

*Son.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,

And call us—orphans, wretches, castaways,

If that our noble father be alive?

*Duch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;

I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loath to lose him, not your father's death;

It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

*Son.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:  
God will revenge it; whom I will importune

With earnest prayers all to that effect.

*Daugh.* And so will I.

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

*Son.* Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloster

Told me, the king, provok'd to 't by the queen,

Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;  
Bade me rely on him, as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Duch.* Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,  
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!  
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son.* Think you my uncle did dissemble,  
grandam?

*R. III., II: 2. 1016.*

—**Threatened.**

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming,  
seeming!—

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't!  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud,  
What man thou art.

*M. M., II: 4. 156.*

—**Unblushing.**

*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,

Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report,  
And smell of calumny. I have begun;  
And now I give my sensual race the rein:  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;  
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,  
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother

By yielding up thy body to my will;  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,

Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

*M. M., II: 4. 156.*

—**Unfelt Sorrow easy to.**

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with them:  
To show an unfelt sorrow, is an office  
Which the false man does easy.

*M., II: 3. 1367.*

—**What it Scowls at.**

*I Gent.* \* \* But not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

*Cym., I: 1. 1589.*

—**Woman's, dissembling.**

*Q. Mar.* God forbid any malice should prevail,  
That faultless may condemn a nobleman!  
Pray God, may acquit him of suspicion!

*K. Hen.* I thank thee, Margaret; these words content me much.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 926.*

**HYPOCRITE.—Once, Hypocrite ever.**

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marry-  
ing you;  
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear  
your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then;  
She that, so young, could give out such a  
seeming,

So seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—  
He thought, 't was witchcraft;—But I am  
much to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see, this hath a little dash'd your  
spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.  
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke  
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you  
are mov'd:—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*O., III: 3. 1512.*

**HYPOCRITES.—Mercenary, Reproached.**

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you  
our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall  
I requite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* You are honest men: You have heard that I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore

Came not my friend, nor I.

*Tim.* Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.* So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,

That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends, I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 't is not monstrous in you; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

*Both.* Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

*Tim.* You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.* Will you, indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,

That mightily deceives you.

*Both.* Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,

Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd, That he's a made-up villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.* Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies: Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,

Confound them by some course, and come to me,

I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.

*Tim.* You that way, and you this, but two in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be, Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside

But where one villain is, then him abandon.

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs!

*T. A., V: I. 1313.*

# I

## IDEALIST.

*Ant.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.

*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall and houses too.

*Ant.* What impossible matter will he make easy next?

*T., II: I. 16.*

## IDES OF MARCH.—Their Danger.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* Set him before me, let me see his face.

*Cas.* Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*J. C., I: 2. 1323.*

## IDIOCY.—Assumed.

*Edg.* \* \* While I may 'scape, I will preserve myself: and am bethought

To take the basest and most poorest shape,  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime  
with filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;  
And with presented nakedness out-face  
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring  
voices,

Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare  
arms

Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rose-  
mary;

And with this horrible object, from low  
farms,

Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with  
prayers,

Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood!  
poor Tom!

That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing  
am.

*K. L., II: 3. 1458.*

#### **IDLENESS.—Frustrates God's Purpose.**

*Ham. \* \**

Sure, he, that hath made us with such large  
discourse,

Looking before, and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason  
To fust in us unus'd.

*H., IV: 4. 1423.*

#### **—Mars Those who Indulge It.**

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar  
that which God made, a poor unworthy  
brother of yours, with idleness.

*A. Y., I: 1. 407.*

#### **—Sweating Labor.**

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take  
you

For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'T is sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becoming kill me, when they do  
not

Eye well to you.

*A. C., I: 3. 1544.*

#### **IDOLATRY.—Of Service.**

*Hect. \* \* \* 'T is mad idolatry,  
To make the service greater than the god.*

*T. C., II: 2. 1114.*

#### **IF.—Its Use in Quarrels.**

*Glo. \* \**

Talk'st thou to me of ifs?

*R. III., III: 4. 1025.*

*\* Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print by the  
book; as you have Books for Good Manners.  
I will name you the degrees. The first, the  
Retort courteous; the second, the Quip mod-  
est; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth  
the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Counter-  
check quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with  
circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct.  
All these you may avoid, but the lie direct;  
and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I  
knew when seven justices could not take up  
a quarrel; but when the parties were met  
themselves, one of them thought but of an  
*If*, as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and  
they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your  
*If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in  
*If*.

*A. Y., V: 4. 437.*

#### **IGNORANCE.—A Source of Thankfulness to the Learned.**

*Nath. \* \**

And such barren plants are set before us,  
that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for  
those parts that do fructify in us  
more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain,  
indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to  
see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old  
father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not  
the wind.

*L. L., IV: 2. 285.*

#### **—Brutal.**

*Nath. \* \* \* He hath not drunk ink:  
his intellect is not replenished; he is only  
an animal.*

*L. L., IV: 2. 285.*

#### **—Darkness.**

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say, there  
is no darkness but ignorance. \* \*

*Mal.* I say, this house is as dark as ig-  
norance, though ignorance were as dark as  
hell.

*T. N., IV: 2. 536.*



—**Extreme.**

*Emil.* \* \* As ignorant as dirt.

*O.*, V: 2. 1530.

*Say.* \* \*

And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to  
heaven.

*H.* VI., 2 pt., IV: 7. 938.

*Ther.* \* \* I had rather be a tick in a  
sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

*T.* C., III: 3. 1126.

—**Makes Robbery no Loss.**

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen  
hours of lust!

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;  
I slept the next night well, was free and  
merry;

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is  
stolen,

Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at  
all.

*O.*, III: 3. 1513.

—**Of contemplated Crime.**

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge,  
dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed.

*M.*, III: 2. 1370.

—**Unjust and cruel.**

*Say.* Hear me but speak, and bear me  
where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle.  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;  
Which makes me hope you are not void of  
pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;  
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.  
Justice with favour have I always done;  
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts  
could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and  
you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned  
clerks,

Because my book prefer'd me to the king:

And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to  
heaven,—

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,  
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings  
For your behoof. —

*Cade.* Tut! when struck'st thou one blow  
in the field?

*Say.* Great men have reaching hands:  
oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them  
dead.

*Geo.* O monstrous coward! what, to  
come behind folks?

*Say.* These cheeks are pale for watching  
for your good.

*Cade.* Give him a box o' the ear, and  
that will make 'em red again.

*Say.* Long sitting to determine poor  
men's causes

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle  
then, and the pap of a hatchet.

*Dick.* Why dost thou quiver, man?

*Say.* The palsy, and not fear, provoketh  
me.

*Cade.* Nay, he nods at us; as who  
should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see  
if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or  
no: Take him away, and behead him.

*H.* VI., 2 pt., IV: 7. 938.

—**Willing, akin to Guilt.**

*Brak.* I am, in this, commanded to de-  
liver

The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke  
asleep;

I'll to the king; and signify to him,  
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

*R.* III., I: 4. 1011.

—**Wise.**

*Ther.* Why, he stalks up and down like  
a peacock—a stride and a stand: ruminates  
like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her  
brain to set down her reckoning: bites his  
lip with a politic regard, as who should say  
there were wit in his head, an't would out;  
and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him  
as fire in a flint, which will not show with-  
out knocking. The man's undone for ever;

for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break it himself in vain glory. He knows not me: I said, "Good-morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

*Ther.* Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

*Achil.* To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous, and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

\* \*

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

*Ther.* Let me bear another to his horse; for that 's the more capable creature.

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

*Ther.* 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1126.

# **ILLEGITIMACY.—A Stain.**

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Cym.*, II: 4. 1603.

# **IMAGINATION.—A disturbed.**

*Ham.* \* \*

Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;  
And my imaginations are as foul  
As Vulcan's stithy.

*H.*, III: 2. 1413.

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let 's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after:—To what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

*H.*, I: 4. 1399.

# **—Destroys the Brain.**

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my invention

Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from glos,

It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,

And thus she is deliver'd.

*O.*, II: 1. 1501.

# **—Its obliterating Power.**

*Glo.* \* \*

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

*K. L.*, IV: 6. 1478.

# **—Its Power.**

*The.* \* \*

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend  
More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,  
Are of imagination all compact:

One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—

That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,

Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,

And, as imagination bodies forth

The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some joy,

It comprehends some bringer of that joy;

Or, in the night, imagining some fear,

How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear!

*M. N.*, V: 1. 341.

# **—Powerless.**

*Boling.* O, who can hold a fire in his hand,

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?  
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,  
 By bare imagination of a feast?  
 Or wallow naked in December snow,  
 By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?  
 O, no! the apprehension of the good,  
 Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:  
 Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,  
 Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

*R. II., I: 3. 690.*

#### IMITATION.—Imperfect.

*Ulyss. \* \**

That's done;—as near as the extremest  
 ends

Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:  
 Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!"  
 'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me,  
 Patroclus,

Arming to answer in a night alarm."

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age  
 Must be the scene of mirth; to cough, and  
 spit,

And with a palsy—fumbling on his gorget,  
 Shake in and out the rivet.

*T. C., I: 3. 1109.*

#### —Its Source.

*Fal. \* \** Ignorant carriage is caught,  
 as men take diseases, one of another.

*H. IV., 2 pt., V: 1. 805.*

#### IMMATURETY.—A Reproach.

*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the  
 shell on his head.

*H., V: 2. 1434.*

#### IMMODESTY.—A Maid's.

*Laer. \* \**

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

*H., I: 3. 1397.*

#### IMMORTALITY.

*Gaol.* Come, sir, are you ready for  
 death? \* \*

*Post.* I am merrier to die, than thou art  
 to live.

*Gaol.* Indeed, \* \* look you, sir, you  
 know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

*Gaol.* Your death has eyes in 's head  
 then: I have not seen him so pictured: you  
 must either be directed by some that take

upon them to know; or take upon yourself  
 that, which I am sure you do not know; or  
 jump the after-inquiry on your own peril:  
 and how you shall speed in your journey's  
 end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there are none  
 want eyes to direct them the way I am going,  
 but such as wink, and will not use them.

*Cym., V: 4. 1625.*

#### —Longed for.

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown;  
 I have

Immortal longings in me.

*A. C., V: 2. 1581.*

#### IMPARTIALITY.—Rewarded.

*King.* You are right, justice, and you  
 weigh this well;

Therefore still bear the balance, and the  
 sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase,  
 Till you do live to see a son of mine  
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words;  
 "Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
 That dares do justice on my proper son:  
 And not less happy, having such a son,  
 That would deliver up his greatness so  
 Into the hands of justice."—You did com-  
 mit me:

For which, I do commit into your hand  
 The unstained sword that you have us'd to  
 bear;

With this remembrance,—That you use  
 the same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my  
 hand;

You shall be as a father to my youth:

My voice shall sound as you do prompt  
 mine ear;

And I will stoop and humble my intents  
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions.

*H. IV., 2 pt., V: 3. 807.*

#### —Strict.

*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our  
 eyes and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's  
 heir,

(As he is but my father's brother's son,)  
 Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,

Such neighbour nearness to our sacred  
blood  
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize  
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul;  
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;  
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

*R. II., I: 1. 685.*

#### IMPATIENCE.—A Sign of Sorrow.

*K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience  
calm the storm,  
While we bethink a means to break it off.

*Q. Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger  
grows our foe.

*K. Lew.* The more I stay, the more I'll  
succour thee.

*Q. Mar.* O but impatience waiteth on  
true sorrow:

And see, where comes the breeder of my  
sorrow.

*H. VI., 3 pt., III: 3. 975.*

#### —At Injustice.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong, to feed me  
with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—  
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclop's  
size:

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;  
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs  
can bear:

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,  
To send down justice for to wreak our  
wrongs.

*Tit. And., IV: 3. 1223.*

#### —Becoming.

*Cleo.* \* \*  
Patience is sottish; and impatience does  
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin.

*A. C., IV: 13. 1576.*

#### —Betrays our Purposes.

*Por.* \* \* You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at  
supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:  
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd  
your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and,  
withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every  
man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my  
lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of  
grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is  
all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in  
health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go  
to bed.

*J. C., II: 1. 1331.*

#### —For News.

*Nurse.* I am aweary, give me leave  
awhile;—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt  
have I had!

*Jul.* I would, thou hadst my bones, and  
I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good,  
good nurse, speak.

*Nurse.* Jesu, what haste! can you not  
stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when  
thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse, that thou dost make in this de-  
lay

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

*R. J., II: 5. 1257.*



—In Enterprises.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours  
be short,  
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud  
our sport!

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 734.

—In View of Death's Delay.

*Imo.* \* \* Prithee, despatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where 's  
thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,  
Since I receiv'd command to do this busi-  
ness,

I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do 't, and to bed then.  
*Cym.*, III: 4. 1609.

—Of Love.

*Jul.* \* \*  
O I have bought the mansion of a love,  
But not possess'd it; and, though I am sold,  
Not yet enjoy'd: so tedious is this day,  
As is the night before some festival  
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,  
And may not wear them.

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

—Time slow to.

*The.* \* \*  
Another moon: but, oh, methinks, how slow  
This old moon wanes! she lingers my de-  
sires,  
Like a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 321.

—Wild.

*Rom.* \* \*  
The time and my intents are savage-wild;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

*R. J.*, V: 3. 1275.

IMPENITENCE.—Final.

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done  
with woes;  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.  
*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and  
famish him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for  
food:

If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:  
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and  
fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,  
I should repent the evils I have done;  
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,  
Would I perform, if I might have my will;  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*Tit. And.*, V: 3. 1231.

IMPERATIVENESS.—Sneered at.

*Cor.* Shall remain!—  
Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark  
you  
His absolute "shall?"

*C.*, III: 1. 1169.

IMPERFECTIONS.—To be covered.

*Cho.* \* \*  
Piece out our imperfections with your  
thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you  
see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving  
earth:  
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck  
our kings,  
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er  
times.

*H. V.*, I: C. 819.

IMPERIOUSNESS.—Despised.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages: all men's honours  
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*H. VIII.*, II: 2. 1068.

—Its Power.

*War.* \* \* The proud insulting queen,  
With Clifford, and the haught Northumber-  
land,

And of their feather, many more proud  
birds,  
Have wrought the easy-melting king like  
wax.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 964.

### IMPETUOSITY.—Boyish.

*Men.* I am known to be a humorous  
patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot  
wine with not a drop of allaying Tyber in 't;  
said to be something imperfect, in favouring  
the thirsty complaint: hasty, and tinder-  
like, upon too trivial motion: one that con-  
verses more with the buttock of the night,  
than with the forehead of the morning.

*C.*, II: 1. 1160.

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother,  
unadvis'd,  
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your  
friends?  
Go to; have your lath glued within your  
sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

*Tit. And.*, II: 1. 1207.

### —Hard to Restrain.

*Com.* Flower of warriors,  
How is 't with Titus Lartius?  
*Mar.* As with a man busied about de-  
crees:  
Condemning some to death, and some to  
exile;  
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the  
other;  
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,  
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,  
To let him slip at will.

*C.*, I: 5. 1156.

### —In Love Consumes Itself.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent  
ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and  
powder,  
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweet-  
est honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite:  
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth  
so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

*R. J.*, II: 6. 1257.

### —Its Rage.

*K. Rich.* Then call them to our pres-  
ence; face to face,  
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will  
hear  
The accuser, and the accused, freely speak:  
High-stomach'd are they both, and full of  
ire,  
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*R. II.*, I: 1. 684.

### —Of the Young.

*Gen.* Save yourself, my lord;  
The ocean, overpeering of his list,  
Eats not the flats with more impetuous  
haste.

*H.*, IV: 5. 1424.

### —Short-Lived.

*Gaunt.* Methinks, I am a prophet new  
inspir'd;  
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:  
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;  
For violent fires soon burn out themselves;  
Small showers last long, but sudden storms  
are short;  
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast be-  
times;  
With eager feeding food doth choke the  
feeder.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 692.

### IMPOLICY.—In braving Danger.

*I Sen.* \* \*  
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,  
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

*O.*, I: 3. 1495.

### IMPORTUNITY.—Its Earnestness.

*Lucio.* Give 't not o'er so: to him again,  
entreat him;  
Kneel down before him, hang upon his  
gown;  
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,  
You could not with more tame a tongue de-  
sire it.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 151.

### IMPOSSIBILITIES.—Easy to Some.

*Seb.* I think he will carry this island  
home in his pocket, and give it to his son  
for an apple.

*Ant.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the  
sea, bring forth more islands.

*T.*, II: 1. 16.

**IMPOSTURE.—Its Punishment.**

*K. Hen.* Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife :

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great ;  
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins  
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to  
death. —

You four, from hence to prison back again ;  
From thence, unto the place of execution :  
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to  
ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gal-  
lows. —

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,  
Despoiled of your honour in your life,  
Shall, after three days' open penance done,  
Live in your country here, in banishment,  
With sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II : 3. 919.

**IMPOTENCE.—Complete.**

*Clif.* Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock  
with the gin.

*North.* So doth the coney struggle in the  
net.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I : 4. 960.

*War.* \* \*

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,  
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine  
ears.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II : 6. 970.

**—Of Assaults.**

*Will.* 'Mass, you'll pay him then ! That's  
a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a  
poor and private displeasure can do against  
a monarch ! you may as well go about to  
turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face  
with a peacock's feather.

*H. V.*, IV : 1. 842.

**IMPRECATIONS.—Margaret's, upon  
Richard III.**

*Q. Mar.* \* \*

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's  
peace !

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy  
soul !

Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou  
liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest  
friends !

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of nature, and the son of hell !

Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !

Thou rag of honour !

*R. III.*, I : 3. 1009.

**IMPRISONMENT.—Mitigated and  
Forgotten.**

*Plan.* \* \*

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,  
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., II : 5. 877.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kind-  
ness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleas-  
ure ;

Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds

Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,

At last, by notes of household harmony,

They quite forget their loss of liberty.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV : 6. 982.

**INACTION.—A Plea for.**

*Fal.* \* \* But it was always yet the  
trick of our English nation, if they have a  
good thing, to make it too common. If you  
will needs say, I am an old man, you should  
give me rest. I would to God, my name  
were not so terrible to the enemy as it is.  
I were better to be eaten to death with rust,  
than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual  
motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest ;  
and God bless your expedition !

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a  
thousand pound, to furnish me forth ?

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I : 2. 778.

**INACTIVITY.—Masterly.**

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What  
do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This is it :

'T is better, that the enemy seek us :

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,

Doing himself offence : whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*J. C.*, IV : 3. 1346.

—**Not honorable.**

*Con.* \* \* O, for honour of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more  
frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich  
fields ;

Poor—we may call them, in their native  
lords.

*H. V.*, III : 5. 835.

**INCENTIVE.—To Drive the Purpose.**

*King.* \* \*

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*H.*, III : 1. 1410.

**INCENTIVES.—In a good Cause.**

*Q. Mar.* Lords, knights, and gentlemen,  
what I should say,

My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,  
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this : Henry, your  
sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,  
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects  
slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure  
spent ;

And yonder is the wolf, that makes this  
spoil.

You fight in justice : then, in God's name,  
lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V : 4. 989.

**INCEST.—Punished by the gods.**

*Hel.* \* \*

Antiochus from incest lived not free ;

For which, the most high gods not minding  
longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in  
store,

Due to his heinous capital offence ;

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated, and his daughter with  
him,

In a chariot of inestimable value,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing ; for they so  
stunk,

That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their  
fall,

Scorn now their hand should give them  
burial.

*P.*, II : 4. 1652.

**INCONGRUITIES.—Psalms and Songs.**

*Mrs. Ford.* \* \* That I would have  
sworn his disposition would have gone to  
the truth of his words ; but they do no more  
adhere and keep place together, than the  
hundredth psalm to the tune of "Green  
Sleeves."

*M. W.*, II : 1. 95.

**INCONSISTENCY.—In Teachers of Religion.**

*Oph.* \* \* But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance  
treads,

And recks not his own read.

*H.*, I : 3. 1397.

—**Of Character.**

*Serv.* This man, lady, hath robbed many  
beasts of their particular additions ; he is as  
valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow  
as the elephant : a man into whom nature  
hath so crowded humours, that his valour is  
crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion : there is no man hath a virtue, that  
he has not a glimpse of ; nor any man an  
attain, but he carries some stain of it ; he is  
melancholy without cause, and merry against  
the hair : He hath the joints of every thing ;  
but every thing so out of joint, that he is a  
gouty Briareus, many hands and no use ; or  
purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

*T. C.*, I : 2. 1104.

**INCONSTANCY.—Bemoaned.**

*Ant.* \* \* All come to this ?—The  
hearts

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, to discandy, melt their sweets



On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is  
bark'd,

That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:  
O this false spell of Egypt! this great charm,  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd  
them home;

Whose bosom was my crownnet, my chief  
end,

Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,  
Beguil'd me to the very heart of loss.

*A. C.*, IV: 10. 1572.

#### —Confessed.

*King.* I am not a day of season,  
For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail  
In me at once: But to the brightest beams  
Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou  
forth,  
The time is fair again.

*A. W.*, V: 3. 526.

#### —Knows Itself.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with  
me,  
For I am falser than vows made in wine.

*A. Y.*, III: 5. 427.

#### —Of common Men.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,  
And as the air blows it to me again,  
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,  
And yielding to another when it blows,  
Commanded always by the greater gust;  
Such is the lightness of you common men.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 1. 971.

#### —Threatened.

*Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time,  
kneel down, kneel down:  
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron  
cools.

*War.* I had rather chop this hand off at  
a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,  
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

*K. Edw.* Sail how thou canst, have  
wind and tide thy friend;  
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black  
hair,  
Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut  
off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy  
blood,—

“Wind-changing Warwick now can change  
no more.”

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 1. 987.

#### —Woman's.

*Post.* \* \*

For ev'n to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one

Not half so old as that.

*Cym.*, II: 5. 1604.

#### —Woman's, an easy Glove.

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my  
lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

*A. W.*, V: 3. 529.

#### INCREDIBLE.—The.

*Her.* \* \* I'll believe as soon

This whole earth may be bor'd; and that  
the moon

May through the centre creep, and so dis-  
please

Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 333.

#### INDEBTEDNESS.—Its Embarrassment.

*Bass.* 'T is not unknown to you, Anto-  
nio,

How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port  
Than my faint means would grant continu-  
ance:

Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gag'd. To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most in money and in love:  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburthen all my plots and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.

#### INDECISION.—A Meeting of the Tides.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me: 'tis  
with my mind.

As with the tide swell'd up unto its height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither  
way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back.

*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 3. 785.*

—Between Desire and Duty.

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I do  
abhor,  
And most desire should meet the blow of  
justice;  
For which I would not plead, but that I  
must;  
For which I must not plead, but that I am  
At war 'twixt will and will not.

*M. M., II: 2. 151.*

—Disquieting.

*Achil.* My mind is troubled, like a foun-  
tain stirr'd;  
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

*T. C., III: 3. 1126.*

—Embarrassing.

*Auf.* \* \*  
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,  
And with his charity slain.

*C., V: 5. 1192.*

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her  
heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's  
down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at th' full of  
tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*A. C., III: 2. 1558.*

*Ant.* \* \*  
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they  
them  
For fear and doating.

*A. C. III: 9. 1564.*

INDECORUM. —Hasty.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral  
bak'd meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

*H., I: 2. 1395.*

INDEPENDENCE.

*Ham.* \* \* Bless'd are those,  
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-  
mingled,

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please.

*H., III: 2. 1413.*

INDEXES.

*Nest.* \* \*  
And in such indexes, although small pricks  
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen  
The baby-figure of the giant mass  
Of things to come at large.

*T. C., I: 3. 1111.*

INDIFFERENCE. — Blind.

*Pan.* \* \* But what care I? I care  
not, an she were a black-a-moor; 't is all  
one to me.

*T. C., I: 1. 1103.*

—In Enemies, Exasperating.

*Mar.* They fear us not, but issue forth  
their city.  
Now put your shields before your hearts,  
and fight  
With hearts more proof than shields. — Ad-  
vance, brave Titus:  
They do disdain us much beyond our  
thoughts,  
Which makes me sweat with wrath. — Come,  
on my fellows;  
He that retires, I 'll take him for a Volve,  
And he shall feel mine age.

*C., I: 4. 1155.*

*Leon.* \* \*  
You smell this business with a sense as cold  
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't  
and feel 't.

*W. T., II: 1. 589.*

INDIGNATION.—At popular Arro-  
gance.

1 *Sen.* No more words, we beseech you.  
*Cor.* How! no more?  
As for my country I have shed my blood,  
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs  
Coin words till their decay, against those  
meazels  
Which we disdain should tetter us, yet  
sought  
The very way to catch them.

*Bru.* You speak o' the people  
As if you were a god to punish, not  
A man of their infirmity.

*C., III: 1. 1169.*

## —Bitter.

*Glow* What! threat you me with telling  
of the king?  
Tell him, and spare not; look, what I have  
said

I will avouch, in presence of the king:  
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.  
'T is time to speak, my pains are quite for-  
got.

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil! I remember them  
too well:  
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the  
Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.

*Glo.* Ere you were queen, ay, or your  
husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs,  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,  
A liberal rewarder of his friends;  
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

\* \*

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and  
leave this world,  
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

*R. III.*, I: 3. 1008.

## —Bitter at Insult.

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and  
oft,

In the Rialto, you have rated me  
About my monies, and my usances:  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe;  
You call me 'misbeliever,' 'cut-throat dog,'  
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
And all for use of that which is mine own.  
Well, then, it now appears you need my  
help:

Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,  
"Shylock, we would have monies:" You  
say so;

You, that did void your rheum upon my  
beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.  
What should I say to you? Should I not  
say,

"Hath a dog money? is it possible  
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,  
With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humble-  
ness,

Say this, —

"Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday  
last;

You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much monies?"

*M. V.*, I: 3. 366.

## INDIGNITY.—Resented.

*Cleo.* \* \* Now Iras, what think'st thou?  
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown  
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers,  
shall

Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid!

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1580.

## INDISCRETION.—Not Recoverable.

*Luc. Scrv.* \* \*  
You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recover-  
able.

*T. A.*, III: 4. 1299.

## —Result of Haste.

*Nor.* \* \* We may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running.

*H. VIII.*, I: 1. 1058.

## INDULGENCE.—Effect on Wits.

*Long.* I am resolv'd; 't is but a three  
years' fast  
The mind shall banquet, though the body  
pine;  
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty  
bits  
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the  
wits.

*L. L.*, I: 1. 271.

## INDUSTRY.—Bee, Symbol of.

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
When like the bee, culling from every flower  
The virtuous sweets.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

## —Does not always Profit.

*Val.* You would be another Penelope:  
yet, they say, all the yarn she spun, in  
Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of  
moths.

*C.*, I: 3. 1154.

**INEFFICIENCY.—Its Pitifulness.**

*1 Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere,  
and not to be seen to move in't, are the  
holes where eyes should be, which pitifully  
disaster the cheeks.

*A. C., II: 7. 1555.*

**INEXPERIENCE.—A Bar to Manhood.**

*Ant.* \* \* He cannot be a perfect man,  
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world.

*T. G., I: 3. 51.*

**INEXPLICABLE.—The, to be Made Plain.**

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as ere  
men trod,  
And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle  
Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pro.* Sir, my liege,  
Do not infest your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business: at pick'd  
leisure.

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve  
you

(Which to you shall seem probable) of  
every

These happen'd accidents: till when, be  
cheerful,

And think of each thing well.

*T., V: 1. 33.*

**INFAMY.—Apparent.**

*Tam.* Titus, I come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No; not a word: How can I grace  
my talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?  
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou did'st know me, thou  
would'st talk with me.

*Tit.* I am not mad; I know thee well  
enough:

Witness this wretched stump, these crimson  
lines;

Witness these trenches, made by grief and  
care;

Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora!

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

*T. A., V: 2. 1227.*

**—Invoked.**

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly; and my name  
Be yok'd with his that did betray the Best!  
Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril  
Where I arrive; and my approach be  
shunn'd,

Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection

That e'er was heard, or read!

*W. T., I: 2. 586.*

**—Its lowest Depth.**

*Par.* Sir, for a cardecue he will sell the  
fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance  
of it; and cut th' entail from all remain-  
ders, and a perpetual succession for it per-  
petually.

*A. W., IV: 3. 522.*

**INFATUATION.—Intoxicates.**

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work  
upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*T. N., II: 5. 554.*

**—Its Language.**

*Cleo.* \* \* His delights

Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back  
above

The element they liv'd in: In his livery

Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and  
islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*A. C., V: 2. 1578.*

**—Of a Woman.**

*Cleo.* O Charmian,

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he,  
or sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?

O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom  
thou mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm

And burget of men.—He's speaking now,

Or murmuring, "Where's my serpent of  
old Nile?"

For so he calls me: Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison:—Think on me,

That am with Phæbus' amorous pinches  
black,



And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted  
 Cæsar,  
 When thou wast here above the ground, I  
 was  
 A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
 Would stand, and make his eyes grow in  
 my brow;  
 There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
 With looking on his life.

*A. C., I: 5. 1546.*

#### INFIDELITY.—Marital.

*Leon.* \* \* Were my wife's liver  
 Infected as her life, she would not live  
 The running of one glass.

*W. T., I: 2. 584.*

#### INFIRMITIES.—Mutual.

*Host.* \* \* As rheumatic as two dry  
 toasts: you cannot one bear with another's  
 confirmities.

*H. IV., II: 4. 785.*

#### —Of a Friend.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.  
*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such  
 faults.  
*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they  
 do appear  
 As huge as high Olympus.

*J. C., IV: 3. 1345.*

#### INFLEXIBILITY.—In a great General.

*Men.* So did he me: and he no more re-  
 members his mother now, than an eight  
 year old horse. The tartness of his face  
 sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he  
 moves like an engine, and the ground  
 shrinks before his treading. He is able  
 to pierce a corslet with his eye; talks  
 like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He  
 sits in his state, as a thing made for Alexan-  
 der. What he bids be done, is finished  
 with his bidding. He wants nothing of a  
 god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*C., V: 4. 1191.*

#### INGENIOUSNESS.—Transparent.

*D. John.* \* \* I cannot hide what I  
 am: I must be sad when I have cause, and  
 smile at no man's jests; eat when I have  
 stomach, and wait for no man's leisure;  
 sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no  
 man's business; laugh when I am merry,  
 and claw no man in his humour.

*M. A., I: 3. 229.*

#### INGRATITUDE.—A common Crime.

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and  
 change of mood,  
 Spurns down her late belov'd, all his de-  
 pendants,  
 Which labour'd after him to the mountain's  
 top,  
 Even on their knees and hands, let him slip  
 down,  
 Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*T. A., I: 1. 1287.*

#### —A Daughter's.

*Lear.* \* \*  
 With cadent tears fret channels in her  
 cheeks;  
 Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,  
 To laughter and contempt; that she may  
 feel  
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
 To have a thankless child.

*K. L., I: 4. 1452.*

#### —Aggravation of Cruelty.

*Arth.* \* \*  
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine  
 eyes?  
*Hub.* Young boy, I must.  
*Arth.* And will you?  
*Hub.* And I will.  
*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your  
 head did but ache,  
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)  
 And I did never ask it you again:  
 And with my hand at midnight held your  
 head;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;  
 Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies  
 your grief?  
 Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
 Many a poor man's son would have lain  
 still,

And ne'er have spoken a loving word to you;  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.  
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,  
 And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:  
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me  
 ill,  
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out  
 mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age,  
would do it!

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink  
my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,  
Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd  
iron?

An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me Hubert should put out mine  
eyes,

I would not have believ'd no tongue but  
Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth.

*K. J.*, IV: 1. 664.

#### —Beyond Words.

*Poet.* Sir,  
Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n  
off,

Whose thankless natures — O abhorred  
spirits!

Not all the whips of heaven are large  
enough —

What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and in-  
fluence

To their whole being! I'm rapt, and can-  
not cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*T. A.*, V: 1. 1312.

#### —Brute, excusable.

*K. Rich.* Rode he on Barbary? Tell me,  
gentle friend,  
How went he under him?

*Groom.* So proudly, as if he disdain'd  
the ground.

*K. Rich.* So proud that Bolingbroke was  
on his back!

That jade hath eat bread from my royal  
hand;

This hand hath made him proud with clap-  
ping him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall  
down,

(Since pride must have a fall,) and break  
the neck

Of that proud man that did usurp his back?  
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,  
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,  
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;  
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,  
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Boling-  
broke.

*R. II.*, V: 5. 716.

#### —Dead to Pity.

*Cor.* Had you not been their father,  
these white flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a  
face

To be exposed against the warring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted  
thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor  
perdu!)

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood  
that night

Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor  
father,

To hovel thee with swine, and rogues for-  
lorn,

In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!

'T is wonder, that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.

*K. L.*, IV: 7. 1478.

#### —Filial.

*Lear.* \* \* Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this  
hand,

For lifting food to 't?

*K. L.*, III: 4. 1465.

*Lear.* \* \*  
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a  
child,  
Than the sea-monster!

*K. L.*, I: 4. 1452.

*Lear.* \* \* O most small fault,  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!  
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame  
of nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart  
all love,  
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,  
And thy dear judgment out.

*K. L., I: 4. 1452.*

—Hated.

*Ant.* \* \* Do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none;  
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:  
I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunken-  
ness,  
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corrup-  
tion  
Inhabits our frail blood.

*T. N., III: 4. 561.*

—Its Forgetfulness of Time.

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at  
his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past: which  
are devour'd,  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done.

*T. C., III: 3. 1125.*

—Killed Cæsar.

*Ant.* \* \*  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty  
heart.

*J. C., III: 2. 1341.*

—Man's.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen,  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.  
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly;  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly!

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
That dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! &c.

*A. Y., II: 7. 420.*

—Monstrous.

3 *Cit.* Ingratitude is monstrous: and for  
the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make  
a monster of the multitude; of the which,  
we being members, should bring ourselves  
to be monstrous members.

*C., II: 3. 1165.*

—National.

*Ant.* \* \*  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus  
stabbd:  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.

*J. C., III: 2. 1341.*

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and  
they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.  
*Com.* Should they not,  
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,  
And tent themselves with death.

*C., I: 9. 1158.*

*Sic.* Speak briefly then:  
For we are peremptory, to despatch  
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,  
Were but one danger; and, to keep him  
here,  
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,  
He dies to-night.

*Men.* Now the good gods forbid,  
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd  
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
Should now eat up her own!

*Sic.* He's a disease, that must be cut  
away.

*Men.* O, he's a limb, that has but a dis-  
ease;  
Mortal to cut it off; to cure it, easy.  
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy  
death?

Killing our enemies? The blood he hath  
lost,  
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he  
hath,

By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his  
country;

And, what is left, to lose it by his country,  
Were to us all, that do 't, and suffer it,  
A brand to the end o' the world.

*C.*, III: 1. 1172.

—Popular.

*Flav.* \* \*

After distasteful looks, and these hard frac-  
tions,

With certain half-caps, and cold-moving  
nods,

They froze me into silence.

*T. A.*, II: 2. 1296.

*Bru.* \* \*

Of no more soul, or fitness for the world,  
Than camels in their war; who have their  
provand

Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows  
For sinking under them.

*C.*, II: 1. 1162.

—Popular Rebuked.

*Mar.* \* \*

You blocks, you stones, you worse than  
senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and  
oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battle-  
ments,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-  
tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have  
sat

The live-long day, with perfect expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of  
Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds,  
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*J. C.*, I: 1. 1322.

—Self-reproaching.

*Dun.* \* \*

The sin of my ingratitude even now

Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,

That swiftest wing of recompense is slow

To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less  
deserv'd;

That the proportion both of thanks and pay-  
ment

Might have been mine!

*M.*, I: 4. 1360.

—Stinging.

*York.* \* \*

I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,  
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting  
your hearts.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 1. 926.

—The People Infatuated by.

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he  
could show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

"I would be consul," says he: "aged cus-  
tom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;  
Your voices therefore:" When we granted

that,

Here was,—“I thank you for your voices,—  
thank you,—

Your most sweet voices:—now you have  
left your voices,

I have no further with you:”—Was not  
this mockery?

\* \*

*Bru.* Did you perceive,

He did solicit you in free contempt,

When he did need your loves; and do you  
think,

That his contempt shall not be bruising to  
you,

When he hath power to crush? Why, had  
your bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues  
to cry

Against the rectorship of judgment?

\* \*

*Bru.* Get you hence instantly; and tell  
those friends,—



They have chose a consul, that will from  
 them take  
 Their liberties; make them of no more  
 voice  
 Than dogs, that are as often beat for bark-  
 ing,  
 As therefore kept to do so.

*C.*, II: 3. 1167.

—To Mothers.

*Vol.* \* \* Thou hast never in thy life  
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;  
 When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second  
 brood,  
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely  
 home,  
 Loaden with honour.

*C.*, V: 3. 1190.

INJURIES.—Real, Insulted.

*K. Rich.* \* \*  
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those  
 wrongs,  
 Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1037.

—To Others, Deserved.

*Reg.* O, sir, to wilful men,  
 The injuries, that they themselves procure,  
 Must be their schoolmasters.

*K. L.*, II: 4. 1462.

INJURY.—Estimate of.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou  
 said'st  
 Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to in-  
 jury,  
 And that thou thought'st thy griefs might  
 equal mine,  
 If both were open'd.

*P.*, V: 1. 1663.

INJUSTICE.—Affiliates with Foes.

*Cor.* \* \* So, fellest foes,  
 Whose passions and whose plots have broke  
 their sleep  
 To take the one the other, by some chance,  
 Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow  
 dear friends,  
 And interjoin their issues. So with me:—

My birth-place hate I, and my love 's upon  
 This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay  
 me.

*C.*, IV: 4. 1179.

—Heaven Fights against.

*Leon.* Apollo 's angry; and the heavens  
 themselves  
 Do strike at my injustice.

*W. T.*, III: 2. 595.

—Not Disguised by Forms.

*Scriv.* \* \* Who is so gross,  
 That cannot see this palpable device?  
 Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?  
 Bad is the world, and all will come to  
 nought,  
 When such bad dealing must be seen in  
 thought.

*R. III.*, III: 6. 1027.

—Of Penalties.

*Escal.* Well, heaven forgive him! and  
 forgive us all!  
 Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:  
 Some run from brakes of ice, and answer  
 none;  
 And some condemned for a fault alone.

*M. M.*, II: 1. 148.

—To Public, mean.

*Æd.* The people's enemy is gone, is  
 gone!  
*Cit.* Our enemy 's banish'd! he is gone!  
 Hoo! hoo!  
*Sic.* Go, see him out at gates, and follow  
 him,  
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;  
 Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard  
 Attend us through the city.  
*Cit.* Come, come, let us see him out at  
 gates; come:—  
 The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—  
 Come.

*C.*, III: 3. 1177.

INK.—Its License.

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand:  
 be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty,  
 so it be eloquent and full of invention;  
 taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou  
 thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be  
 amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy  
 sheet of paper, although the sheet were big

enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

*T. N.*, III: 2. 556.

#### INNOCENCE.—A Life of gentle.

*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd? Now, as I can remember, by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life; I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn To any living creature: believe me, la, I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly: I trod upon a worm against my will, But I wept for it. How have I offended, Wherein my death might yield her profit, or My life imply her danger?

*P.*, IV: 1. 1660.

#### —Awakens Mercy.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate He will awake my mercy, which lies dead: Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch.

*K. J.*, IV: 1. 664.

#### —Can Stand any Test.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath Which was embounded in this beauteous clay Let hell want pains enough to torture me! I left him well.

*K. J.*, IV: 3. 670.

#### —Defended.

*K. Hen.* \* \* But shall I speak my conscience? Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent From meaning treason to our royal person, As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove: The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given, To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., III: 1. 922.

#### —Defends Itself.

*Hub.* \* \* This hand of mine Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand, Not painted with the crimson spots of blood. Within this bosom never enter'd yet The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,

And you have slander'd nature in my form; Which, howsoever rude exteriorly, Is yet the cover of a fairer mind.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 668.

#### —God Avenges injured.

*Q. Eliz.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs, And throw them in the entrails of the wolf? When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1034.

#### —Has its Fears.

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then, When your eyes roll so! why I should fear I know not, Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear.

*O.*, V: 2. 1529.

#### —Makes Men bold.

*Buck.* Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.  
*Say.* The trust I have is in mine innocence, And therefore am I bold and resolute.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 937.

#### —Never Winces.

*Ham.* \* \* But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

*H.*, III: 2. 1415.

#### —Silent, Persuades.

*Paul.* \* \* We do not know How he may soften at the sight o' the child; The silence often of pure innocence Persuades, when speaking fails.

*W. T.*, II: 2. 590.

#### —Slumbering.

*Tyr.* \* \*  
"O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,—"  
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another Within their alabaster innocent arms:

Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which in their summer beauty, kiss'd each  
other."

*R. III., IV: 3. 1033.*

—Thrice-armed.

*K. Hen.* What stronger breast-plate than  
a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel  
just;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,  
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 929.*

**INNOCENT.—Should not Suffer.**

*1 Sen.* All have not offended;  
For those that were, it is not square, to take,  
On those that are, revenges; crimes, like  
lands,  
Are not inherited.

*T. A., V: 5. 1315.*

**INNOCENTS.—Not safe.**

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the  
thunder-bolt.

*A. C., II: 5. 1553.*

**INSANITY.—Creates Phantasies.**

*Queen.* You do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

\* \*

This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation, ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

*H., III: 4. 1419.*

—Its Causes.

*Abb.* How long hath this possession held  
the man?

*Adr.* This week he hath been heavy,  
sour, sad,

And much different from the man he was;  
But, till this afternoon, his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

*Abb.* Hath he not lost much wealth by  
wreck of sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his  
eye

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

*C. E., V: 1. 210.*

—Its Ecstasy of Love.

*Pol.* \* \*

This is the very ecstasy of love;  
Whose violent property foredoes itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertak-  
ings,

As oft as any passion under heaven,  
That does afflict our natures.

*H., II: 1. 1403.*

—Its outward Signs.

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my  
closet,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all un-  
brac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;  
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each  
other,

And with a look so piteous in purport,  
As if he had been loosed out of hell,  
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

\* \*

He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long staid he so;  
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and  
down,—

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
And end his being: That done, he lets me  
go:

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out o' doors he went without their  
helps,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*H., II: 1. 1402.*

*Salar.* \* \*

Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her  
time;

Some that will evermore peep through their  
eyes,

And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper.

*M. V., I: 1. 361.*

## —Man's noblest.

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye,  
tongue, sword.  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of  
form,  
The observ'd of all observers! quite, quite  
down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign  
reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and  
harsh;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown  
youth,  
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I  
see!

*H.*, III: 1. 1411.

## —One Idea a Sign of.

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom?  
whom the foul fiend hath led through fire  
and through flame, through ford and whirl-  
pool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid  
knives under his pillow, and halters in his  
pew; setratsbane by his porridge; made him  
proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-  
horse over four-inched bridges, to course  
his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy  
five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de,  
do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-  
blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some  
charity, whom the foul fiend vexes: There  
could I have him now,—and there,—and  
there,—and there again, and there.

*K. L.*, III: 4. 1405.

## —Self-confessed.

*King.* And can you, by no drift of con-  
ference,  
Get from him, why he puts on this confu-  
sion;  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

*Ros.* He does confess, he feels himself  
distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means  
speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be  
sounded;  
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,

When we would bring him on to some con-  
fession  
Of his true state.

*H.*, III: 1. 1410.

**INSENSIBILITY.—Refuge of Cow-  
ardice.**

*Gon.* \* \*

'T is the cowish terror of his spirit,  
That dares not undertake: he 'll not feel  
wrongs,  
Which tie him to an answer.

*K. L.*, IV: 2. 1471.

**INSEPARABILITY.—Of true Lovers.**

*Adr.* \* \*

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how  
comes it,  
That thou art then estranged from thyself?  
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,  
That, undividable, incorporate,  
Am better than thy dear self's better part.  
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;  
For know, my love, as easy mayst thou  
fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
Without addition or diminishing,  
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

*C. E.*, II: 2. 198.

**INSIGNIFICANCE.—Barks at Great-  
ness.**

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,  
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they  
bark at me.

*K. L.*, III: 6. 1468.

## —Its Safety.

*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody  
times!  
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,  
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 4. 968.

## —Of disturbing Agencies.

*Des.* \* \* Something, sure, of state,—  
Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd  
practice,  
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,  
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such  
cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,



Though great ones are their object. 'T is  
even so :

For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members ev'n to that  
sense

Of pain : Nay, we must think, men are not  
gods ;

Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal.

*O.*, III, 4. 1517.

— **Of Men to the gods.**

*Glo.* \* \*

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods ;  
They kill us for their sport.

*K. L.*, IV ; 1. 1471.

**INSIGNIFICANT.**—**Danger of Neglecting the.**

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out ;  
Which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV : 8. 985.

**INSINCERITY.**—**Superlative.**

*Tro.* O Cressid ! O false Cressid ! false,  
false, false !

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And they'll seem glorious.

*T. C.*, V : 2. 1139.

— **Woman's.**

*Tro.* This she ? no, this is Diomed's  
Cressida :

If beauty have a soul, this is not she ;  
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,  
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,  
If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she. O madness of discourse,  
That cause sets up with and against itself !  
Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt  
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt ; this is, and is not, Cressid !  
Within my soul there doth commence a fight  
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;  
And yet the spacious breadth of this division  
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.  
Instance, O instance ! strong as Pluto's  
gates ;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of  
heaven ;

Instance, O instance ! strong as heaven itself :

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd,  
and loos'd ;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,  
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,  
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy  
reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

*T. C.*, V : 2. 1138.

**INSINUATION.**—**Cautious when Base.**

*Glo.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in  
all post : —

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :

Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,

Only for saying—he would make his son  
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his  
house,

Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.

Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,  
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;

Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,  
wives,

Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,  
Without control, listed to make his prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person : —

Tell them, when that my mother went with  
child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,  
My princely father, then had wars in France ;  
And, by just computation of the time,  
Found, that the issue was not his begot ;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.  
Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off ;  
Because, my lord, you know, my mother  
lives.

*R. III.*, III : 5. 1028.

**INSINUATIONS.**—**Adroit.**

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago ?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you  
woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love ?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;

No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed?

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?

*Oth.* Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,

As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,

When Cassio left my wife: What did'st not like?

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, “Indeed?”

And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,

Show me thy thought.

*O.*, III: 3. 1510.

#### —The Superlative of Base.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves

A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces

The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton

(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, “O!

Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows

By history, report, or his own proof,  
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose  
But must be,—will his free hours languish for

Assured bondage?”

\* \*

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

\* \*

*Iach.* That others do,

I was about to say, enjoy your——But

It is an office of the gods to venge it,

Not mine to speak on 't.

*Cym.*, I: 7. 1596.

#### —Turn Virtue into Pitch.

*Iago.* \* \* For while this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,

I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—

That she repeals him for her body's lust;

And, by how much she strives to do him good,

She shall undo her credit with the Moor.

So will I turn her virtue into pitch;

And out of her own goodness make the net  
That shall enmesh them all.

*O.*, II: 3. 1508.

#### INSOLVENCY.—Mistakes concerning.

*Flav.* O my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.

When, for some trifling present, you have bid me

Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;

Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you

To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have

Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,

Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now 's a time,

The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited  
and gone;

And what remains will hardly stop the  
mouth

Of present dues: the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim? and at  
length

How goes our reckoning?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land ex-  
tend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but  
a word;

Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone!

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or  
falsehood,

Call me before the exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless  
me,

When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have  
wept

With drunken spilth of wine; when every  
room

Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with  
minstrelsy;

I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*T. A., II: 2. 1205.*

#### INSPIRATION.—Love Needed for.

*Biron.* \* \*

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's  
sighs.

*L. L., IV: 3. 291.*

#### —Needed for Success.

*Mor.* \* \* But now the bishop

Turns insurrection to religion:  
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;  
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret  
stones:

Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his  
cause;

Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;  
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 776.*

#### INSTABILITY.—Of Character.

*Beat.* Very easily possible. He wears  
his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it  
ever changes with the next block.

*M. A., I: 1. 226.*

#### INSTINCT.—Excuse for Cowardice.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as  
he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my mas-  
ters: Was it for me to kill the heir appar-  
ent? Should I turn upon the true prince?  
Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as  
Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion  
will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a  
great matter; I was a coward on instinct.  
I shall think the better of myself and thee,  
during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and  
thou for a true prince. But, by the Lords,  
lads, I am glad you have the money.—  
Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night,  
pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys,  
hearts of gold, All the titles of good fellow-  
ship come to you! What, shall we be  
merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 741.*

#### —Paternal.

*Per.* \* \*

My dearest wife was like this maid, and  
such a one

My daughter might have been: my queen's  
square brows;

Her stature to an inch: as wand-like  
straight;

As silver voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,  
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes  
them hungry,

The more she gives them speech.

*P., V: 1. 1668.*

#### INSTRUMENT.—Poor.

*Cleo.* \* \* How poor an instrument

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.

*A. C., V: 2. 1581.*

#### INSTRUMENTS.—Coarse, Suited to some Ends.

*Ulyss.* This 't is:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots.

*T. C., I: 3. 1111.*

**INSULT.—Desire to Resent.**

*Ther.* I would, thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece.

*T. C.*, II: 1. 1112.

**—Premeditated.**

*Q. Mar.* \* \*

Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?

I cry you mercy, madam: Was it you?

*Duch.* Was 't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

*K. Hen.* Sweet aunt, be quiet; 't was against her will.

*Duch.* Against her will! Good king, look to 't in time;

She 'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place most master wear no breeches,

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unrevenged.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 3. 913.

**—Threatened, Resented.**

*Ther.* \* \* Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans: and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

*T. C.*, II: 1. 1112.

**INTELLECT.—Human, diversified.**

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve: for once, when we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south; and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon

out at another man's will, 't is strongly wedged up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 't would, sure, southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

*C.*, II: 3. 1165.

**INTELLIGENCE.—Enriches.**

*Pet.* \* \*

For 't is the mind that makes the body rich, And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds.

*T. S.*, IV: 3. 477.

**INTEMPERANCE.—(See Drunkenness.)**

*Claud.* As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope, by the immoderate use, Turns to restraint.

*M. M.*, I: 2. 145.

*Cas.* \* \* O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*O.*, II: 3. 1507.

**INTENTIONS.—Defeated.**

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire, Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.

*P.*, I: 4. 1646.

**—Give Value.**

*Wall.* In this same interlude, it doth befall,

That I, one Snout by name, present a wall: And such a wall as I would have you think, That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink, Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,

Did whisper often very secretly.

This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show

That I am that same wall; the truth is so: And this the cranny is, right and sinister, Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 343.



—Not punishable.

*Isab.* \* \*

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent  
That perish'd by the way : thoughts are no  
subjects, —  
Intent but merely thoughts.

*M. M.*, V : 1. 175.

— Unfulfilled.

*France.* Is it but this? a tardiness in  
nature,  
Which often leaves the history unspoke,  
That it intends to do?

*K. L.*, I : 1. 1446.

INTERCESSION.—For a Brother.

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to  
die :  
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,  
And not my brother !

*Prov.* Heaven give thee moving graces !

*Ang.* Condemn the fault and not the  
actor of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be  
done :

Mine were the very cipher of a function,  
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,  
And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* O just but severe law !  
I had a brother then. — Heaven keep your  
honour !

*M. M.*, II : 2. 151.

— With Heaven.

*Isab.* \* \*

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.

*M. M.*, III : 1. 157.

INTERFERENCE.—Dangerous.

*Lear.* Peace, Kent !  
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.

*K. L.*, I : 1. 1444.

INTERMEDDLER.—Rebuked.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.  
*Lucio.* No, my good lord ;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now then ;

Pray you, take note of it : and when you  
have

A business for yourself, pray heaven you  
then

Be perfect.

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself ; take  
heed to 't.

*Isab.* This gentleman told something of  
my tale.

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right ; but you are i'  
the wrong

To speak before your time.

*M. M.*, V : 1. 171.

INTOXICATION.—Relation to Quarrelsomeness.

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink  
to you in a cup of sack : And fear not, neigh-  
bour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a  
cup of charneco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double  
beer, neighbour : drink, and fear not your  
man.

*Hor.* Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge  
you all : And a fig for Peter !

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee ;  
and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not  
thy master ; fight for credit of the 'prentices.

*Peter.* I thank you all : drink, and pray  
for me, I pray you : for, I think, I have  
taken my last draught in this world. — Here,  
Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron ;  
and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer : —  
and here, Tom, take all the money that I  
have. — O Lord, bless me, I pray God ! for  
I am never able to deal with my master, he  
hath learnt so much fence already.

*Sal.* Come, leave your drinking, and fall  
to blows. — Sirrah, what's thy name?

*Peter.* Peter, forsooth.

*Sal.* Peter ! what more?

*Peter.* Thump.

*Sal.* Thump ! then see thou thump thy  
master well.

*Hor.* Masters, I am come hither, as it  
were, upon my man's instigation, to prove  
him a knave, and myself an honest man :  
and touching the duke of York, — will take  
my death, I never meant him any ill, nor  
the king, nor the queen : And therefore,  
Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II : 3. 920.

**INTREPIDITY.—Defies Danger.**

*Cor.* Let them pull all about mine ears ;  
present me  
Death on the wheel, or at wild horses'  
heels ;  
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,  
That the precipitation might down stretch  
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still  
Be thus to them.

*C.*, III: 2. 1173.

**INTRIGUE.—Complicated and Lawful.**

*Suf.* Madam, myself have lim'd a bush  
for her,  
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,  
That she will light to listen to the lays,  
And never mount to trouble you again.  
So, let her rest : And, madam, list to me ;  
For I am bold to counsel you in this.  
Although we fancy not the cardinal,  
Yet must we join with him, and with the  
lords,  
Till we have brought duke Humphrey in  
disgrace.  
As for the duke of York,—this late com-  
plaint  
Will make but little for his benefit :  
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,  
And you yourself shall steer the happy  
helm.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 3. 912.

**INTROSPECTION.—Demands Seclusion.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
I and my bosom must debate a while,  
And then I would no other company.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 840.

**INTRUSION.—Impertinent, Punished.**

*Fal.* \* \* And in the height of this  
bath, when I was more than half stew'd in  
grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into  
the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in  
that surge, like a horse-shoe ; think of that,  
—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

*M. W.*, III: 5. 109.

**—Witless.**

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy  
wit wants edge,

And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd ;  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected  
be.

*Tit. And.*, II: 1. 1207.

**INVASION.—Habitual.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

For you shall read, that my great grand-  
father

Never went with his forces into France,  
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd king-  
dom

Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
With ample and brim fulness of his force ;  
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 822.

**INVOCATION.—Lear's, to Nature.**

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your  
cheeks ! rage ! blow !  
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd  
the cocks !

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
Vaunt couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,  
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking  
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at  
once,

That make ingrateful man !

*Fool.* O nuncle, court holy-water in a  
dry house is better than this rain-water out  
o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy  
daughters' blessing ; here 's a night pities  
neither wise men nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyfull ! Spit, fire !  
spout, rain !

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daugh-  
ters :

I tax not you, you elements, with unkind-  
ness,

I never gave you kingdom, call'd you chil-  
dren ;

You owe me no subscription ; why then let  
fall

Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your  
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man :  
But yet I call you servile ministers,

That have with two pernicious daughters  
join'd

Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this. O ! O ! 'tis foul !

*K. L.*, III: 2. 1463.

**IRREVERENCE.—Unreasonable.**

*Gre.* \* \* Quaff'd off the muscadell  
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;  
Having no other reason,—  
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,  
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was  
drinking.

*T. S.*, III: 2. 469.

**ISOLATION.—Leads to Conceit**

*Imo.* \* \*  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,  
night,  
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's  
volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee,  
think  
There 's livers out of Britain.

*Cym.*, III: 4. 1609.

## J

**JEALOUSY.—A Green-Eyed Monster.**

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth  
muck  
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in  
bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his  
wronger;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he  
o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet  
strongly loves!

*Oth.* O misery!

*O.*, III: 3. 1511.

**—Belligerent.**

*Win.* \* \*  
And that engenders thunder in his breast,  
And makes him roar these accusations forth.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody  
teeth,

If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men!

*A. C.*, I: 5. 1547.

**—Born upon Itself.**

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be an-  
swer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous: 't is a  
monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*O.*, III: 4. 1517.

**—Dangerous.**

*Cam.* Good, my lord, be cur'd  
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;  
For 't is most dangerous.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 584.

**—Determined.**

*Ros.* \* \* I will be more jealous of  
thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his  
hen.

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 430.

**—Despises Itself.**

*Oth.* \* \* I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
For others' uses.

*O.*, III: 3. 1513.

**—Extreme.**

*Fal.* \* \* Ford, her husband, hath the  
finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master  
Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy.

*M. W.*, V: 1. 117.

**—Hard to Satisfy.**

*Ford.* Help to search my house this one  
time: If I find not what I seek, show no  
colour for my extremity; let me for ever be  
your table-sport; let them say of me, As  
jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow wal-  
nut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once  
more; once more search with me.

*M. W.*, IV: 2. 112.

**—Heaven Praised for.**

*Ford.* \* \* My heart is ready to crack  
with impatience. — Who says this is improv-  
ident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him,

the hour is fix'd, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devil's additions, the names of fiends! but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass! he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour.—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

*M. W., II: 2. 100.*

—Impossible to Some.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think the sun where he was born,

Drew all such humours from him.

*O., III: 4. 1515.*

—In the Sense of Doubt.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;

How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present, I would not, so with love I might entreat you,

Be any further mov'd. What you have said,

I will consider: what you have to say,

I will with patience hear: and find a time

Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.

Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;

Brutus had rather be a villager,

Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad, that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire  
from Brutus.

*J. C., I: 2. 1325.*

—Katharina's.

*Kath.* \* \* Nay, now I see

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me. I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge.

*T. S., II: 1. 461.*

—Leads to Contempt.

*Pol.* The king hath on him such a countenance

As he had lost some province, and a region  
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him

With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling

A lip of much contempt, speeds from me;  
and

So leaves me, to consider what is breeding  
That changes thus his manners.

*W. T., I: 2. 585.*

—Meditating Revenge.

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit:

The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—

Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;

And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona

A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;

Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,

I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge,

For that I do suspect the lusty Moor

Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof

Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards

And nothing can or shall content my soul,



Till I am even with him, wife for wife :  
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong  
That judgment cannot cure.

*O., II: 1. 1503.*

—Misinterprets.

*Casca.* \* \* I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets,—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*J. C., I: 2. 1325.*

—Not a French Fashion.

*Eva.* This is ferry fantastical humours and jealousies.

*Caius.* By gar 't is no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

*M. W., III: 3. 106.*

—Satisfied with Trifles.

*Iago.* \* \* Trifles, light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.

The Moor already changes with my poison :  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures,  
poisons,

Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;

But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'st yesterday.

*O., III: 3. 1513.*

—Self-harming.

*Adr.* Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense!

I know his eye doth homage otherwhere;  
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?  
Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain;—  
Would that alone alone he would detain,  
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!  
I see, the jewel best enamelled  
Will lose his beauty, yet the gold 'bides still,  
That others touch; and often touching will  
Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,  
By falsehood and corruption doth it shame!  
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,  
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

*Luc.* How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

*C. E., II: 1. 196.*

—Stings.

*Edm.* \* \*

Each jealous of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder.

*K. L., V: 1. 1481.*

Women's, drive Men to Madness.

*Abb.* And thereof came it that the man  
was mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

*C. E., V: 1. 210.*

—Wrong in Everything.

*Leon.* Is whispering nothing?  
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?  
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career  
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible  
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?  
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more  
swift?

Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all  
eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs  
only

That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?

Why, then the world, and all that 's in 't, is  
nothing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;

My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these  
nothings,

If this be nothing.

*W. T., I: 2. 584.*

**JEST.—Appreciation of a.***Ros.* \* \*

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it.

*L. L., V : 2. 304.***—Ignorant.**

*Rom.* He jests at scars that never felt a  
wound.

*R. J., II : 2. 1251.***—Stupidly plain.**

*Speed.* O jest unseen, inscrutable, in-  
visible,  
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock  
on a steeple!

*T. G., II : 1. 53.***JESTING.—Untimely.**

*Ant. S.* Because that I familiarly some-  
times  
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours.  
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make  
sport,  
But creep in crannies when he hides his  
beams.  
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,  
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,  
Or I will beat this method in your sence.

*C. E., II : 2. 197.***—Wit in great Men.***Isab.* \* \*

Great men may jest with saints : 't is wit in  
them ;  
But in the less foul profanation.

*M. M., II : 2. 152.***JESTS.—Braggarts', never Hurt.**

*Bene.* Fare you well, boy! you know  
my mind; I will leave you now to your  
gossip-like humour: you break jests as  
braggarts do their blades, which, God be  
thanked, hurt not.

*M. A., V : 1. 251.***JEW.—His social Relation.**

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.  
*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork! to eat of the  
habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite,  
conjured the devil into! I will buy with

you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with  
you, and so following; but I will not eat  
with you, drink with you, nor pray with  
you.

*M. V., I : 3. 365.***JEWELS.—Win Women.**

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect  
not words;  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's  
mind.

*T. G., III : 1. 60.***JOAN OF ARC.—Courage and Prow-  
ess.**

*Char.* Thou hast astonish'd me with thy  
high terms;  
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make, —  
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me;  
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are  
true;

Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

*Puc.* I am prepar'd; here is my keen-  
edg'd sword,  
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each  
side;  
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's  
churchyard,  
Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

*Char.* Then come o' God's name, I fear  
no woman.

*Puc.* And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly  
from a man.

*Char.* Stay, stay thy hands; thou art an  
Amazon,  
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

*Puc.* Christ's mother helps me, else I  
were too weak.

*Char.* Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that  
must help me :

Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;  
My heart and hands thou hast at once  
subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,  
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be ;  
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I : 2. 867.***—Her Birth and Calling.**

*Puc.* First, let me tell you whom you  
have condemn'd:  
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issu'd from the progeny of kings;  
 Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,  
 By inspiration of celestial grace,  
 To work exceeding miracles on earth.  
 I never had to do with wicked spirits:  
 \* \* Joan of Arc hath been  
 A virgin from her tender infancy,  
 Chaste and immaculate in every thought;  
 Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,  
 Will cry for vengeance at the gates of  
 heaven.

*H. VI., 1 pt., V: 4. 895.*

#### —Her Discernment.

*Puc.* Reignier, is 't thou that thinkest to  
 beguile me?—  
 Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from  
 behind;  
 I know thee well, though never seen before.  
 Be not amaz'd, there 's nothing hid from me:  
 In private will I talk with thee apart;—  
 Stand back, you lords, and give us leave a  
 while.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 867.*

#### —Her Ruse at Rouen.

*Puc.* These are the city gates, the gates  
 of Rouen,  
 Through which our policy must make a  
 breach:  
 Take heed, be wary how you place your  
 words;  
 Talk like the vulgar sort of market men,  
 That come to gather money for their corn.  
 If we have entrance, (as, I hope, we shall,)  
 And that we find the slothful watch but  
 weak,  
 I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,  
 That Charles the Dauphin may encounter  
 them.  
 1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to  
 -sack the city,  
 And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;  
 Therefore we 'll knock.

*Guard.* [Within.] *Qui est la?*

*Puc.* *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*  
 Poor market-folks, that come to sell their  
 corn.

*Guard.* Enter, go in; the market bell is  
 rung.

*Puc.* Now, Rouen, I 'll shake thy bul-  
 works to the ground.

*H. VI., 1 pt., III: 2. 880.*

#### —Her Victory.

*Char.* Divinest creature, bright Astræa's  
 daughter,  
 How shall I honour thee for this success?  
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the  
 next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!  
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans:  
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

*Reig.* Why ring not out the bells  
 throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bon-  
 fires,

And feast and banquet in the open streets,  
 To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

*Alen.* All France will be replete with  
 mirth and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd  
 the men.

*Char.* 'T is Joan, not we, by whom the  
 day is won;

For which, I will divide my crown with her:  
 And all the priests and friars in my realm  
 Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.  
 A statelier pyramis to her I 'll rear,  
 Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:  
 In memory of her, when she is dead,  
 Her ashes, in an urn more precious  
 Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius,  
 Transported shall be at high festivals  
 Before the kings and queens of France.  
 No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,  
 But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 6. 871.*

#### —Spirit of Prophecy.

*Bast.* \* \*

Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:  
 A holy maid hither with me I bring,  
 Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,  
 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,  
 And drive the English forth the bounds of  
 France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,  
 Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;  
 What s' past, and what's to come, she can  
 descry.

Speak, shall I call her in?

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 867.*

#### —Supernatural Call.

*Puc.* Dauphin, I am by birth a shep-  
 herd's daughter,



My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.  
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it  
pleas'd

To shine on my contemptible estate :  
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,  
And to sun's parching heat display'd my  
cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me ;  
And, in a vision full of majesty,  
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,  
And free my country from calamity :  
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success :  
In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;  
And, whereas I was black and swart before,  
With those clear rays which she infus'd on  
me,  
That beauty am I bless'd with, which you  
see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,  
And I will answer unpremeditated :  
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,  
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 867.*

#### JOY.—Great.

*Auf.* \* \* More dances my rapt heart,  
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw  
Bestride my threshold.

*C., IV: 5. 1181.*

#### —Overwhelming.

*3 Gent.* Then you have lost a sight,  
which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of.  
There might you have beheld one joy crown  
another; so, and in such manner, that it  
seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them;  
for their joy waded in tears. There was  
casting up of eyes, holding up of hands;  
with countenance of such distraction, that  
they were to be known by garment, not by  
favour. Our king, being ready to leap out  
of himself for joy of his found daughter; as  
if that joy were now become a loss, cries,  
"O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks  
Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his  
son-in-law; then again worries he his daugh-  
ter, with clipping her; now he thanks the  
old shepherd, which stands by, like a weath-  
er-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I  
never heard of such another encounter,  
which lames report to follow it, and undoes  
description to do it.

*W. T., V: 2. 614.*

#### —Shared.

*Val.* \* \* Our day of marriage shall  
be yours;  
One feast, one house, one mutual happi-  
ness.

*T. G., V: 4. 73.*

#### JOYS.—Brief.

*Luc.* \* \* Briefly die their joys,  
That place them on the truth of girls and  
boys.

*Cym., V: 5. 1627.*

#### —Earthly.

*Per.* \* \*  
Who know the world, see heaven, but feel-  
ing woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did.

*P., I: 1. 1643.*

#### —Overwhelming.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd  
sir;

Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
And drown me with their sweetness.

*P., V: 1. 1669.*

#### —Too Plenteous.

*Dun.* My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.

*M., I: 4. 1360.*

#### JUDGE.—A poor One.

*Men.* \* \* When you are hearing a  
matter between party and party \* \* you  
\* \* dismiss the controversy pleading, the  
more entangled by your hearing.

*C., II: 1. 1160.*

*Ant.* \* \*  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason.

*J. C., III: 2. 1340.*

#### —Unrighteous.

*Ang.* \* \*  
Thieves for their robbery have authority,  
When judges steal themselves.

*M. M., II: 2. 153.*

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for  
both, my ruin :  
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,  
That no king can corrupt.

*H. VIII., III: 1. 1075.*

*Q. Kath.* \* \* I do believe,  
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that



You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,  
You shall not be my judge: for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—

Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,  
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,

I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*H. VIII., II: 4. 1072.*

**JUDGMENT.—And Reason, old Jurymen.**

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand jurymen, since before Noah was a sailor.

*T. N., III: 2. 556.*

**—Dependent on Fortune.**

*Eno.* \* \* I see, men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them,  
To suffer all alike.

*A. C., III: 11. 1565.*

**—Greenness of.**

*Vol.* \* \* 'T was you incens'd the rabble:  
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,  
As I can of those mysteries which heaven  
Will not have earth to know.

*C., IV: 2. 1178.*

*Cleo.* My salad days!  
When I was green in judgment,—cold in blood,

To say as I said then!

*A. C., I: 5. 1547.*

**—Hasty.**

*Prov.* \* \*  
Under your good correction, I have seen,  
When, after execution, judgment hath  
Repented o'er his doom.

*M. M., II: 2. 151.*

**—Meted out.**

*Alb.* \* \* All friends shall taste  
The wages of their virtue, and all foes  
The cup of their deservings.

*K. L., V: 3. 1485.*

**—Rash, Deprecated.**

*Isab.* \* \* Go to your bosom;  
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it  
doth know

That's like my brother's fault.

*M. M., II: 2. 153.*

**—Reserved. (See Advice.)**

*K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are  
sinners all.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 3. 931.*

*Isab.* \* \* How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are?

*M. M., II: 2. 152.*

*Ham.* \* \* How his audit stands, who  
knows, save heaven?

*H., III: 3. 1417.*

**—Sound, its Shrewdness.**

*Pan.* That's Antenor; he has a shrewd  
wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good  
enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments  
in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of  
his person.

*T. C., I: 2. 1106.*

*Lear.* \* \* A man may see how the world  
goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears.

*K. L., IV: 6. 1476.*

**JUSTICE.—A Cry for.**

*Bru.* \* \*  
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers,  
Caius.

*J. C., II: 1. 1330.*

*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke! Vail your  
regard

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a  
maid!

O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object,  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

*M. M., V: 1. 170.*

—Above Relationship.

*Ant.* These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent. —

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

*J. C.*, IV: 1. 1342.

—Absolute.

*Ham.* \* \* Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?

*H.*, II: 2. 1409.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief! — Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir.

*Lear.* And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.

\* \*

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice harmless breaks:

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

\* \*

And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not.

*K. L.*, IV: 6. 1476.

—Even-handed.

*Mach.* \* \* This even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips.

*M.*, I: 7. 1362.

—Favored by the gods.

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist

The deeds of justest men.

*A. C.*, II: 1. 1547.

—Must be Executed.

*K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here,

To-morrow, toward London, back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales, Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II: 1. 918.

—Personified.

*Escal.* \* \* But my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed — justice.

*M. M.*, III: 2. 162.

—Plausible, but Erring.

*Ang.* 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus, —

Another thing to fall. I not deny,

The jury passing on the prisoner's life,

May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two

Guiltier than him they try. What's open made

To justice, that justice seizes: what know the laws,

That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't, Because we see it; but what we do not see We tread upon, and never think of it.

You may not so extenuate his offence,

For I have had such faults; but rather tell me

When I, that censure him, do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,

And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*M. M.*, II: 1. 148.

—Representative, Respected.

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father;

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought;  
To pluck down justice from your awful  
bench;  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the  
sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your  
person:  
Nay, more: to spurn at your most royal im-  
age,  
And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the  
case yours;  
Be now the father, and propose a son:  
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely  
slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdained;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:  
After this cold consideration, sentence me;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,  
What I have done, that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*H. IV., 2 pt., V: 2. 807.*

# K

## KINDNESS.—Declined.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away; good friend,  
be gone;  
Thy comforts can do me no good at all;  
Thee they may hurt.

*K. L., IV: 1. 1470.*

## —Milk of human.

*Lady M.* \* \* Yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,  
To catch the nearest way: Thou would'st  
be great,  
Art not without ambition; but without  
The illness should attend it. What thou  
would'st highly,  
That would'st thou holily; would'st not  
play false,  
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou 'd'st  
have, great Glamis,  
That which cries, "Thus thou must do, if  
thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone."

*M., I: 5. 1361.*

## —Mistaken.

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney  
did to the eels, when she put them i' the  
paste alive; she rapp'd 'em o' the cox-  
combs with a stick, and cry'd, "Down,

wantons, down:" 'T was her brother, that,  
in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his  
hay.

*K. L., II: 4. 1460.*

## —Most powerful.

*Her.* \* \* You may ride's  
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we heat an acre.

*W. T., I: 2. 582.*

*2 Sen.*

What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

*T. A., V: 5. 1316.*

## —Nobler than Revenge.

*Oli.* \* \*  
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
Made him give battle to the lioness.

*A. Y., IV: 3. 432.*

## —Petrucio's, Affected.

*Pet.* \* \*  
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she  
shall not;  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed:  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bol-  
ster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets :—

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night :

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.

*T. S.*, IV : 1. 473.

—Wins Love.

*Hor.* \* \*

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,

Shall win my love : and so I take my leave,  
In resolution as I swore before.

*T. S.*, IV : 2. 474.

**KING.—A good.**

*Per.* He is a happy king, since from his subjects

He gains the name of good, by his government.

*P.*, II : 1. 1649.

—Advantage of a Peasant over.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;  
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
And follow so the ever-running year  
With profitable labour, to his grave:  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
Enjoys it; but in gross brains little wots,  
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*H. V.*, IV : 1. 842.

—Every Inch a.

*Learn.* Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.

*K. L.*, IV : 6. 1476.

—God's anointed.

*K. Rich.* \* \*

Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord:  
For every man that Bolingbroke hath  
press'd,

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,  
Weak men must fall; for heaven still guards  
the right.

*R. II.*, III : 2. 701.

—Hedged with Divinity.

*King.* \* \*

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.

*H.*, IV : 5. 1425.

—Power of his Touch.

*Doct.* Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,

That stay his cure: their malady convinces  
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,  
They presently amend.

*M.*, IV : 3. 1379.

—Subject to Infirmary.

*K. Hen.* \* \* I think the king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*H. V.*, IV : 1. 841.



## —The first British.

*Cym.* \* \* Mulmutius made our laws,  
Who was the first of Britain, which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and  
call'd  
Himself a king.

*Cym.*, III: 2. 1605.

**KINGS.—Gods.**

*I'er.* \* \*

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law 's  
their will;  
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth  
ill?

*P.*, I: 1. 1643.

## —Have Weaknesses.

*Nym.* The king is a good king: but it  
must be as it may; he passes some hu-  
mours, and careers.

*H. V.*, II: 1. 826.

## —Unhappiness of.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., III: 1. 790.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

O God! methinks, it were a happy life,  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:  
How many make the hour full complete,  
How many hours bring about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live.  
When this is known, then to divide the  
times:

So many hours must I tend my flock;  
So many hours must I take my rest;  
So many hours must I contemplate;  
So many hours must I sport myself;  
So many days my ewes have been with  
young;

So many weeks ere the poor fools will  
yeau;

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece;  
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months,  
and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,  
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how  
lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter  
shade

To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?  
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.

And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely  
curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,  
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,  
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
His body couched in a curious bed,  
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on  
him.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 5. 968.

## —Unhappy.

*K. Hen.* Was ever king that joy'd an  
earthly throne,

And could command no more content than I?  
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,  
But I was made a king, at nine months old:  
Was never subject long'd to be a king,  
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 9. 940.

**KING'S EVIL.—Cured by Royalty.**

*Macd.* What 's the disease he means?

*Mal.* 'T is call'd the evil:

A most miraculous work in this good king:  
Which often, since my here-remain in Eng-  
land,

I have seen him do. How he solicits  
heaven,

Himself best knows: but strangely-visited  
people,

All swollen and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
The mere despair of surgery, he cures.

*M. V.*, IV: 3. 1379.

**KISS.—A pure.**

*Rom.* \* \*

And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin.

*R. J.*, III: 3. 1262.

## —Fidelity to a

*Cor.* \* \* O, a kiss

Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!

Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that  
kiss  
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip  
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.

*C.*, V: 3. 1189.

—**Indenture of Love.**

*Aust.* Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous  
kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love.

*K. J.* II: 1. 649.

—**Its Power.**

*Her.* \* \* You may ride 's  
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere  
With spur we heat an acre.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 582.

—**Sign of good News.**

*Glo.* \* \*  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good  
news,  
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the  
more.

*R. III.*, III: 1. 1022.

**Sign of Love.**

*Ros.* \* \* For lovers, lacking (God  
warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to  
kiss.

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 429.

—**Treacherous.**

*K. Edw.* Clarence, and Gloster, love my  
lovely queen;  
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers  
both.

*Clar.* The duty, that I owe unto your  
majesty,  
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

*K. Edw.* Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy  
brother, thanks.

*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from  
whence thou sprang'st,  
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—  
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;  
And cried—all hail! when as he meant—  
all harm.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 7. 992.

**KISSING.—Betrayed by.**

*Iago.* \* \*  
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desde-  
mona,

Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"  
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring  
my hand,  
Cry,—“O, sweet creature!” and then kiss  
me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips.

*O.*, III: 3. 1514.

—**Boisterous.**

*Gre.* \* \*  
This done, he took the bride about the neck,  
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous  
smack,  
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

*T. S.*, III: 2. 469.

—**Full of Sanctity.**

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity  
as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of chaste lips  
of Diana: a nun of Winter's sisterhood  
kisses not more religiously; the very ice of  
chastity is in them.

*A. Y.*, III: 4. 426.

—**Lips Made for.**

*Glo.* \* \*  
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was  
made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

*R. III.*, I: 2. 1005.

—**Sign of true Love.**

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion *pour*  
*les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell what it  
is, *baiser*, *en* English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty *entendre* better *que*  
*moy*.

*K. Hen.* It is not the fashion for the  
maids in France to kiss before they are  
married, would she say?

*Alice.* *Oui, vrayment*.

*K. Hen.* O, Kate, nice customs curt'sy  
to great kings. \* \* You have witchcraft  
in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence  
in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues  
of the French council.

*H. V.*, V: 2. 855.

**KNAVE.—A complete.**

*Iago.* \* \* A slippery and subtle knave;  
a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can  
stamp and counterfeit advantages, though  
true advantage never presents itself. \* \*

Besides the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after.

*O.*, II: 2. 1503.

—Needs a Friend.

*Davy.* I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*H.* IV., 2 pt., V: 1. 805.

—Needs no Broker.

*Hume.* \* \*

They say, A crafty knave does need no broker;

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker. Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves. Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last, Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck.

*H.* VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 911.

**KNAVERY.—Hidden.**

*Iago.* \* \*

Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

*O.*, II: 1. 1503.

—Indolence Overlooked.

*Count.* What does this knave here? Get you gone, sirrah! The complaints I have heard of you I do not all believe; 't is my slowness that I do not: for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knaveries yours.

*A.* W., I: 3. 499.

—Well disguised.

*Bene.* I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

*M.* A., II: 3. 236.

**KNEES.—Supple, base.**

*Ulyss.* \* \* . For supple knees

Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*T.* C., III: 3. 1123.

**KNIFE.—Relieves from Despair.**

*Jul.* \* \*

'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody knife

Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that Which the commission of thy years and art Could to no issue of true honour bring. Be not so long to speak; I long to die, If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

*R.* J., IV: 1. 1263.

**KNOCKING.—Alarming to Murderers.**

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I shame

To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking

At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:

A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it then! Your constancy Hath left you unattended. Hark! more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed,—'t were best not know myself.

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou could'st!

*M.*, II: 2. 1365.

**KNOWLEDGE.—Certainty of.**

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue

From every meaner man's.

*C.*, I: 6. 1156.

—Modest.

*Char.* Is this the man? Is 't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy

A little I can read.

*A.* C., I: 2. 1541.

—Perfect, Imparted by Blows.

*Dro. E.* Say what you will, sir; but I know what I know:

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

*Ant. E.* I think thou art an ass.

*Dro. E.* Marry, so it doth appear

By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

*C. E.*, III: 1. 199.

—Self, Cures Faults.

1 *Lord.* Is it possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?

*A. W.*, IV: 1. 517.

L

LABOR.—A Relief in Pain.

*Macb.* The labour we delight in, physics pain.

*M.*, II: 3. 1366.

—Lightened by Thought.

*Fer.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters

Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me as odious; but

The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,

And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;

And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,

Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress Weeps, when she sees me work; and says, such baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,

Most busy-less when I do it.

*T.*, III: 1. 21.

—Lost.

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

*L. L.*, I: 1. 272.

—Should be Shared.

*Mira.* Alas, now! pray you

Work not so hard; I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!

Pray set it down, and rest you: when this burns,

'T will weep for having wearied you. My father

Is hard at study: pray, now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

*Fer.* O most dear mistress!

The sun will set, before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while: Pray give me that;

I'll carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious creature!

I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,

Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

*Mira.* It would become me

As well as it does you: and I should do it With much more ease, for my good will is to it,

And yours it is against.

*T.*, III: 1. 21.

LADIES.—Drop Manna.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way

Of starved people.

*M. V.*, V: 1. 391.



## —Privileged in War.

*Wol.* \* \* Nay, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1064.*

## LAND.—Cheap.

*Fal.* \* \* You may buy land now as  
cheap as stinking mackerel.

*H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 742.*

## LANGUAGE.—Best Speaker of.

*Fer.* My language! heavens!—  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 't is spoken.

*T., I: 2. 13.*

## —Boasting of its Use.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well  
as you;  
For I was train'd up in the English court:  
Where, being but young, I framed to the  
harp  
Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 745.*

## —Ignorance of.

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers  
me,—  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.  
\* \*  
I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
And that's a feeling disputation:  
But I will never be a truant, love,  
Till I have learn'd thy language.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 746.*

## —Its Abuse.

*Quick.* \* \* See if you can see my  
master, master doctor Caius, coming: if he  
do, i' faith, and find anybody in the house,  
here will be an old abusing of God's patience  
and the king's English.

*M. W., I: 4. 93.*

*Fal.* Seese and putter! have I liv'd to  
stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters  
of English?

*M. W., V: 5. 119.*

## —Low Result of Association.

*P. Hen.* \* \* They call—drinking deep,

dying scarlet; and when you breathe in  
your watering, they cry—hem! and bid  
you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good  
a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that  
I can drink with any tinker in his own lan-  
guage during my life.

*H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 738.*

## —Pretentious.

*Hol.* You find not the apostrophes, and  
so miss the accent: let me supervise the  
canzonet. Here are only numbers rati-  
fied; but, for the elegancy, facility and  
golden cadence of poesy, *caret.* Ovidius  
Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso,  
but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers  
of fancy, the jerks of invention?

*L. L., IV: 2. 286.*

## —Welsh and Irish.

*Hot.* Now I perceive, the devil under-  
stands Welsh;  
And 't is no marvel, he's so humorous.  
By 'r-lady, he's a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing  
but musical; for you are altogether gov-  
erned by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and  
hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear "Lady," my  
brach, howl in Irish.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 747.*

## LATIN.—Allegations in.

*Gru.* Nay, 't is no matter, what he 'leges  
in Latin.

*T. S., I: 2. 458.*

## —Protest against.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas,*  
*regina serenissima,—*

*Q. Kath.* O, good my lord, no Latin;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:  
A strange tongue makes my cause more  
strange, suspicious;

Pray, speak in English: here are some will  
thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress'  
sake;

Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord  
cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
May be absolv'd in English.

*H. VIII., III: 1. 1074.*

**LAUGH.—A Sign of being Hurt.***Jag.* \* \*

And they that are most galled with my folly,  
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must  
they so?

The why is plain as way to parish church:  
He that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
[Not to] seem senseless of the bob: if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and  
through

Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*A. Y.*, II: 7. 418.**—Winners May.**

*Oth.* So, so, so, so! They laugh that  
win.

*O.*, IV: 1. 1519.**LAUGHTER.—Distorting.***Ros.* \* \* I will laugh like a hyen.*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 430.

*Fal.* \* \* O, you shall see him laugh,  
till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt. V: 1. 806.**—Empty.**

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness;  
and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen,  
who are of such sensible and nimble lungs,  
that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling,  
am nothing to you; so you may continue,  
and laugh at nothing still.

*T.*, II: 1. 17.**—Foolish.***Cres.* At what was all this laughing?

*Pan.* Marry, at the white hair that Helen  
spied on Troilus' chin.

*Cres.* An't had been a green hair, I  
should have laughed too.

*Pan.* They laughed not so much at the  
hair, as at his pretty answer.

*Cres.* What was his answer?

*Pan.* Quoth she, "Here's but one and  
fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is  
white."

*T. C.*, I: 2. 1105.**—Stabbed with.**

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is  
in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter!

*L. L.*, V: 2. 294.**—Suitable to Age.**

*Gra.* With mirth and laughter let old  
wrinkles come.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.**LAW.—An obsolete, Revised.***Lucio.* \* \*

He (to give fear to use and liberty,  
Which have, for long, run by the hideous  
law,

As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,  
Under whose heavy sense your brother's  
life

Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it  
And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
To make him an example.

*M. M.*, I: 4. 147.**—Bottomless.***Alcib.* \* \*

It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past  
depth

To those that, without heed, do plunge into  
it.

*T. A.*, III: 5. 1301.**—Inflexible.**

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;  
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him;—he must die  
to-morrow.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 152.**—Its Wrongs Cured.***Const.* \* \*

Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;  
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the  
law:

Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*K. J.*, III: 1. 658.

**LAW.—Unexecuted, Despised.**

*Ang.* We must not make a scarecrow of  
the law,  
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,  
And let it keep one shape, till custom make  
it  
Their perch, and not their terror.

*M. M., II: 1. 148.*

*Duke.* We have strict statutes, and most  
biting laws,  
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong  
steeds,)  
Which for this fourteen years we have let  
sleep;  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond  
fathers,  
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of  
birch,  
Only to stick it in their children's sight,  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our  
decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

*M. M., I: 3. 146.*

**LAWNS.—Perfect, Boasted of.**

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that  
ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;  
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my  
flow'rs  
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing show'rs;  
And with each end of thy blue bow dost  
crown  
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,  
Rich scarf to my proud earth.

*T., IV: 1. 27.*

**LEADER.—A great.**

*1 Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the  
great Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our  
comfort;  
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul con-  
tempt,

Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou  
lead'st,  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

*Tit. And., V: 1. 1225.*

**—A great, Inspires Confidence.**

*Com.* If!  
He is their god; he leads them like a thing  
Made by some other deity than nature,  
That shapes man better: and they follow  
him,  
Against us brats, with no less confidence,  
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,  
Or butchers killing flies.

*C., IV: 6. 1184.*

**LEANNESS.—Laughed at.**

*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my  
shape,  
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so  
thin,  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,  
Lest men should say, Look, where three-  
farthings goes!"

*K. J., I: 1. 647.*

**—Suspicious.**

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not  
dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.  
*Cæsar.* 'Would he were fatter:—But I  
fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads  
much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves  
no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his  
spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater than them-  
selves;

And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is  
deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of  
him.

*J. C.*, I: 2. 1325.

—The Superlative of.

*Cam.* I should leave grazing, were I of  
your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Per.* Out, alas!  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 602.

LEARNING.—Astounds.

*Gre.* O, this learning! what a thing it is!

*T. S.*, I: 2. 459.

—How Valued.

*Fal.* \* \* And learning, a mere hoard  
of gold kept by a devil.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 3. 800.

LEAVE-TAKING.—Hasty.

*Tro.* And suddenly; where injury of  
chance  
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by  
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips  
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents  
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear  
vows  
Even in the birth of our own labouring  
breath:

We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, must poorly sell our-  
selves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.  
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not  
how:

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to  
them,

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;  
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,  
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

*T. C.*, IV: 4. 1130.

—Should not be Dainty.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot  
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way  
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there's warrant in that  
theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy  
left.

*M.*, II: 3. 1367.

LEGITIMACY.—Doubtful.

*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's  
face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:  
Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man?

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother,  
mighty king.  
That is well known; and, as I think, one  
father;

But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,  
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother;  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*K. J.*, I: 1. 647.

—Impossible.

*Rob.* \* \* \*

But truth is truth; large lengths of seas  
and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,  
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)   
When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me; and took it, on his death,  
That this, my mother's son, was none of his;  
And, if he were, he came into the world  
Full fourteen weeks before the course of  
time.

*K. J.*, I: 1. 647.

—Physical Signs of.

*Paul.* It is yours;  
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your  
charge,  
So like you, 't is the worse.—Behold, my  
lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole mat-  
ter



And copy of the father: eye, nose, lip,  
 The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay,  
     the valley,  
 The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek;  
     his smiles;  
 The very mould and frame of hand, nail,  
     finger:—  
 And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast  
     made it  
 So like to him that got it, if thou hast  
 The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all  
     colours  
 No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,  
 Her children not her husband's!

*W. T., II: 3. 591.*

#### —Secured by Wedlock.

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legiti-  
     mate;  
 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;  
 And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
 Which fault lies on the hazards of all hus-  
     bands  
 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my  
     brother,  
 Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
 Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
 In sooth, good friend, your father might  
     have kept  
 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the  
     world;  
 In sooth, he might: then, if he were my  
     brother's,  
 My brother might not claim him; nor your  
     father,  
 Being none of his, refuse him: this con-  
     cludes,—  
 My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
 Your father's heir must have your father's  
     land.

*K. J., I: 1. 647.*

#### LENITY.—In War, good Policy.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offend-  
 ers so cut off:—and we give express  
 charge, that, in our marches through the  
 country, there be nothing compelled from  
 the villages, nothing taken but paid for;  
 none of the French upbraided, or abused in  
 disdainful language: For when lenity and  
 cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler  
 gamester is the soonest winner.

*H. V., III: 6. 836.*

#### —Not Mercy.

*Clif.* \* \* Henry, had'st thou sway'd  
     as kings should do,  
 Or as thy father, and his father, did,  
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,  
 They never then had sprung like summer  
     flies;  
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,  
 Had left no mourning widows for our  
     death,  
 And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in  
     peace.  
 For what doth cherish weeds but gentle  
     air?  
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much  
     lenity?

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 6. 969.*

#### LETTERS.—A Madman's.

*Clo.* Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub  
 at the stove's end, as well as a man in his  
 case may do: he has here writ a letter to  
 you; I should have given it to you to-day  
 morning, but as a madman's epistles are no  
 gospels, so it skills not much when they are  
 delivered.

*T. N., V: 1. 568.*

#### —Ill Used.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you,  
 When rioting in Alexandria: you  
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
 Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*A. C., II: 2. 1549.*

#### —Joy at Receiving.

*Vol.* Look, here 's a letter from him;  
 the state hath another, his wife another;  
 and, I think, there 's one at home for you.

*Men.* I will make my very house reel to-  
 night:—A letter for me?

*Vir.* Yes, certain, there 's a letter for  
 you; I saw it.

*Men.* A letter for me? It gives me an  
 estate of seven years' health.

*C., II: 1. 1161.*

#### —Unpleasant.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia,  
 Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
 That ever blotted paper!

*M. V., III: 2. 379.*

## —Writing, Suggested.

*Pro.* \* \*  
To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,  
Of thy success in love, and what news else  
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;  
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

*T. G., I: 1. 48.*

**LEVITY.—A Source of Life.**

*Kath.* \* \* A light heart lives long.

*L. L., V: 2. 293.*

## —Ill-timed.

*Pro.* \* \* Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;  
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too.

\* \* Then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery!  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,  
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

*H. VIII., P. 1056.*

**LIAR.—A voluble One.**

*Par.* \* \* He will lie, sir, with such  
volubility, that you would think truth were  
a fool.

*A. W., IV: 3. 522.*

## —Hated of God.

*Nor.* O, let my sovereign turn away his  
face,  
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,  
Till I have told this slander of his blood  
How God, and good men, hate so foul a  
liar.

*E. II., I: 1. 685.*

## —Should be thrice Beaten.

*Laf.* A good traveller is something at  
the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies  
three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass  
a thousand nothings with, should be once  
heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you,  
captain.

*A. W., II: 5. 510.*

**LIBERTY.—Ends in Restraint.**

*Lucio.* Why, how now Claudio? whence  
comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my  
Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scope, by the immoderate use,  
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue  
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)  
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

*M. M., I: 2. 145.*

## —Stirs the Blood.

*Orl.* \* \* Besides this nothing that he  
so plentifully gives me, the something that  
nature gave me his countenance seems to  
take from me: he lets me feed with his  
hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and,  
as much as in him lies, mines my gentility  
with my education. This is it, Adam, that  
grieves me; and the spirit of my father,  
which I think is within me, begins to muti-  
ny against this servitude. I will no longer  
endure it, though yet I know no wise reme-  
dy how to avoid it.

*A. Y., I: 1. 407.*

**LIBRARY.—Content with.**

*Pro.* Me, poor man! my library  
Was dukedom large enough.

*T., I: 2. 9.*

## —Prized.

*Pro.* \* \* So, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd  
me,  
From mine own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*T., I: 2. 10.*

**LICENTIOUSNESS.—Linked to Woe.**

*Luc.* Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd  
with woe.

*C. E., II: 1. 195.*

**LIE.—Cæsar Incapable of**

*Cal.* Say he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so  
far,

To be afeared to tell grey-beards the truth?  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*J. C., II: 2. 1333.*

## —Made Truth.

*Pro.* \* \* Like one  
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie.

*T., I: 2. 9.*

## —Told like Truth.

*Macb.* \* \* \*

I pull in resolution; and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam  
wood  
Do come to Dunsinane;"—and now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. — Arm, arm, and  
out!—

If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now  
undone. —

Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come,  
wrack!

At least we 'll die with harness on our back.

*M.*, V: 5. 1384.**LIES.—Palpable.**

*P. Hen.* These lies are like the father  
that begets them; gross as a mountain,  
open, palpable.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 740.

## —Probable.

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return  
with an invention, and clap upon you two  
or three probable lies.

*A. W.*, III: 6. 516.**LIFE.—A Continued Storm.**

*Mar.* \* \* Ah me! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirring me from my friends.

*P.*, IV: 1. 1659.

## —A Dream.

*Pro.* \* \* We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*T.*, IV: 1. 28.

## —A Dying Horror.

*Juliet.* Must die to-morrow! O, injuri-  
ous love,  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!

*M. M.*, II: 3. 154.

## —A Mingled Yarn.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a  
mingled yarn, good and ill together: our  
virtues would be proud, if our faults whip-

ped them not; and our crimes would de-  
spair, if they were not cherished by our vir-  
tues.

*A. W.*, IV: 3. 520.

## —A Shuttle.

*Fal.* \* \* Life is a shuttle.*M. W.*, V: 1. 117.

## —Depends on Means.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all; pardon  
not that:

You take my house, when you do take the  
prop

That doth sustain my house: you take my  
life,

When you do take the means whereby I  
live.

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 386.

## —Its Brevity.

*Col.* \* \* How brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

*A. Y.*, III: 2. 422.

## —Loathed in Sorrow.

*Macb.* Had I but died an hour before  
this chance,

I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this in-  
stant,

There 's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown, and grace, is  
dead;

The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*M.*, II: 3. 1366.

## —Loss not Feared.

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a  
pawn

To wage against thine enemies; nor fear  
to lose it,

Thy safety being motive.

*K. L.*, I: 1. 1445.

## —Noble in what it Does.

*Bel.* \* \* O, this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk.

*Cym.*, III: 3. 1607.

**—Out of Human Power.**

*Gaunt.* But not a minute, king, that  
thou canst give:  
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen  
sorrow,  
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a  
morrow:  
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,  
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;  
Thy word is current with him for my death;  
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my  
breath.

*R. II., I: 3. 690.*

**—Precious when Endangered.**

*Hast.* My lord, I hold my life as dear as  
yours;  
And never, in my life, I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me than 't is now:  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*R. III., III: 2. 1023.*

**—Walking Shadow.**

*Macb.* \* \* Out, out, brief candle!  
Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,  
That struts and frets his hour upon the  
stage,  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*M., V: 5. 1334.*

**LIGHT.—Its Disclosive Power.**

*K. Rich.* \* \*

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
And darts his light through every guilty  
hole,  
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off  
their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at them-  
selves?  
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,  
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,  
Whilst we were wandering with the anti-  
podes,—  
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,  
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of day,  
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

*R. II., III: 2. 701.*

**LINEAGE.—Pure.**

*Hect.* \* \*

The obligation of our blood forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:  
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan,  
so  
That thou could'st say—"This hand is  
Grecian all,  
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg  
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's  
blood  
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinis-  
ter  
Bounds in my father's;" by Jove multipo-  
tent,  
Thou should'st not bear from me a Greekish  
member  
Wherein my sword had not impressure  
made  
Of our rank feud: But the just gods gain-  
say,  
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy  
mother,  
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword  
Be drain'd!

*T. C., IV: 5. 1133.*

**LIP.—Diana's.**

*Duke.* \* \* Diana's lip

Is not more smooth and rubious.

*T. N., I: 4. 543.*

**LISTENER.—Runs low.**

*Hero* \* \*

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing,  
runs  
Close by the ground, to hear our confer-  
ence.

*M. A., III: 1. 238.*

**LOCALITY.—Not Essential.**

*Imo.* Where then?

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,  
night,  
Are they not but in Britain? 'T' the world's  
volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee,  
think  
There 's livers out of Britain.

*Cym., III: 4. 1609.*



**LONGING.—For rare Sights.**

*Achil.* \* \* I have a woman's longing,  
An appetite that I am sick withal,  
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;  
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,  
Even to my full of view.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1126.

**—Unparalleled.**

*Imo.* \* \*  
O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou,  
Pisanio?  
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me  
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,  
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who  
long'st, —  
O, let me 'bate, —but not like me:—yet  
long'st, —  
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;  
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak  
thick,  
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of  
hearing,  
To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is  
To this same blessed Milford.

*Cym.*, III: 2. 1606.

**LOOK.—Its power to Kill.**

*Sir To.* \* \* But, sir, I will deliver  
his challenge by word of mouth; set upon  
Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and  
drive the gentleman (as I know his youth  
will aptly receive it) into a most hideous  
opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetu-  
osity. This will so fright them both, that  
they will kill one another by the look, like  
cockatrices.

*T. N.*, III: 4. 560.

**LOOKER-ON.—Disregarded.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
Heard, not regarded.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 2. 748.

**—In Vienna.**

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke  
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine,  
than he  
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,  
Nor here provincial: My business in this  
state  
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bub-  
ble,  
Till it o'errun the stews: laws for all faults,  
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong  
statutes  
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,  
As much in mock as mark.

*M. M.*, V: 1. 173.

**LOOKS.—Appropriate.**

*K. Rich.* \* \*  
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,  
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?  
*R. II.*, III: 3. 704.

**—Deceitful.**

*Hast.* \* \*  
Who builds his hope in air of your fair  
looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*R. III.*, III: 4. 1025.

**—Greedy.**

*Fal.* \* \* The appetite of her eye did  
seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass!  
*M. W.*, I: 3. 92.

**—Interrogated.**

*Pis.* \* \* How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity  
So much as this fact comes to?  
*Cym.*, III: 2. 1605.

**—No Proof of Guilt.**

*Pem.* This is the man should do the  
bloody deed;  
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:  
The image of a wicked, heinous fault  
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
Does show the mood of a much-troubled  
breast,  
And I do fearfully believe, 't is done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.  
*K. J.*, IV: 2. 666.

**—Not an Index.**

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my  
friend;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*K. J.*, IV: 1. 665.

## —Significance of.

*Scroop.* Men judge by the complexion  
of the sky

The state and inclination of the day :  
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,  
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

*R. II., III: 2. 702.*

## —Sour.

*Beat.* How tartly that gentleman looks !  
I never can see him but I am heartburn'd  
an hour after.

*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy dispo-  
sition.

*M. A., II: 1. 230.*

**LOQUACITY.—Its Danger.**

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man ; for  
many a man's tongue shakes out his mas-  
ter's undoing.

*A. W., II: 4. 509.*

## —Offensive.

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine  
ears, against  
The stomach of my sense.

*T., II: 1. 16.*

## —Unremunerative.

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal  
of nothing, more than any man in all  
Venice. His reasons are two grains of  
wheat hid in two bushels of chaff, you shall  
seek all day ere you find them, and when  
you have them, they are not worth the  
search.

*M. V., I: 1. 362.*

**LOSS.—May be Regained.**

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had  
lost one shaft  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
The self-same way, with more advised  
watch  
To find the other forth ; and, by adventur-  
ing both,  
I oft found both : I urge this childhood  
proof,  
Because what follows is pure innocence.  
I owe you much ; and, like a wilful  
youth,  
That which I owe is lost : but if you  
please  
To shoot another arrow that self-way  
Which you did shoot the first, I do not  
doubt,

As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*M. V., I: 1. 362.*

## —Sometimes Gain.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want  
no eyes ;

I stumbled when I saw : Full oft 't is seen,  
Our mean secures us ; and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.

*K. L., IV: 1. 1470.*

**LOSSES.—Irreparable.**

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss ; and pa-  
tience

Says it is past her cure.

*Pro.* I rather think,  
You have not sought her help ; of whose  
soft grace,

For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,  
And rest myself content.

*Alon.* You the like loss ?

*Pro.* As great to me, as late ; and sup-  
portable

To make the dear loss, have I means much  
weaker

Than you may call to comfort you ; for I  
Have lost my daughter.

*T., V: 1. 31.*

**LOST.—Praising the.**

*King.* Praising what is lost  
Makes the remembrance dear.

*A. W., V: 3. 526.*

## —The, Seeking.

*Ant. S.* He that commends me to mine  
own content

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop ;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :  
So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

*C. E., I: 2. 194.*

**LOVE.—A Shadow.**

*Ford.* \* \*  
Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pur-  
sues ;  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

*M. W., II: 2. 99.*

## —A Source of Pain.

*Tro.* \* \* I love her;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath  
given me  
The knife that made it.

*T. C., I: 1. 1103.*

## —A Stream not to be Dammed.

*Jul.* The more thou damm'st it up, the  
more it burns;  
The current that with gentle murmur glides,  
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently  
doth rage;  
But, when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd  
stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step has brought me to my  
love;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much tur-  
moil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

*T. G., II: 7. 58.*

## —Admires Fools.

*Hel.* \* \* I love him for his sake;  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a cow-  
ard;  
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,  
That they take place, when virtue's steely  
bones  
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft  
we see  
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

*A. W., I: 1. 496.*

## —Advancing and Retiring.

*Rom.* \* \*  
Love goes toward love, as school-boys  
from their books;  
But love from love, toward school with heavy  
looks.

*R. J., II: 2. 1252.*

## —Advantages no Account in.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to  
verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate,  
why you undid me: for the one, I have  
neither words nor measure; and for the  
other, I have no strength in measure, yet a  
reasonable measure in strength. If I could  
win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into  
my saddle with my armour on my back, un-  
der the correction of bragging be it spoken,  
I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I  
might buffet for my love, or bound my horse  
for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher,  
and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off:  
but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor  
gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cun-  
ning in protestation; only down-right oaths,  
which I never use till urged, nor never break  
for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this  
temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-  
burning, that never looks in his glass for  
love of any thing he sees there, let thine  
eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain sol-  
dier: If thou canst love me for this, take  
me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die,  
is true; but—for thy love, by the Lord, no;  
yet I love thee too. And while thou livest,  
dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and un-  
coined constancy; for he perforce must do  
thee right, because he hath not the gift to  
woo in other places: for these fellows of in-  
finite tongue, that can rhyme themselves  
into ladies' favours,—they do always reason  
themselves out again. What! a speaker is  
but a prater: a rhyme is but a ballad. A  
good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop;  
a black beard will turn white; a curled pate  
will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a  
full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart,  
Kate, is the sun and moon; or, rather the  
sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright,  
and never changes, but keeps his course  
truly. If thou would have such a one, take  
me: And take me, take a soldier; take a  
soldier, take a king: And what sayst thou  
then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly,  
I pray thee.

*H. V., V: 2. 854.*

## —All absorbing.

*Duke.* \* \*  
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art  
thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch so'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price,  
Even in a minute!

*T. N., I: 1. 540.*

*Pro.* He after honour hunts, I after love:  
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;

I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.  
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,—  
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
 War with good counsel, set the world at  
 nought;  
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with  
 thought.

*T. G.*, I: 1. 48.

—All Things endurable to.

*Fer.* \* \*

Might I but through my prison once a day  
 Behold this maid: all corners else o' the  
 earth  
 Let liberty make use of; space enough  
 Have I in such a prison.

*T.*, I: 2. 14.

—An absorbing Passion.

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to  
 air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd  
 despair,  
 And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jeal-  
 ousy!  
 O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy;  
 In measure rain thy joy, scant this excess;  
 I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,  
 For fear I surfeit!

*M. V.*, III: 2. 377.

—An Excuse for Folly and Sin.

*Bast.* \* \*

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
 And so doth yours; your fault was not your  
 folly;  
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dis-  
 pose,—  
 Subjected tribute to commanding love, —  
 Against whose fury and unmatched force  
 The awless lion could not wage the fight,  
 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's  
 hand.  
 He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,  
 May easily win a woman's.

*K. J.*, I: 1. 649.

—And Duty.

*Oth.* \* \* No, when light-wing'd toys  
 Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dull-  
 ness  
 My speculative and active instruments,

That my disports corrupt and taint my  
 business,  
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
 And all indign and base adversities  
 Make head against my estimation!

*O.*, I: 3. 1498.

—And Wisdom conjoined.

*Cres.* \* \* To be wise, and love,  
 Exceeds man's might; that dwells with  
 gods above.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1122.

—Armado's Opinion of.

*Arm.* \* \* Love is a familiar; love is  
 a devil: there is no evil angel but love.  
 Yet was Sampson so tempted; and he had  
 an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so  
 seduced; and he had a very good wit.  
 Cupid's butts shaft is too hard for Hercules'  
 club, and therefore too much odds for a  
 Spaniard's rapier. The first and second  
 cause will not serve my turn; the passado  
 he respects not; the duello he regards not:  
 his disgrace is to be called boy, but his  
 glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour!  
 rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your man-  
 ager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me,  
 some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am  
 sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit!  
 write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in  
 folio.

*L. L.*, I: 2. 276.

—At first Sight.

*Phe.* Dead shepherd! now I find thy  
 saw of might;  
 "Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first  
 sight?"

*A. Y.*, III: 5. 427.

*Duke.* \* \*

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence;  
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart,  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.

*T. N.*, I: 1. 540.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in  
 the lady's face,

*Lew.* I do, my lord, and in her eye I  
 find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,  
 The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
 Which, being but the shadow of your son,



Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow :

I do protest, I never lov'd myself,  
Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

*K. J.*, II: 2. 655.

*Mira.* I do not know,  
One of my sex; no woman's face remem-  
ber,  
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have  
seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good  
friend,  
And my dear father: how features are  
abroad,  
I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,  
(The jewel in my dower,) I would not  
wish

Any companion in the world but you;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's pre-  
cepts  
I therein do forget.

*T.*, III: 1. 22.

#### —Blind.

*Jes.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth  
the pains.  
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on  
me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange:  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would  
blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*M. V.*, II: 6. 371.

*Hel.* \* \*

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the  
mind;  
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.  
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;  
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:  
And therefore is love said to be a child,  
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.  
As waggish boys in game themselves for-  
swear,  
So the boy love is perjur'd everywhere.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 324.

#### —Breaks all Disguises.

*Oli.* \* \*

A murth'rous guilt shows not itself more  
soon  
Than love that would seem hid: love's night  
is noon.

*T. N.*, III: 1. 556.

#### —Cautious.

*Claud.* How sweetly do you minister to  
love,  
That know love's grief by his complexion!  
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
I would have salv'd it with a longer trea-  
tise.

*M. A.*, I: 1. 223.

#### —Changed by Slander.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand  
lives;  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!  
Now do I see 't is true. — Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven;  
'T is gone. —  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow  
cell!  
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted  
throne,  
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy  
fraught,  
For 't is of aspicks' tongues!

*O.*, III: 3. 1515.

#### —Changed to Hate.

*Seroop.* Sweet love, I see, changing his  
property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

*R. II.*, III: 2. 702.

#### —Character of true.

*War.* Such it seems,  
As may beseem a monarch like himself.  
Myself have often heard him say and swear,  
That this 'his love was an eternal plant;  
Wherof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,  
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beau-  
ty's sun;  
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,  
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 3. 976.

## —Comes too late.

*King.* \* \*

Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
 Destroy our friends, and after weep their  
 dust:

Our own love waking cries to see what's  
 done,

While shameful hate sleep out the after-  
 noon.

*A. W.*, V: 5. 526.

## —Concealed.

*Luc.* Yet he, of all the rest, I think,  
 best loves ye.

*Jul.* His little speaking shows his love  
 but small.

*Luc.* Fire that's closest kept burns most  
 of all.

*Jul.* They do not love that do not show  
 their love.

*Luc.* O, they love least that let men  
 know their love.

*T. G.*, I: 3. 49.

*Vio.* A blank, my lord: She never told  
 her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the  
 bud,

Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in  
 thought;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love, in-  
 deed?

We men may say more, swear more: but,  
 indeed,

Our shows are more than will; for still we  
 prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*T. N.*, II: 4. 551.

## —Course never smooth.

*Lys.* Ah me! for aught that I could  
 ever read,

Could ever hear by tale or history,  
 The course of true love never did run  
 smooth:

But, either it was different in blood.

\* \*

*Her.* If then true lovers have been ever  
 cross'd,

It stands as an edict in destiny:

Then let us teach our trial patience,  
 Because it is a customary cross;  
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams,  
 and sighs,  
 Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 322.

## —Declaration of.

*Lys.* O, take the sense, sweet, of my in-  
 nocence;

Love takes the meaning, in love's confer-  
 ence;

I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,  
 So that but one heart we can make of it:  
 Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;  
 So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.

*M. N.*, II: 2. 329.

## —Deep and foolish.

*Touch.* \* \* We, that are true lovers,  
 run into strange capers; but as all is mortal  
 in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in  
 folly.

*A. Y.*, II: 4. 416

*Val.* And on a love-book pray for my  
 success.

*Pro.* Upon some book I love, I'll pray  
 for thee.

*Val.* That's on some shallow story of  
 deep love,

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

*Pro.* That's a deep story of a deeper  
 love.

For he was more than over shoes in love.

*Val.* 'Tis true; for you are over boots  
 in love,

And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

*Pro.* Over the boots? nay, give me not  
 the boots.

*Val.* No, I will not, for it boots thee not,—

*Pro.* What?

*Val.* To be in love, where scorn is  
 bought with groans;

Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading  
 moment's mirth

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

*Pro.* So, by your circumstance, you call  
 me fool.

*Val.* So, by your circumstance, I fear  
you 'll prove.

*Pro.* 'T is Love you cavil at; I am not  
Love.

*Val.* Love is your master, for he mas-  
ters you:

And he that is so yoked by a fool,  
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

*T. G.*, I: 1. 47.

#### —Delights in Praises.

*Val.* Even she; and is she not a heaven-  
ly saint?

*Pro.* No; but she is an earthly paragon.

*Val.* Call her divine.

*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O, flatter me, for love delights in  
praises.

*T. C.*, II: 4. 56.

#### —Demands Deafness.

*Imo.* \* \*

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of  
hearing,

To the smothering of the sense.

*Cym.*, III: 2. 1606.

#### —Desires the Inaccessible.

*Duke.* This very night; for love is like  
a child,

That longs for every thing that he can come  
by.

*T. G.*, III: 1. 60.

#### —Destitution of.

*Ber.* \* \* But, fair soul,

In your fine frame hath love no quality?

If the quick fire of youth light not your  
mind,

You are no maiden, but a monument:

When you are dead, you should be such a  
one.

*A. W.*, IV: 2. 518.

*Jul.* But love will not be spurr'd to  
what it loaths.

*T. G.*, V: 2. 70.

#### —Disguised.

*Claud.* Hero thinks surely she will die;  
for she says she will die if he love her not,  
and she will die ere she make her love  
known; and she will die if he woo her,  
rather than she will 'bate one breath of her  
accustomed crossness.

*M. V.*, II: 3. 236.

#### —Enslaving.

*Aar.* \* \* Fetter'd in amorous chains;  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming  
eyes,

Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

*Tit. And.*, II: 1. 1207.

#### —Ever Lives.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry — Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lies still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

*T. C.*, III: 1. 1120.

#### —False, Sheds no Tears.

*Cleo.* O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st  
fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall  
be.

*A. C.*, I: 3. 1544.

#### —Fed by Sight of.

*Ros.* O, come, let us remove;  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.

*A. Y.*, III: 4. 426.

#### —Fidelity of true Love.

*Cres.* \* \* I have forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near  
me,

As the sweet Troilus. — O you gods divine!  
Make Cressid's name the very crown of  
falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force,  
and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can;

But the strong base and building of my  
love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all things to it. — I'll go in, and  
weep.

*T. C.*, IV: 2. 1129.

## —Filial.

*King.* Not that I think, you did not love  
your father,  
But that I know, love is begun by time;  
And that I see, in passages of proof,  
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it.

*H., IV: 7. 1428.*

*Gon.* Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the  
matter,  
Dearer than eye-sight, space and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;  
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,  
honour:  
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech  
unable;  
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

*K. L., I: 1. 1444.*

## —Fire and Madness.

*Rom.* \* \*

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of  
sighs;  
Being puff'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers'  
tears:  
What is it else? a madness most discreet,  
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

*R. J., I: 1. 1243.*

## —Goes by Haps.

*Hero.* \* \* Loving goes by haps:  
Some Cupids kill with arrows, some with  
traps.

*M. A., III: 1. 233.*

## —Guided by Heaven.

*Ford.* Stand not amaz'd: here is no  
remedy:  
In love, the heavens themselves do guide  
the state;  
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by  
fate.

*M. W., V: 5. 120.*

## —Impossible to Restrain.

*Mach.* \* \* Who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage, to make his love known?

*M., II: 3. 1367.*

## —Improperly Placed, Lost.

*Ford.* \* \*

"Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pur-  
sues;  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."

*Fal.* Have you receiv'd no promise of  
satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Have you importun'd her to such a  
purpose?

*Ford.* Never.

*Fal.* Of what quality was your love, then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house built on another  
man's ground; so that I have lost my edi-  
fice, by mistaking the place where I erected  
it.

*M. W., II: 2. 99.*

## —In Queen and Maid.

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman; and  
commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
And does the meanest chares.

*A. C., IV: 13. 1576.*

## —Infatuation of.

*Tro.* No, Pandarus: I stalk about her  
door,

Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks  
Staying for waftage. O, bethou my Charon.

*T. C., III: 2. 1121.*

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness; and, I  
tell you, deserves as well a dark house and  
a whip as madmen do: and the reason why  
they are not so punish'd and cured is, that  
the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers  
are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by  
counsel.

*A. Y., III: 2. 424.*

*Pro.* Already have I been false to Val-  
entine,

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.  
Under the colour of commending him,  
I have access my own love to prefer;  
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,  
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.  
When I protest true loyalty to her,  
She twits me with my falsehood to my  
friend:

When to her beauty I commend my vows,  
She bids me think how I have been for-  
sworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:



And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,  
The least whereof would quell a lover's  
hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my  
love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

*T. G., IV: 2. 66.*

— Infinite as the Sea.

*Jul. \* \**

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,  
The more I have, for both are infinite.

*R. J., II: 2. 1252.*

— Its absurd Vows.

*Cres.* They say, all lovers swear more  
performance than they are able, and yet re-  
serve an ability that they never perform;  
vowing more than the perfection of ten, and  
discharging less than the tenth part of one.  
They that have the voice of lions, and the  
act of hares, are they not monsters?

*T. C., III: 2. 1121.*

— Its Avowal Desired.

*Jul. \* \**

Dost thou love me? I know, thou wilt  
say — Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou  
swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' per-  
juries,

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee

nay,

So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the  
world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour  
light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more  
true

Than those that have more cunning to be  
strange.

*R. J., II: 2. 1252.*

— Its bewildering Power.

*Bene. \* \** I do much wonder that one  
man, seeing how much another man is a

fool when he dedicates his behaviours to  
love, will, after he hath laughed at such shal-  
low follies in others, become the argument  
of his own scorn by falling in love: — and  
such a man is Claudio. I have known when  
there was no music with him but the drum  
and the fife; and now had he rather hear  
the tabor and the pipe: I have known when  
he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see  
a good armour; and now will he lie ten  
nights awake, carving the fashion of a new  
doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and  
to the purpose, like an honest man and a  
soldier; and now he is turn'd orthographer;  
his words are a very fantastical banquet,  
just so many strange dishes. May I be so  
converted, and see with these eyes? I can-  
not tell; I think not. I will not be sworn  
but love may transform me to an oyster;  
but I'll take my oath on it, till he hath  
made an oyster of me, he shall never make  
me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I  
am well: another is wise; yet I am well:  
another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all  
graces be in one woman, one woman shall  
not come in my grace. Rich she shall be,  
that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous,  
or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll  
never look on her; mild, or come not near  
me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good  
discourse, an excellent musician, and her  
hair shall be of what colour it please God.

*M. A., II: 3. 234.*

— Its bewitching Tyranny.

*Iago. \* \** And then for her

To win the Moor, — were't to renounce his  
baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, —

His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,

That she may make, unmake, do what she  
list,

Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function.

*O., II: 3. 1507.*

— Its Conquests.

*Val. \* \**

O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord;

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his service no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and  
sleep,

Upon the very naked name of Love.

*T. G., II: 4. 56.*

## —Its contradictory Character.

*Ben.* Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,

Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

*Rom.* Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,

Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate! O any thing, of nothing first created!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

*R. J.*, I: 1. 1243.

## —Its Dart not invincible.

*Duke.* \* \*

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom.

*M. M.*, I: 3. 146.

## —Its Difficulties.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.

*Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi*, (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*H. V.*, V: 2. 854.

## —Its Effect on Time.

*Claud.* To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till Love have all his rites.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 233.

## —Its Infatuation.

*Orl.* \* \*

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;

That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.  
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

*A. Y.*, III: 1. 420.

*Tro.* \* \*

And give me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the lily beds

Propos'd for the deserfer! O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,

And fly with me to Cressid!

*Pan.* Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

*Tro.* I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

The imaginary relish is so sweet

That it enchants my sense: What will it be,

When that the wat'ry palate tastes indeed

Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;

Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,  
Too subtle-potent, turn'd too sharp in sweetness,

For the capacity of my ruder powers.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1121.

## —Its Jealousy.

*Val.* \* \*

Because thou seest me dote upon my love.

My foolish rival, that her father likes,

Only for his possessions are so huge,

Is gone with her along; and I must after,

For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

*T. G.*, II: 4. 56.

## —Its Messengers should be swift.

*Jul.* \* \*

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.

*R. J.*, II: 5. 1256.

## —Its monstrous Promises.

*Tro.* \* \*

When we vow to weep seas,  
five in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking  
it harder for our mistress to devise imposi-

tion enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, — that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1121.

—**Its own Dowry.**

*France.* \* \* Love is not love,  
When it is mingled with respects, that stand  
Aloof from the entire point. Will you  
have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

*K. L.*, I: 1. 1446.

—**Its pacifying Power.**

*Eli.* \* \*  
This might have been prevented, and  
made whole,  
With very easy arguments of love;  
Which now the manage of two kingdoms  
must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. J.*, I: 1. 646.

—**Its Reason no Reason.**

*Arv.* If it be a sin to say so, sir, I yoke  
me  
In my good brother's fault; I know not  
why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you  
say  
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at  
door,  
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say,  
"My father, not this youth."

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1614.

—**Its Shadows.**

*Rom.* If I may trust the flattering truth  
of sleep,  
My dreams presage some joyful news at  
hand:  
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;  
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit  
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful  
thoughts.  
I dreamt, my lady came and found me  
dead;  
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man  
leave to think,)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my  
lips,  
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.  
Ah, me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,  
When but love's shadows are so rich in  
joy?

*R. J.*, V: 1. 1273.

—**Its Treasures.**

*Val.* Not for the world: why, man, she  
is mine own;  
And I as rich in having such a jewel,  
As twenty seas, if all their sand were  
pearl,  
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

*T. G.*, II: 4. 56.

—**Justifies Disguise.**

*Jul.* \* \*  
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!  
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon  
me  
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live  
In a disguise of love:  
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes, than men  
their minds.

*T. G.*, V: 4. 72.

—**Longings of a mutual.**

*Rom.* \* \*  
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!  
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!  
*Jul.* Ah me!  
*Rom.* She speaks:—  
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art  
As glorious to this night, being o'er my  
head,  
As is a winged messenger of heaven  
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes  
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,  
When he bestrides the lazy-passing clouds,  
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

*R. J.*, II: 2. 1251.

—**Makes base Men noble.**

*Iago.* \* \* Base men, being in love,  
have then a nobility in their natures more  
than is native to them.

*O.*, II: 1. 1502.

## —Makes Sacrifices.

*Laer.* \* \*

Nature is fine in love; and, where 't is fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

*H.*, IV: 5. 1425.

## —Men never Die of.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club: yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 429.

## —Misplaced.

*Por.* \* - \*

I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these.

*M. V.*, I: 2. 363.

## —Mistrust Treason to.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,

Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:

There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*M. V.*, III: 2. 376.

## —Music its Food.

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again;—it had a dying fall:

O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound

That breathes upon a bank of violets,

Stealing, and giving odour.

*T. N.*, I: 1. 540.

## —Natural, its Declaration.

*Mira.* Do you love me?

*Fer.* O heaven! O earth! bear witness  
to this sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event,

If I speak true; if hollowly, invert

What best is boded me, to mischief! I,

Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,

Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mira.* I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

*Pro.* Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain  
grace

On that which breeds between them!

*T.*, III: 1. 22.

## —Natural, its Equality.

*Shep.* \* \* He says, he loves my daughter;

I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon

Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,

As 't were, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose

Who loves another best.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 602.

## —Never Quenched.

*Jul.* O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,

By longing for that food so long a time.

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,

Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,

As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

*T. G.*, II: 7. 58.

## —New Objects Displace old.

*Thu.* Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me;

Which must be done by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

*T. G.*, III: 2. 64.



**—No Despair in.**

*Dem.* Then why should he despair, that  
knows to court it  
With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Tit. And.*, II: 1. 1208.

**—No Substitute for Food.**

*Val.* I have din'd.  
*Speed.* Ay, but hearken, sir; though the  
cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am  
one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and  
would fain have meat. O, be not like your  
mistress; be moved, be moved.

*T. G.*, II: 1. 54.

**—No Time for, in War.**

*Hot.* \* \* \*  
Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee  
not,  
I care not for thee Kate: this is no world  
To play with mammals, and to tilt with lips:  
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd  
crowns,  
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my  
horse!

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 3. 737.

**—None without Folly.**

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do  
love her!  
*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere  
now.  
*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not  
guess;  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a  
lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy love were ever like to mine,  
(As sure I think did never man love so,)  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?  
*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have for-  
gotten.  
*Sil.* O, thou didst then never love so  
heartily:  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,  
Thou hast not lov'd:  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not lov'd:  
Or if thou has not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd:  
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

*A. Y.*, II: 4. 416.

**—Not fit for Warriors.**

*Patr.* \* \* \*  
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wan-  
ton Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous  
fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to very air.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.

**—Object black.**

*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as  
ebony.  
*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood  
divine!

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 289.

**—Overleaps all Barriers.**

*Jul.* How cam'st thou hither, tell me?  
and wherefore?  
The orchard walls are high, and hard to  
climb;  
And the place death, considering who thou  
art,  
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.  
*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-  
perch these walls;  
For stony limits cannot hold love out:  
And what love can do, that dares love at-  
tempt;  
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.  
*Jul.* If they do see thee, they will mur-  
der thee.  
*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in  
thine eye,  
Than twenty of their swords: look thou  
but sweet,  
And I am proof against their enmity.

*R. J.*, II: 2. 1251.

**—Overleaps Vows.**

*Glo.* So should I give consent to flatter  
sin.  
You know, my lord, your highness is be-  
troth'd

Unto another lady of esteem;  
 How shall we then dispense with that contract,  
 And not deface your honour with reproach?  
*Suf.* As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;  
 Or one, that, at a triumph having vow'd  
 To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists  
 By reason of his adversary's odds:  
 A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,  
 And therefore may be broke without offence.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., V: 5. 897.

—**Passionate.**

*Jul.* \* \* When he shall die,  
 Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
 And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
 That all the world will be in love with night,  
 And pay no worship to the garish sun.

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

—**Perseverance in.**

*Fent.* \* \*  
 Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and  
 manners,  
 I must advance the colours of my love,  
 And not retire: Let me have your good will.

*M. W.*, III: 4. 108.

—**Persistence in.**

*Val.* \* \*  
 But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive  
 therein,  
 Even as I would, when I to love begin.

*T. G.*, I: 1. 47.

—**Required.**

*Beat.* \* \*  
 Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride,  
 adieu!  
 No glory lives behind the back of such.  
 And Benedick, love on, I will requite thee  
 Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.

*M. A.*, III: 1. 238.

—**Resisted by Beauty.**

*Rom.* \* \*  
 She will not stay the siege of loving terms,  
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,  
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:  
 O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,  
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her  
 store.

*R. J.*, I: 1. 1244.

—**Shortens the Path.**

*Rom.* \* \*

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from  
 their books;  
 But love from love, toward school with  
 heavy looks.

*K. J.*, II: 2. 1252.

—**Should be Avoided.**

*War.* \* \* I hold it cowardice,  
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 2. 980.

—**Signs of.**

*Moth.* \* \* To jig off a tune at the  
 tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, hu-  
 mour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh  
 a note, and sing a note; sometime through  
 the throat, as if you swallowed love with  
 singing love; sometimes through the nose,  
 as if you snuffed up love by smelling love;  
 with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop  
 of your eyes; with your arms crossed on  
 your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a  
 spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a  
 man after the old painting; and keep not  
 too long in one tune, but a snip and away:  
 These are complements, these are humours.

*L. L.*, III: 1. 280.

*Val.* Why, how know you that I am in  
 love?

*Speed.* Marry, by these special marks:  
 First, you have learn'd, like sir Proteus, to  
 wreath your arms like a malcontent; to  
 relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast;  
 to walk alone, like one that had the pesti-  
 lence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had  
 lost his A. B. C.; to weep, like a young  
 wench that had buried her grandam; to  
 fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like  
 one that fears robbing; to speak puling,  
 like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were  
 wont, when you laughed, to crow like a  
 cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one  
 of the lions; when you fasted, it was pre-  
 sently after dinner; when you look'd sadly,  
 it was for want of money: and now you  
 are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that,  
 when I look on you, I can hardly think you  
 my master.

*T. G.*, II: 1. 52.

—**Soldiers susceptible to.**

*Agam.* \* \* But we are soldiers;  
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,  
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!  
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,  
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1110.

## —Speaking.

*Biron.* \* \* \*

And when Love speaks, the voice of all the  
gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 291.

## —Springs from Hate.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only  
hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too  
late!

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,  
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*R. J.*, I: 5. 1250.

## —Superseded.

*Pro.* Love bade me swear, and Love  
bids me forswear;

O sweet suggesting Love! if thou hast  
sinn'd,

Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.  
At first I did adore a twinkling star,

But now I worship a celestial sun.

*T. G.*, II: 6. 58.

## —Sweet, not lasting.

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of  
his favour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;

A violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute;

No more.

*H.*, I: 3. 1396.

## —Tame when content with Words.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts, give her  
deeds: but she 'll bereave you of the deeds  
too, if she call your activity in question.  
What, billing again? Here's—"In witness  
whereof the parties interchangeably"—  
Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1121.

## —That can be Reckoned.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that  
can be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn how far to be be-  
lov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out  
new heaven, new earth.

*A. C.*, I: 1. 1540.

## —The twenty Eyes of.

*Val.* Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair  
of eyes.

*Thu.* They say that Love hath not an  
eye at all.—

*Val.* To see such lovers, Thurio, as  
yourself;

Upon a homely object Love can wink.

*T. G.*, II: 4. 55.

## —Transient.

*Tro.* \* \* \*

But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's  
tooth.

*T. C.*, IV: 5. 1135.

*Duke.* This weak impress of love is as a  
figure

Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat

Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.

*T. G.*, III: 2. 63.

## —Transmitting Power of.

*Hel.* \* \* \*

Things base and vild, holding no quantity,

Love can transpose to form and dignity.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 324.

## —Trifles.

*Jul.* \* \* \*

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

*T. G.*, IV: 2. 70.

## —True, beyond Estimate.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than  
in words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:

They are but beggars that can count their  
worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess,

I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

*R. J.*, II: 6. 1258.

## —True, never Weary.

*Jul.* A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary  
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;

Much less shall she that hath Love's wings  
to fly;

And when the flight is made to one so dear,

Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

*T. G.*, II: 7. 58.

## —Turns Wit to Folly.

*Pro.* Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud

The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

*Val.* And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

*T. G.*, I: 1. 47.

## —Uncertainty of.

*Pro.* \* \*

O, how this spring of love resembleth  
The uncertain glory of an April day;  
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,  
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

*T. G.*, I: 3. 51.

## —Unlooked for.

*Bene.* Is 't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

*Leon.* By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enraged affection; it is past the infinite of thought.

*M. A.*, II: 3. 235.

## —Unrequited.

*Hel.* Then, I confess,  
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,  
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,  
I love your son:—  
My friends were poor but honest; so 's my love:

Be not offended; for it hurts not him  
That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not  
By any token of presumptuous suit;  
Nor would I have him till I do deserve him;  
Yet never know how that desert should be.  
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more.

*A. W.*, I: 3. 501.

## —Unsought.

*Oli.* \* \* Love sought is good, but given  
unsought is better.

*T. N.*, III: 1. 556.

## —Vehement.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 't is true: there was never anything so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame." For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

*A. Y.*, V: 2. 434.

## —Waning.

*Clo.* \* \* I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

*A. W.*, III: 1. 511.

## —Wanton.

*Biron.* \* \*

As love is full of unbefitting strains;  
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 303.

## —Wayward.

*Jul.* \* \*

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,  
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,  
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!

*T. G.*, II: 2. 49.

## —Willing for any Test.

*Tro.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we shall not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1122.

## —Women Cannot Fight for.

*Hel.* Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,

You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!



Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do :  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to  
woo.

I 'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well.

*M. N., II: 1. 328.*

—Wounds invisible.

*Sil. \* \**

Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*A. Y., III: 5. 427.*

—Youthful.

*Count. \* \**

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,  
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in  
youth.

*A. W., I: 3. 500.*

LOVE-LETTER.—Falstaff's.

*Mrs. Page.* What; have I 'scap'd love-  
letters in the holiday time of my beauty,  
and am I now a subject for them? Let me  
see:

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though  
Love use reason for his precisian, he admits him not  
for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am  
I; go to, then, there's sympathy: you are merry,  
so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy;  
you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better  
sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at  
the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,) that I  
love thee. I will not say, pity me, 't is not a soldier-  
like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might,  
For thee to fight.

*John Falstaff."*

*M. W., II: 1. 95.*

—Mrs. Page's Opinion of Falstaff's.

*Mrs. Page.* Letter for letter; but that  
the name of Page and Ford differs!—To  
thy great comfort in this mystery of ill  
opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy let-  
ter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest,  
mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thous-  
and of these letters, (sure more,) writ with  
blank space for different names, and these  
are of the second edition: He will print  
them out of doubt; for he cares not what he  
puts into the press when he would put us  
two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie  
under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you  
twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste  
man.

*M. W., II: 1. 95.*

—Torn, but worshipped.

*Jul.* Nay, would I were so anger'd with  
the same!

O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
Injurious wasps! to feed on such sweet  
honey!

And kill the bees, that yield it, with your  
stings!

I 'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—"kind Julia:"—un-  
kind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain!  
And here is writ—"love-wounded Pro-  
teus:"—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly  
heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written  
down.

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,  
Till I have found each letter in the letter,  
Except mine own name: that some whirl-  
wind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,  
And throw it thence into the raging sea!  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—  
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,  
To the sweet Julia;" that I 'll tear away,—  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names;  
Thus will I fold them one upon another:  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you  
will.

*T. G., I: 2. 50.*

LOVE-MAKING.—By Proxy.

*Shal.* Mistress Anne, my cousin loves  
you.

*Slen.* Ay, that I do; as well as I love any  
woman in Glostershire.

*Shal.* He will maintain you like a gen-  
tlewoman.

*Slen.* Ay, that I will, come cut and long-  
tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

*Shal.* He will make you a hundred and  
fifty pounds jointure.

*Anne.* Good master Shallow, let him  
woo for himself.

*Shal.* Marry, I thank you for it; I thank  
you for that good comfort. She calls you,  
coz: I 'll leave you.

*Anne.* Now, master Slender.

*Slen.* Now, good mistress Anne.

*Anne.* What is your will?

*Slen.* My will? 'od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

*Anne.* I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

*Slen.* Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can; You may ask your father; here he comes.

*M. W., III: 4. 107.*

#### LOVER.—Admiration of a.

*Rom.* O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!  
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,  
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of  
stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude  
hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it,  
sight:

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

*R. J., I: 5. 1248.*

#### —An accepted.

*Lys.* I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as  
he,—

As well possess'd; my love is more than  
his;

My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,  
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';  
And, which is more than all these boasts  
can be,

I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

*M. N., I: 1. 322.*

#### —Characteristics of.

*Cel.* Was is not his: besides, the oath of  
a lover is no stronger than the word of a  
tapster; they are both the confirmers of  
false reckonings.

*A. Y., III: 4. 426.*

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shak'd; I  
pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks  
upon you: he taught me how to know a  
man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am  
sure, you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek, which you have not:  
a blue eye, and sunken, which you have  
not: an unquestionable spirit, which you  
have not: a beard neglected, which you  
have not: (but I pardon you for that; for,  
simply, your having in beard is a younger  
brother's revenue:) Then your hose should  
be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded,  
your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe unti'd,  
and everything about you demonstrating a  
careless desolation. But you are no such  
man; you are rather point-device in your  
accoutrements; as loving yourself, than  
seeming the lover of any other.

*A. Y., III: 2. 424.*

#### —His Arts.

*Ege.* \* \*

This hath bewitch'd the bosom of my child:  
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her  
rhymes,

And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;  
Thou hast by moonlight at her window  
sung,

With feigning voices, verses of feigning  
love;

And stol'n the impression of her fantasy  
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds,  
conceits,

Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—  
messengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth:  
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's  
heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,  
To stubborn harshness.

*M. N., I: 1. 321.*

#### —Keen Sense of a.

*Biron.* \* \*

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious head of theft is  
stopp'd:

Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross  
in taste.

For valour, is not Love a Hercules,  
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?  
Subtle as sphynx; as sweet and musical,  
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his  
hair;  
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the  
gods  
Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.  
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,  
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's  
sighs.  
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,  
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 290.

—Light of Step.

*Fri.* \* \* O, so light a foot  
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint;  
A lover may bstride the gossamers  
That idle in the wanton summer air,  
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

*R. J.*, II: 6. 1258.

LOVERS.—Inseparable.

*Bur.* \* \*  
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,  
That could not live asunder day or night.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., II: 2. 873.

—Their Vows.

*Lys.* \* \* If thou lov'st me, then,  
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow  
night;

And in the wood, a league without the town,  
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,  
To do observance to a morn of May,  
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* My good Lysander!  
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;  
By his best arrow with the golden head;  
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;  
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers  
loves;  
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage  
queen,  
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;  
By all the vows that ever men have broke,  
In number more than ever women spoke;  
In that same place thou hast appointed me,  
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 323.

LOVING.—Vehement.

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs  
of fire.

*T. N.*, I: 5. 546.

—Violent.

*Fri.* These violent delights have violent  
ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and pow-  
der,  
Which, as they kiss, consume.

*R. J.*, II: 6. 1257.

LOWLINESS.—No Barrier to Mirth.

*Arth.* \* \*

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be as merry as the day is long.

*K. J.*, IV: 1. 664.

LOYALTY.—Honored in Death.

*Tit.* \* \*

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her  
fraught,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
From whence at first she weigh'd her an-  
chorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel  
boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears.

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1202.

—In Defeat.

*Eno.* \* \* Yet, he, that can endure  
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
Does conquer him that did his master con-  
quer,

And earns a place i' the story.

*A. C.*, III: 11. 1565.

—Indignant.

*York.* \* \*

Com'st thou because the anointed king is  
hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,  
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.  
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,  
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and my-  
self,

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars  
of men,

From forth the rank of many thousand  
French;  
O, then, how quickly should this arm of  
mine,  
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,  
And minister correction to thy fault!

*R. II., II: 4. 698.*

—**Sneered at.**

*Suf.* 'Tis like, the commons, rude un-  
polish'd hinds,  
Could send such message to their sovereign;  
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,  
To show how quaint an orator you are:  
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,  
Is—that he was the lord ambassador.  
Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 929.*

—**Stronger than other Ties.**

*Duch.* Why, York, what wilt thou do?  
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine  
own?  
Have we more sons? or are we like to  
have?  
Is not my teeming date drunk up with  
time?  
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine  
age,  
And rob me of a happy mother's name?  
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?

*York.* Thou fond mad woman,  
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?  
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacra-  
ment,  
And interchangeably set down their hands,  
To kill the king at Oxford.

\* \*  
*Duch.* Hadst thou groan'd for him,  
As I have done, thoud'st be more pitiful.  
But now I know thy mind; thou dost sus-  
pect,  
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,  
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:  
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that  
mind:

He is as like thee as a man may be,  
Not like to me, or any of my kin,  
And yet I love him.

*York.* Make way, unruly woman.

*Duch.* \* \*  
I'll not be long behind, though I be old,

I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:  
And never will I rise up from the ground,  
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;  
Begone.

*R. II., V: 2. 713.*

**LUNGS.—Military.**

*Host.* \* \* Bully sir John! speak from  
thy lungs military.

*M. W., IV 5. 114.*

**LURING.—To Shame.**

*Mrs. Ford.* \* \* I think the best way  
were to entertain him with hope, till the  
wicked fire of lust have melted him in his  
own grease.

*M. W., II: 1. 95.*

**LUST.—A Fire.**

*Anne.* \* \*  
Fie on lust and luxury!  
Lust is but a bloody fire,  
Kindled with unchaste desire,  
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,  
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

*M. W., V: 5. 119.*

—**Excess of.**

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with  
such excess,  
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

*L. L., V: 2. 294.*

—**Kingly, the worst.**

*Imo.* \* \*  
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks  
lie,  
That have afflictions on them; knowing't is  
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder  
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse  
in fulness  
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood  
Is worse in kings, than beggars.

*Cym., III: 6. 1612.*

—**Overreaches Itself.**

*Pand.* \* \*  
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools  
fire,  
Within the scorched veins of one new  
burn'd.

*K. J., III: 1. 659.*



**Plays with what it Loathes.**

*Hel.* \* \* But O, strange men!  
That can such sweet use make of what they  
hate,  
When saucy trusting of the cozen'd  
thoughts  
Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth  
play  
With what it loathes, for that which is  
away.

*A. W.*, IV: 4. 523.

**—Preys on Garbage.**

*Ghost.* \* \*  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.

*H.*, I: 5. 1400.

**LYING.—Universal.**

*Fal.* \* \* Lord, lord, how this world  
is given to lying!

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

# M

**MADNESS.—A well-balanced.**

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Ham-  
let?  
*Queen.* Mad as the sea, and wind, when  
both contend  
Which is the mightier.

*H. IV.*, IV: 1. 1421.

**—Edgar's Advice. (See Insanity.)**

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart  
and mind; that curled my hair; wore  
gloves in my cap; \* \* swore as many  
oaths as I spake words, and broke them in  
the sweet face of heaven. \* \* Wine  
loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman,  
out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart,  
light of ear, bloody of hand: Hog in sloth,  
fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in  
madness, lion in prey. Let not the creak-  
ing of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, be-  
tray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy  
foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plack-  
ets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy  
the foul fiend. — Still through the hawthorn  
blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha  
no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa;  
let him trot by.

*K. L.*, III: 4. 1465.

**—Exposure a Sign of.**

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful ele-  
ment:  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curl'd waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change, or cease: tears  
his white hair;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless  
rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:  
Strives in his little world of man to out-  
scorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.  
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear  
would couch,  
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*K. L.*, III: 1. 1462.

**—Flees Accountability.**

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir; I have  
done you wrong;  
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.  
This presence knows, and you must needs  
have heard,  
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.  
What have I done,  
That might your nature, honour, and ex-  
ception,  
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was mad-  
ness.  
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never,  
Hamlet:  
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,  
And, when he's not himself, does wrong  
Laertes,  
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.  
Who does it then? His madness: If 't be so,  
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.  
 Sir, in this audience,  
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil  
 Free me so far in your most generous  
 thoughts,  
 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,  
 And hurt my brother.

*H.*, V : 3. 1435.

—Impending.

*Isab.* O, prince, I conjure thee, as thou  
 believ'st  
 There is another comfort than this world,  
 That thou neglect me not with that opinion  
 That I am touch'd with madness.

*M. M.*, V : 1. 170.

—Limited.

*Ham.* \* \* But, sure, that sense  
 Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err ;  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice.

*H.*, II : 4. 1419.

—Mixed with Sense.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,  
 If she be mad, as I believe no other,  
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
 Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
 As e'er I heard in madness.

*M. M.*, V : 1. 170.

—Must be Watched.

*King.* It shall be so :  
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd  
 go.

*H.*, III : 1. 1412.

—Partial.

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west :  
 when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk  
 from a hand-saw.

*H.*, II : 2. 1407.

—Sad and merry.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. — I am as mad  
 as he,  
 If sad and merry madness equal be.

*T. N.*, III : 4. 558.

—Test of.

*Ham.* Ecstasy !  
 My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep  
 time,  
 And makes us healthful music : It is not  
 madness,  
 That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,  
 And I the matter will re-word ; which mad-  
 ness would gambol from.

*H.*, III : 4. 1420.

—To be Shunned.

*Lear.* \* \*  
 O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;  
 No more of that.

*K. L.*, III : 4. 1465.

MAGIC.—Its Tricks, Bubbles.

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the  
 water has,  
 And these are of them.

*M.*, I : 3. 1359.

—Lawful as Eating.

*Leon.* \* \*  
 If this be magic, let it be an art  
 Lawful as eating.

*W. T.*, V : 3. 617.

MAGISTRATES.—Chosen by the People.

*Marc.* \* \*  
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their  
 trust,  
 This palliament of white and spotless hue ;  
 And name thee in election for the empire,  
 With these our late-deceased emperor's  
 sons :

Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit. And.*, I : 2. 1203.

—Should be free from Faults.

*Duke.* Not so, not so ; his life is paral-  
 lell'd  
 Even with the stroke and line of his great  
 justice ;  
 He doth with holy abstinence subdue

That in himself, which he spurs on his  
pow'r  
To qualify in others: were he meal'd with  
that  
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;  
But this being so, he's just.

*M. M.*, IV: 2. 165.

**MAGNANIMITY.—False, its Pre-  
tences.**

*Bru.* \* \*

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them.

*J. C.*, II: 1. 1330.

**—Its Forbearance.**

*Rich.* \* \*

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;  
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them  
cry,

The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.  
So far'd our father with his enemies;  
So fled his enemies my warlike father.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

**—Of the Duke of Exeter.**

*Flu.* \* \* As magnanimous as Aga-  
memnon.

*H. V.*, III: 6. 835.

**—To a lying Knave.**

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a  
double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff,  
then am I a Jack. There is Percy; if your  
father will do me any honour, so; if not,  
let him kill the next Percy himself. I look  
to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*P. Hen.* Why, Percy I killed myself,  
and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this  
world is given to lying!—I grant you I was  
down, and out of breath; and so was he:  
but we rose both at an instant, and fought a  
long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may  
be believed, so; if not, let them, that should  
reward valour, bear the sin upon their own  
heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave  
him this wound in the thigh: if the man  
were alive, and would deny it, I would make  
him eat a piece of my sword.

*P. John.* This is the strangest tale that  
e'er I heard.

*P. Hen.* This is the strangest fellow,  
brother John. —

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your  
back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 4. 761.

**MAID.—Her Honor.**

*Mar.* \* \* The honour of a maid is her  
name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

*A. W.*, III: 5. 513.

**MAIDEN.—Silent.**

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself.

*O.*, I: 3. 1496.

*Por.* \* \*

(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but  
thought.)

*M. V.*, III: 2. 376.

**MAIDENHOOD.—Death in.**

*Per.* \* \* Pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 602.

**MAJESTY.—Borrowed.**

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the  
king of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning:—borrow'd  
majesty!

*K. J.*, I: 1. 646.

**—Far-reaching.**

*Ros.* \* \* The cease of majesty  
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
What's near it, with it; it is a massy wheel,  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser  
things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it  
falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

*H.*, III: 3. 1417.

**—Its Mockery.***K. Rich. \* \**

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn reverence; throw away respect,

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,  
For you have but mistook me all this while :  
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,

Need friends :—Subjected thus,  
How can you say to me—I am a king?

*R. II., III: 2. 702.***—Towers, when Excited.***Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!

*K. J., II: 2. 653.***MALARIA.—All-pervading.***Cal.* All the infections that the sun sucks up

From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him

By inch-meal a disease!

*T., II: 2. 19.***MALICE.—Daring.***Cran. \* \* Men,* that make

Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,  
Dare bite the best.

*H. VIII., V: 2. 1090.***—Disguised.***Sal. \* \**

Where these two Christian armies might combine

The blood of malice in a vein of league.

*K. J., V: 2. 672.***MALIGNANCY.—Far-reaching.***Wol.* Please your highness, note

This dangerous conception in this point,  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person

His will is most malignant; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*H. VIII., I: 2. 1061.***MAN.—And Woman One.***1 Cit. \* \**

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete;

If not complete, O say, he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not, that she is not he:

He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such as she;

And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

O, two such silver currents, when they join  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores to two such streams  
made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be,  
kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

*K. J., II: 2. 654.***—Cleopatra's Idea of a perfect.***Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course,  
and lighted

The little O, the earth.

*Dol.* Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm

Crested the world: his voice was propertyed  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,

He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,

That grew the more by reaping: His delights

Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above

The element they liv'd in: In his livery  
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

*A. C., V: 2. 1578.***—Giddy.***Bene. \* \** For man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.*M. A., V: 4. 255.*



## —Hamlet's Speech on.

*Ham.* \* \* What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust! man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

*H.*, II, 2. 1406.

## —His higher Constituents.

*Cleo.* \* \*

I am fire, and air; my other elements  
I give to baser life.

*A. C.*, V, 2. 1581.

## —In Name only.

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

*M. V.*, I, 2. 364

## —Low Type of.

*Pro.* \* \* Foolish wench!

To the most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*T.*, I, 2. 14.

## —Twice a Child.

*Ros.* Happily, he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

*H. II.*, 2: 1407.

## MANHOOD.—Failure of.

*Beat.* \* \* O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into cursies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing; therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

*M. A.*, IV, 1. 247.

## MANLINESS.—True.

*Agam.* What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

*Ulyss.* The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;  
Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;  
Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, soon calm'd:

His heart and hand both open, and both free;

For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath: Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action, Is more vindictive than jealous love:

They call him Troilus; and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and, with private soul, Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

*T. C.*, IV, 5. 1132.

## MANNERS.—Bad, Laughed at.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown.

*A. Y.*, V, 1. 433.

## —Evil, Live in Brass.

*Grif.* Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

We write in water.

*H. VIII.*, IV, 2. 1085.

## —Good.

*2 Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

*R. J.*, I, 5. 1248.

## —Indicated by Shape.

*Clif.* Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., V, 1. 943.

## —Queenly.

*Flo.* \* \* Each your doing,

So singular in each particular,

Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,

That all your acts are queens.

*W. T.*, IV, 3. 602.

**MARPLOT.—Detected.***Biron.* \* \*

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some  
slight zany,  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight,  
some Dick,—  
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows  
the trick  
To make my lady laugh, when she's dis-  
pos'd—  
Told our intents before: which once dis-  
clos'd,  
The ladies did change favours; and then we,  
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of  
she.

*L. L., V: 2. 299.***MARRIAGE.—(See Wife; also, Vir-  
ginity.) Acceptance of an Offer  
of.**

*Por.* \* \* Her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.

*M. V., III: 2. 378.*

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to  
Rome I swear,  
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Tit. And., I: 2. 1205.***—Buries Brotherhood.***Glo.* \* \*

But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 1. 979.***—Cements Friendship.**

*Agr.* \* \* By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their  
dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be  
but tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to  
both,  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;  
For 't is a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*A. C., II: 2. 1549.***—Clandestine, its Excuse.**

*Fent.* You do amaze her: Hear the  
truth of it.

You would have married her most shame-  
fully,

Where there was no proportion held in love.  
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,  
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.  
Th' offence is holy that she hath committed:  
And this deceit loses the name of craft,  
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;  
Since therein she doth evitate and shun  
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,  
Which forced marriage would have brought  
upon her.

*M. W., V: 5. 120.***—Gives Possession.**

*Fri.* So smile the heavens upon this holy  
act,

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what sor-  
row can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy  
That one short minute gives me in her sight:  
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,  
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,  
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*R. J., II: 6. 1257.***—Hasty.**

*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence,  
what think you

Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?  
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

\* \*

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*K. Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you  
offended too?

*Glo.* Not I:

No; God forbid, that I should wish them  
sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and  
't were pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 1. 978.***—Heedlessly contracted.**

*K. Hen.* Marriage, uncle! alas! my  
years are young;  
And fitter is my study and my books,  
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,  
 So let them have their answers every one:  
 I shall be well content with any choice,  
 Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., V: 1. 891.

—Honorable.

*Marg.* \* \* Is not marriage honourable in a beggar?

*M. A.*, III: 4. 242.

—How confirmed.

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of love,  
 Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
 Attested by the holy close of lips,  
 Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;  
 And all the ceremony of this compact  
 Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
 Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
 I have travell'd but two hours.

*T. N.*, V: I. 567.

—Impassioned Offer of.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora,  
 queen of Goths,—  
 That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
 Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,  
 If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,  
 Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
 And will create thee emperess of Rome.  
 Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?  
 And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—  
 Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
 And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
 In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—  
 I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
 Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
 I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1205.

—Imperfectly performed.

*Jag.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a

good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

*A. Y.*, III: 3. 426.

—Makes a Change.

*Ros.* \* \* Men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.

*A. Y.*, IV: 2. 430.

—Not a Thing of Clothes.

*Pet.* \* \*  
 To me she's married, not unto my clothes.

*T. S.*, III: 2. 469.

—Not to be Despised.

*Ros.* \* \*  
 But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,  
 And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:  
 For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

*A. Y.*, III: 5. 427.

—Petrucio's mad.

*Tra.* \* \*  
 Signior Gremio! came you from the church?  
*Gre.* As willingly as e'er I came from school.  
*Tra.* And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?  
*Gre.* A bridegroom, say you? 't is a groom indeed,  
 A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.  
*Tra.* Curster than she? why 't is impossible.  
*Gre.* Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.  
*Tra.* Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.  
*Gre.* Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.  
 I'll tell you, sir Lucentio; When the priest  
 Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife,

"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book:

And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,  
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

*Tra.* What said the wench, when he rose again?

*Gre.* Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,

He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he, as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates

After a storm:—Quaff'd off the muscadel,  
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;  
Having no other reason,—

But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,  
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,

And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.

And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, I know, the route is coming:  
Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

*T. S.*, III: 2. 469.

#### —Premature.

*Par.* \* \* \*

A young man married is a man that's marr'd.

*A. W.*, II: 3. 508.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

*H.*, I: 2. 1395.

#### —Second, not of Love.

*P. Queen.* The instances, that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:

A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.

*H.*, III: 2. 1414.

#### —Strangles Friendship.

*Eno.* \* \* But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity.

*A. C.*, II: 6. 1555.

#### —When a Curse.

*Oth.* \* \* O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—

I'll not believe it.

*O.*, III: 3. 1513.

#### MARTLET.—Bravery of the.

*Ar.* \* \* The martlet

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of casualty.

*M. V.*, II: 9. 874.

#### MASTER.—(See Service.) Jew a hard One.

*Laun.* Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present? give him a halter! I am famish'd in his service: you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am



glad you are come: give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*M. V.*, II: 2. 368.

—New, Need new Servants.

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead

Harry:

O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many nobles then should hold their  
places,  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 2. 806.

**MATRIMONY.—A Contract.**

*Priest.* A contract of eternal bond of  
love,

Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your  
rings;

And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:

*T. W.*, V: 1. 566.

—An alarming Prospect.

*Prin.* \* \* A world-without-end bargain.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 303.

*Leon.* Should all despair  
That have revolted wives, the tenth of man-  
kind  
Would hang themselves.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 583.

*Dro. S.* As from a bear a man would  
run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

*C. E.*, III: 2. 203.

—Desirable.

*The.* \* \*

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that which, withering on the virgin  
thorn,  
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 322.

**MATTERS.—Great, Take Precedence.**

*Eno.* I shall entreat him

To answer like himself: if Cæsar move  
him,

Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
I would not shave to-day.

*Lep.* 'T is not a time

For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time

Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must  
give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*A. C.*, II: 2. 1548.

**MEALS.—Demand Quiet.**

*Abb.* \* \*

Unquiet meals make ill digestions.

*C. E.*, V: 1. 210.

**MEANS.—Weak, God's Choice.**

*Hel.* \* \*

It is not so with Him that all things knows,  
As 't is with us that square our guess by  
shows:

But most it is presumption in us, when  
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

*A. W.*, II: 2. 504.

—Well-husbanded.

*Laer.* \* \*

And for my means I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

*H.*, IV: 5. 1425.

**MEDDLING.—Ambitious.**

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's  
pie is free'd

From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,  
That such a keech can with his very bulk  
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*H. VIII.*, I: 1. 1057.

**MEDICINE.—Cures and Kills.**

*Cym.* \* \*

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet  
death

Will seize the doctor too.

*Cym.*, V: 5. 1626.

**MEDITATION.—What it Is.***Oli.* \* \*

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy.

*A. Y.*, IV: 3. 432.**MEDIUM.—Circumstances best.**

*Ner.* You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are. And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

*M. V.*, I: 2. 363.**MEEKNESS.—Becomes a Church-man.**

*Cran.* Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you.

You are always my good friend; if your will pass,

I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,

You are so merciful: I see your end,  
'T is my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,

Become a churchman better than ambition;  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*H. VIII.*, V: 2. 1090.**—Under Injures.***Macb.* \* \* Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,

That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,

To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,

And beggar'd yours for ever?

*M.*, III: 3. 1369.**MEETING.—Fixing the Time of.**

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again?  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

*M.*, I: 1. 1357.**MELANCHOLY.—(See Discontent.)  
Bottomless.**

*Bel.* O, melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?  
find

The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish  
crare

Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou bless'd  
thing!

Jove knows what man thou might'st have  
made; but I,

Thou diedst; a most rare boy, of melan-  
choly!

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1617.**—Exhausts Comparisons.**

*Fal.* \* \*. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy  
as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

*P. Hen.* Or an old lion; or a lover's  
lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire  
bagpipe.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou to a hare, or  
the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 729.**—Fit for Funerals.***The.* \* \*

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;  
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,  
The pale companion is not for our pomp.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 321.**—Incurable.***Per.* Let none disturb us.—

Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful  
night,

(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can  
breed me quiet!

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine  
eyes shun them,

And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me  
here,

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
 Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
 Then it is thus : the passions of the mind,  
 That have their first conception by mis-  
 dread,  
 Have after-nourishment and life by care :  
 And what was first but fear what might be  
 done,  
 Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.  
 And so with me.

*P.*, I : 2. 1644.

—Of various Kinds.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why, then 't is good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these : but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

*A. Y.*, IV : 1. 428.

—Pride Mistaken for.

*Ajax.* Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart : you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man : but, by my head, 't is pride.

*T. C.*, II : 3. 1117.

—Singing a Sign of.

*Olo.* By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

*Count.* By what observance, I pray you?

*Olo.* Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing : ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing : I knew a man that had this trick of melancholy hold a goodly manor for a song.

*A. W.*, III : 2. 511.

—Sings to its Death.

*P. Hen.* \* \* \*

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,

And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*K. J.*, V : 7. 676.

—The Nurse of Frenzy.

*Serv.* \* \* \*

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy :  
 Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,  
 And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
 Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

*T. S.*, Ind. : 2. 454.

MEMORY.—Affected by Fatigue.

*Lart.* Marcius, his name?

*Cor.* By Jupiter, forgot :—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd.—  
 Have we no wine here?

*Com.* Go we to our tent :

The blood upon your visage dries : 'tis time  
 It should be look'd to : come.

*C.*, I : 9. 1159.

—An Inventive.

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions : these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion : But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*L. L.*, IV : 2. 285.

—Destroyed by Drink.

*Lady M.* \* \* \*

Will I with wine and wassel so convince,  
 That memory, the warder of the brain,  
 Shall be a fume.

*M.*, I : 7. 1363.

—Not eternal.

*Cym.* \* \* \*

She hath not yet forgot him : some more time  
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
 And then she's yours.

*Cym.*, II : 3. 1600.

## —Painful.

*Oth.* \* \* O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infectious house,  
Boding to all.

*O.*, IV: 1. 1518.

## —Register of Gratitude.

*Macb.* Give me your favour:—  
My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten.  
Kind gentlemen, your pains are register'd  
Where every day I turn the leaf to read them.

*M.*, I: 3. 1360.

## —Sign of Scholarship.

*Mrs. Page.* He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

*Eva.* He is a good sprag memory.

*M. W.*, IV: 1. 110.

**MEN.**—Old, Described.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potentially believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.

*H.*, II: 2. 1405.

## —Soon Tire of Women.

*Emil.* 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:  
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;  
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,  
They belch us.—Look you,—Cassio, and my husband.

*O.*, III: 4. 1516.

## —Their Supremacy.

*Luc.* \* \*  
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:  
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls:  
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

*C. E.*, II: 1. 195.

**MENIAL.**—An ambitious.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,  
By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclined to thrift;  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.

*Tim.* Well; what further?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,

And I have bred her at my dearest cost  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her love: I prythee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1287.

**MERCY.**—Becomes every Station.

*Isab.* \* \* Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,

The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe

Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does. If he had been as you  
And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him,

But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 152.

## —Beyond the Reach of.

*Paul.* \* \* A thousand knees,  
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,

Upon a barren mountain, and still winter  
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods  
To look that way thou wert.

*W. T.*, III: 2. 596.



—Devilish.

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live;  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you 'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

*Isab.* Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,

Though all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determin'd scope.

*Claud.* But in what nature?

*Isab.* In such a one as (you consenting to 't)

Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
And leave you naked.

*M. M.*, III: 1. 157.

—Emboldens Sin.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's  
Bloody; 't is necessary he should die:  
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

*T. A.*, III: 5. 1301.

—In Cruelty.

*Oth.* \* \*

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;  
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.

*O.*, V: 2. 1529.

—Inspired by Heaven's, to us.

*Isab.* Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once:

And he, that might the vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If he, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,

Like man new made.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 152.

—Its Persistence.

*Scroop.* That 's mercy, but too much security:

Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example

Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,

After the taste of much correction.

*H. V.*, II: 2. 826.

—Lacking in.

*Men.* I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tiger; that shall our poor city find.

*C.*, V: 4. 1191.

—Misconstrued.

*West.* \* \*

Here come I from our princely general,  
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,

That he will give you audience: and wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,  
That might so much as think you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;

And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween, to take it so;

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:  
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good:—

Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 1. 796.

—Misplaced.

*Prin.* And, for that offence,  
Immediately we do exile him hence:  
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,  
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;

But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine,  
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:  
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;  
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,

Therefore use none : let Romeo hence in haste,  
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.  
Bear hence this body, and attend our will :  
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

*R. J.*, III : 1. 1260.

—Mistakes concerning.

*Escal.* It is but needful.  
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so ;  
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

*M. M.*, II : 1. 151.

—Nature Excels Man in.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth ; the fire is  
dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd  
In undeserved extremes : See else yourself ;  
There is no malice in this burning coal ;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit  
out,  
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive  
it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make  
it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings,  
Hubert :

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
All things, that you should use to do me  
wrong,

Deny their office : only you do lack  
That mercy which fierce fire, and iron, ex-  
tends,

Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

*K. J.*, IV : 1. 665

—Nobility's true Badge.

*Tam.* \* \*

But must my sons be slaughter'd in the  
streets,

For valiant doings in their country's cause ?  
O ! if to fight for king and common-weal  
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :  
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?  
Draw near them then in being merciful :

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge ;  
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*Tit. And.*, I : 2. 1202.

—Not less to Man than Brutes.

*Isab.* To-morrow ? O, that 's sudden !  
Spare him, spare him :

He 's not prepared for death ! Even for  
our kitchens

We kill the fowl of season : shall we serve  
heaven

With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves ? Good, good my lord,  
bethink you :

Who is it that hath di'd for this offence ?  
There 's many have committed it. \*

*M. M.*, II : 2. 152.

—Not to be Asked of the In-  
jured.

*Men.* We are all undone, unless  
The noble man have mercy.

*Com.* Who shall ask it ?  
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame ; the  
people

Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf  
Does of the shepherds : for his best friends,  
if they

Should say, "Be good to Rome," they  
charg'd him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his  
hate,

And therein show'd like enemies.

*Men.* 'T is true :  
If he were putting to my house the brand  
That should consume it, I have not the face  
To say, "Beseech you, cease."

*C.*, IV : 6. 1184.

—Relation to Justice.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that  
takes :

'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his  
crown ;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal  
power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of  
kings ;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself:  
And earthly power doth then show likest  
God's,  
When mercy seasons justice.

*M. V., IV: 1. 384.*

— Sometimes a Vice.

*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy  
in you,  
Which better fits a lion, than a man.  
*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus?  
chide me for it.  
*Tro.* When many times the captive Gre-  
cians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair  
sword,  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O, 't is fair play.

*Tro.* Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

*Hect.* How now? how now?

*Tro.* For the love of all the gods,  
Let's leave the hermit pity with our  
mother;  
And when we have our armours buckled  
on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our  
swords;  
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from  
ruth.

*T. C., V: 3. 1139.*

— True.

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom, and free par-  
don,  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy is  
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

*M. M., II: 4. 155.*

MERIT.—Does not Get its Reward.

*Par.* It is to be recovered: but that the  
merit of service is seldom attributed to the  
true and exact performer, I would have  
that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.

*A. W., III: 6. 515.*

— May Envenom.

*Adam.* O, what a world is this, when  
what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it.

*A. Y., II: 3. 415.*

— Modest.

*D. Pedro.* It is the witness still of excel-  
lency,  
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

*M. A., II: 3. 235.*

*Jul.* \* \*

They are but beggars that can count their  
worth.

*R. J., II: 6. 1258.*

— (See Dignity.) More powerful  
than Ancestry.

*Nor.* Surely, sir,  
There's in him stuff that puts him to these  
ends:  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose  
grace  
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd  
upon  
For high feats done to the crown; neither  
allied  
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing-web,—O! give us  
note!—  
The force of his own merit makes his way;  
A gift that heaven gives for him, which  
buys  
A place next to the king.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1057.*

MERMAID.—Her Music.

*Obe.* \* \*

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou re-  
member'st  
Since once I sat upon a promontory,  
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,  
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,  
That the rude sea grew civil at her song;  
And certain stars shot madly from their  
spheres,  
To hear the sea-maid's music.

*M. N., II: 1. 327.*

MERRINESS.—Cures Discontent.

*Abbot.* \* \*

I see your brows are full of discontent,  
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of  
tears;  
Come home with me to supper; I will lay  
A plot shall show us all a merry day.

*R. II., IV: 1. 711.*

**MESSENGER.—A poor.**

*Dol.* Caesar, 't is his schoolmaster :  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*A. C.*, III: 10. 1564.

**—A welcome.**

*Mess.* \* \*

A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*M. V.*, II: 9. 374.

**MESSENGERS.—Should be swift.**

*Jul.* \* \* Love's heralds should be  
thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's  
beams,  
Driving back shadows over lowering hills :  
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw  
love,  
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid  
wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill  
Of this day's journey; and from nine till  
twelve

Is three long hours, — yet she is not come.  
Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,  
She 'd be as swift in motion as a ball.

*R. J.*, II: 5. 1256.

**METTLE.—Lady Macbeth's.**

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only !  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
When we have mark'd with blood those  
sleepy two  
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very  
daggers,  
That they have don 't?

*M.*, I: 7. 1363.

**MIDNIGHT.—Appalling.**

*Ham.* \* \*

'T is now the very witching time of night;  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself  
breathes out  
Contagion to this world.

*H.*, III: 2. 1416.

**—Drowsy.**

*K. John.* \* \* If the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night.

*K. J.*, III: 3. 661.

*Hor.* In the dead waist and middle of  
the night.

*H.*, I: 2. 1395.

**—Urgent Business at.**

*Gar.* \* \* Affairs that walk  
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

*H. VIII.*, V: 1. 1087.

**MIGHTINESS.—Native, to be Feared.**

*Fr. King.* Think we king Harry strong;  
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to  
meet him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,  
That haunted us in our familiar paths.

\* \*

This is a stem  
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.

*H. V.*, II: 4. 829.

**MIND.—A fair.**

*Seb.* \* \* She bore a mind that envy  
could not but call fair.

*T. N.*, II: 1. 547.

**—Diseased.**

*Macb.* How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keeps her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous  
grief,

Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll  
none of it.

*M.*, V: 3. 1383.



## —Disturbed by Love.

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there  
been seen,  
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's  
dew,  
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep  
sighs :  
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun  
Should in the furthest east begin to draw  
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,  
Away from light steals home my heavy son,  
And private in his chamber pens himself;  
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight  
out,  
And makes himself an artificial night :  
Black and portentous must this humour  
prove,  
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

*R. J.*, I: 1. 1243.

## —Its Sufferings.

*Lear.* \* \* We are not ourselves,  
When nature, being oppress'd, commands  
the mind  
To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;  
And am fallen out with my more headier will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.

*K. L.*, II: 4. 1459.

## —Superior to Looks.

*Pet.* For 't is the mind that makes the  
body rich.

*T. S.*, IV: 3. 477.

*Des.* \* \*

I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;  
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.

*O.*, I: 3. 1498.

## —Youthful.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as  
your blood.

*K. J.*, III: 4. 663.

## MIRTH.—A good Garment.

*Bass.* No, that were pity ;  
I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have  
friends  
That purpose merriment : But fare you well,  
I have some business.

*M. V.*, II: 2. 369.

## —A Relief.

*Ros.* \* \* But a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

*L. L.*, II: 1. 277.

*Jes.* I am sorry thou wilt leave my  
father so ;  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.

*M. V.*, II: 3. 370.

## —Assumed.

*Des.* I am not merry ; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

*O.*, II: 1. 1501.

## —(See Amusement.) Overpowering.

*D. Pedro.* \* \* For, from the crown  
of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all  
mirth.

*M. A.*, III: 2. 239.

## MISALLIANCE.—Contract void.

*Clo.* You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base  
wretch,  
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold  
dishes,  
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract,  
none :  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,  
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit  
their souls  
(On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ;  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' the crown ; and must  
not soil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hiding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

*Cym.*, II: 3. 1601.

## —To be Made the best of.

*Duke.* \* \*  
Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
Than their bare hands.

*O.*, I: 3. 1497.

**MISANTHROPY.—How its Victims Talk.**

*Ham.* Man delights not me, nor woman  
neither.

*H.*, II, 2. 1406.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing,  
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on  
me,  
Which makes my whitest part black.

*H.* VIII., I: 1. 1059.

*Alcib.* What art thou there?  
Speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker  
gnaw thy heart,  
For showing me again the eyes of man!

*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so  
hateful to thee,  
That art thyself a man?

*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate man-  
kind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1305.

**MISCHANCE.—Slave to Patience.**

*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage  
for a while,  
Till we can clear these ambiguities,  
And know their spring, their head, their  
true descent;  
And then will I be general of your woes,  
And lead you even to death: Meantime, for-  
bear,  
And let mischance be slave to patience.

*R. J.*, V: 3. 1277.

**MISCHIEF.—Love of.**

*Rom.* \* \* O mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.

*R. J.*, V: 1. 1273.

*Ant.* Now let it work: Mischief, thou  
art afoot.

*J. C.*, III: 2. 1342.

*Puck.* Captain of our fairy band,  
Helena is here at hand;  
And the youth, mistook by me,  
Pleading for a lover's fee.  
Shall we their fond pageant see?  
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

*Obe.* Stand aside: the noise they make  
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

*Puck.* Then will two at once woo one,—  
That must needs be sport alone;  
And those things do best please me,  
That befall preposterously.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 333.

**—Not Mended by Grief.**

*Duke.* \* \*

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
What cannot be preserv'd when fortune  
takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd, that smiles, steals something  
from the thief;  
He robs himself, that spends a bootless  
grief.

*O.*, I: 3. 1497.

**MISCONCEPTION.—Deplored.**

*Hub.* \* \* Brave soldier, pardon me,  
That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine  
ear.

*K. J.*, V: 6. 675.

**MISER.—Compared.**

*1 Fish.* \* \* I can compare our rich  
misers to nothing so fitly as a whale: he  
plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry  
before him, and at last devours them all at  
a mouthful.

*P.*, II: 1. 1649.

**MISERY.—Abject.**

*Hot.* Sick in the world's regard, wretch-  
ed and low.

*H.* IV., 1 pt., IV: 3. 755.

*Q. Kath.* 'Would I had never trod this  
English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows  
your hearts.  
What will become of me now, wretched  
lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—  
Alas? poor wenches, where are now your  
fortunes?

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no  
pity,

No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,  
Almost, no grave allow'd me:—Like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head, and perish.

*H. VIII., III: 1. 1076.*

—Beyond Aggravation.

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And make a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

*Tit. And., III: 1. 1215.*

—Its Reproach.

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace.

*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation.

*K. J., III: 4. 662.*

—Its strange Bed-fellows.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind; yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bumbard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfulls.—What have we here,—a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of (not of the newest) Poor John; a strange fish! Were I in England now, (as once I was,) and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

*T., II: 2. 19.*

—Mistaken for Madness.

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so; I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine; My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife; Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost: I am not mad;—I would to heaven I were, For then, 't is like I should forget myself: O, if I could, what grief should I forget! Preach some philosophy to make me mad, And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal; For, being not mad, but sensible of grief, My reasonable part produces reason How I may be deliver'd of these woes, And teaches me to kill or hang myself; If I were mad I should forget my son; Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he. I am not mad; too well, too well I feel The different plague of each calamity.

*K. J., III: 4. 662.*

—Willing.

*Apem.* \* \* Willing misery Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete;  
 The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,  
 Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
 Worse than the worst, content.  
 Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

*T. A., IV: 3. 1308.*

**MISFORTUNE.—Deliverance from.**

*Gon.* 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause  
 (So have we all) of joy; for our escape  
 Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
 Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,  
 The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,  
 Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,  
 I mean our preservation, few in millions  
 Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  
 Our sorrow with our comfort.

*T., II. 1. 15.*

**—Demands Pity.**

*Duke.* \* \*  
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
 That have of late so huddled on his back,  
 Enow to press a royal merchant down,  
 And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.

*M. V., IV: 1. 382*

**—Desertion in.**

*K. Rich.* Alack, why am I sent for to a king,  
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts  
 Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd  
 To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—  
 Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me  
 To this submission. Yet I well remember  
 The favours of these men: Were they not mine?

Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?  
 So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,  
 Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.

God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?

Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.  
 God save the king! although I be not he;  
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.  
 To do what service am I sent for hither?

*R. II., IV: 1. 709.*

**—Excuse for Desertion.**

*K. Rich.* \* \*

All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;  
 For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

*R. II., III: 2. 701.*

**—Falls heavy on Some.**

*Bel.* Then was I as a tree,  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,  
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
 Shook down my yellow hangings.

*Cym., III: 3. 1607.*

*Bel.* And, besides, the king  
 Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;  
 Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
 The certainty of this hard life; aye, hopeless  
 To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
 But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
 The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Cym., IV: 4. 1621.*

**—Insulted.**

*York.* As in a theatre, the eyes of men,  
 After a well grac'd actor leaves the stage,  
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,  
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:  
 Even so, or with much more contempt,  
 men's eyes  
 Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him;  
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:  
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;  
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,



The badges of his grief and patience,—  
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd  
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.  
 But heaven hath a hand in these events;  
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.  
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,  
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

*R. II., V: 2. 712.*

—**Its Seat the Ground.**

*Q. Mar. \* \**  
 Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,  
 Where kings command. I was, I must confess,  
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days:  
 But now mischance hath trod my title down,  
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground;  
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,  
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 3. 974.*

—**Making the Best of.**

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits,  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:  
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus;  
 There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not, the king did banish thee;  
 But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier sit,  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
 And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:  
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians;  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;

The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more  
 Than a delightful measure, or a dance:  
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

*R. II., I: 3. 690.*

—**Muddled by.**

*Par. \* \** I am now, sir, muddled in  
 Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong  
 Of her strong displeasure.

*A. W., V: 2. 525.*

—**Sweeping.**

*Mowb. \* \**  
 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
 That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
 And good from bad find no partition.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 796.*

**MISFORTUNES.—Clustered.**

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
 A whole armado of convented sail  
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.  
*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.  
*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?  
 Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
 Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
 And bloody England into England gone,  
 O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

*K. J., III: 4. 661.*

—**Great, Come to the Great.**

*Cor. \* \** Common chances common men could bear;  
 That when the sea was calm, all boats alike  
 Show'd mastership in floating.

*C., IV: 1. 1177.*

—**Too great for Talk.**

*Rom. \* \** O give me thy hand,  
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book.  
*R. J., V: 3. 1275.*  
*P. John.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.  
*War.* We do remember; but our argument  
 Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*P. John.* Well, peace be with him that  
hath made us heavy!

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be  
heavier!

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V; 2. 806.

#### MISGOVERNMENT.—Its Crisis.

*Queen.* \* \*

Uncle,

For heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

*York.* Should I do so, I should belie my  
thoughts:

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the  
earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and  
grief.

Your husband he is gone to save far off,  
Whilst others come to make him lose at  
home:

Here am I left to underprop his land;  
Who, weak with age, cannot support my-  
self:—

Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit  
made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd  
him.

*R. II.*, II: 2. 696.

#### MISREPRESENTATION.—Dis- proved

*P. Hen.* O heaven, they did me too  
much injury,

That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you;

Which would have been as speedy in your  
end,

As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 4. 760.

#### MISTAKE.—In Punishment.

*Oth.* \* \*

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity.

*O.*, V: 2. 1530.

#### MISTAKES.—Military.

*Par.* \* \* There was excellent com-  
mand! to charge in with our horse upon  
our own wings, and to rend our own sol-  
diers!

*A. W.*, III: 6. 515.

#### MISTRUST.—Cowardly.

*War.* \* \* I hold it cowardice,  
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 2. 980.

#### —Kills its Victims.

*Tit.* \* \* O setting sun!

As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds  
are done!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done  
this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of  
men

The things that are not? O error, soon  
conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee?

*J. C.*, V: 3. 1350.

#### MISUNDERSTANDING.—Mutual.

*Pan.* Friend, we understand not one an-  
other: I am too courtly, and thou art too  
cunning.

*T. C.*, III: 1. 1119.

#### MITIGATIONS.—Of Villainy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loath to gall a  
new-healed wound; your day's service at  
Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your  
night's exploit on Gad's-hill: you may  
thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-  
posting that action.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 2. 777.

#### MOBS.—Cruelty of.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep  
and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if  
thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-  
house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—  
The Lent shall be as long again as it is;  
and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a  
hundred lacking one. \* \* The bodies  
shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I  
do come to London, where we will have the  
mayor's sword borne before us.

*Dick.* If we mean to thrive and do good,  
break open the gaols, and let out the prison-  
ers.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 3. 936.

—*Pitful.*

*Arr.* I will not jump with common spirits,  
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

*M. V., II: 9. 374.*

*Clif.* What say ye, countrymen? will ye  
relent,  
And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you;  
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?  
Who loves the king, and will embrace his  
pardon,  
Fling up his cap, and say—God save his  
majesty!

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,  
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to  
quake,

Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

*All.* God save the king! God save the  
king!

*Cade.* What, Buckingham, and Clifford,  
are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants,  
do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged  
with your pardons about your necks? Hath  
my sword therefore broke through London  
Gates, that you should leave me at the White  
Hart in Southwark? I thought, you would  
never have given out these arms, till you  
had recovered your ancient freedom: but  
you are all recreants, and dastards; and de-  
light to live in slavery to the nobility. Let  
them break your backs with burdens, take  
your houses over your heads, ravish your  
wives and daughters before your faces: For  
me,—I will make shift for one; and so—  
God's curse 'light upon you all.

*All.* We 'll follow Cade, we 'll follow  
Cade.

*Clif.* Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,  
That thus you do exclaim—you 'll go with  
him?

Will he conduct you through the heart of  
France,

And make the meanest of you earls and  
dukes?

Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;  
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,  
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.  
Were 't not a shame, that whilst you live at  
jar,

The fearful French, whom you late van-  
quished,

Should make start o'er seas, and vanquish  
you?

Methinks already, in this civil broil,  
I see them lording it in London streets,

Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades mis-  
carry,

Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's  
mercy.

To France, to France, and get what you  
have lost;

Spare England, for it is your native coast:

Henry hath money, you are strong and  
manly;

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

*All.* A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow  
the king, and Clifford.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 8. 939.*

—*Imitative.*

*K. Hen.* \* \* Like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do.

*H. VIII., II: 4. 1073.*

—*Mutable.*

*Cor.* \* \* The mutable, rank-scented  
many.

*C., III: 1. 1169.*

—*Unchecked, dangerous.*

*K. Hen.* How now, what news? why  
com'st thou in such haste?

*Mess.* The rebels are in Southwark: Fly,  
my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,  
Descended from the duke of Clarence'  
house;

And calls your grace usurper, openly,

And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude

Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:

Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's  
death

Hath given them heart and courage to pro-  
ceed;

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,  
They call—false caterpillars, and intend  
their death.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 4. 936.*

—*Wavering.*

*Indu.* \* \*

That the blunt monster with uncounted  
heads,

The still discordant wavering multitude.

*H. IV., Ind.: 773.*

**MOCKERY.—As bad as Death.**

*Hero.* \* \* If I should speak,  
She would mock me into air; O, she would  
laugh me  
Out of myself, press me to death with  
wit.  
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,  
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:  
It were a better death than die with  
mocks,  
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

*M. A.*, III: 1. 238.

**—Blasphemous.**

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good, in  
mocking me.

*M. M.*, I: 4. 147.

**MODERATION.—In Joy, discreet.**

*Oth.* \* \*  
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to out-sport discretion.

*O.*, II: 3. 1504.

**—In popular Commotion.**

*Men.* Be that you seem, truly your  
country's friend,  
And temperately proceed to what you  
would  
Thus violently redress.

*Bru.* Sir, those cold ways,  
That seem like prudent helps, are very  
poisonous  
Where the disease is violent: lay hands  
upon him,  
And bear him to the rock.

*C.*, III: 1. 1171.

**—The true Wisdom.**

*Pet.* \* \*  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their  
fury:  
Though little fire grows great with little  
wind,  
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and  
all.

*T. S.*, II: 1. 463.

**MODESTY.**

*Pet.* \* \* Modest as the dove.

*T. S.*, II: 1. 465.

**—Chivalrous.**

*Ven.* \* \*  
Better leave undone, than by our deed ac-  
quire  
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.

*A. C.*, III: 1. 1557.

**—Grieved by Praise.**

*Mar.* Pray now, no more; my mother,  
Who has a charter to extol her blood,  
When she does praise me, grieves me. I  
have done,  
As you have done; that's what I can; in-  
duced  
As you have been; that's for my country:  
He that has but effected his good will,  
Hath overta'en mine act.

*Com.* You shall not be  
The grave of your deserving; Rome must  
know  
The value of her own: 't were a conceal-  
ment

Worse than a theft, no less than a traduce-  
ment,

To hide your doings; and to silence that,  
Which, to the spire and top of praises  
vouch'd,

Would seem but modest: Therefore, I be-  
seech you,

(In sign of what you are, not to reward  
What you have done,) before our army hear  
me.

*Mar.* I have some wounds upon me, and  
they smart  
To hear themselves remember'd.

*C.*, I: 9. 1158.

**—How Excited.**

*Æne.* Ay;  
I ask, that I might waken reverence,  
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush  
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes  
The youthful Phœbus.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1110.

**—Its Deservings.**

*Stew.* Madam, the care I have had to  
even your content, I wish might be found  
in the calendar of my past endeavours: for  
then we wound our modesty, and make  
foul the clearness of our deservings, when  
of ourselves we publish them.

*A. W.*, I: 3. 499.



## —Opposed to Noise.

*Bass.* Why, then you must.—But hear thee, Gratiano;  
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;  
Parts, that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults,  
But where they are not known, why, there they show  
Something too liberal:—pray thee take pain  
To ally with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,  
I be misconster'd in the place I go to,  
And lose my hopes.

*M. V., II: 2. 369.*

## —Parade distasteful to.

*Glo.* \* \*  
I would rather hide me from my greatness,—  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

*R. III., III: 7. 1029.*

**MONEY.—But Dirt.** (*See page 533.*)

*Gui.* Money, youth?  
*Arrv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt?  
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Cym., III: 6. 1613.*

## —Costs Hearts.

*Pom.* \* \* Cæsar gets money, where  
He loses hearts.

*A. C., II: 1. 1547.*

## —Hides many Faults.

*Anne.* \* \*  
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.

*M. W., III: 4. 107.*

## —Its Power.

*Fal.* \* \* For they say, if money go  
before, all ways do lie open.

*M. W., II: 2. 99.*

*Gru.* \* \* Nothing comes amiss, so  
money comes withal.

*T. S., I: 2. 458.*

## —Powerful.

*Fal.* Money is a good soldier sir, and  
will on.

*M. W., II: 2. 99.*

**MONSTER.—An intellectual.**

*Pro.* A devil, a born devil, on whose  
nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost!  
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all.

*T., IV: 1. 28.*

## —Desire to See a.

*Trin.* \* \* Were I in England now (as  
once I was), and had but this fish painted,  
not a holiday fool there but would give a  
piece of silver: there would this monster  
make a man; any strange beast there makes  
a man: when they will not give a doit to  
relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten  
to see a dead Indian.

*T., II: 2. 19.*

## —Fiendish Exultation of.

*Glo.* What, will the aspiring blood of  
Lancaster  
Sink in the ground? I thought it would  
have mounted.  
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's  
death!  
O, may such purple tears be always shed  
From those that wish the downfall of our  
house!—

If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee  
thither,

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—  
Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of;  
For I have often heard my mother say,  
I came into the world with my legs forward:  
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,  
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?  
The midwife wonder'd; and the women  
cried,

“O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!”  
And so I was; which plainly signified—  
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the  
dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my  
body so,  
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother;  
And this word—love, which greybeards call  
divine,  
Be resident in men like one another,  
And not in me; I am myself alone.

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 992.*

—**His Soliloquy.**

*Glo.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our  
house,

In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

Now are our brows bound with victorious  
wreaths;

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meet-  
ings,

Our dreadful marches to delightful meas-  
ures.

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled  
front;

And now,—instead of mounting barbed  
steeds,

To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—  
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive  
tricks,

Nor made to court an amorous looking-  
glass;

I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's  
majesty,

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made  
up,

And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—  
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time;  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on mine own deformity;  
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a  
lover,

To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—  
I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,

To set my brother Clarence, and the king,  
In deadly hate the one against the other:  
And, if king Edward be as true and just,  
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd  
up;

About a prophecy, which says—that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clar-  
ence comes.

*R. III., I: 1. 1001.*

**MOON.—Emblem of Inconstancy.**

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder blessed moon I  
swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree  
tops, —

*Jul.* O, swear not by the moon, the in-  
constant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,  
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

*Rom.* What shall I swear by?

*Jul.* Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,  
Which is the god of my idolatry,  
And I'll believe thee.

*R. J., II: 2. 1252.*

—**Its Powers.**

*Tita.* \* \* \*

Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,  
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,  
That rheumatic diseases do abound:  
And thorough this distemperature, we see  
The seasons alter.

*M. N., II: 1. 326.*

—**Minions of the.**

*Fal.* \* \* \* Gentlemen of the shade,  
minions of the moon.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 728.*

—**Spectator of Solemnities.**

*Hip.* \* \* \* The moon, like to a silver  
bow

Now bent in heaven, shall behold the night  
Of our solemnities.

*M. N., I: 1. 321.*

**MOONISHNESS. — A Maiden's, as-  
sumed.**

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner. He  
was to imagine me his love, his mistress;  
and I set him every day to woo me: At

which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*A. Y., III: 2. 424.*

#### MOOR.—A Boar, when Chafed.

*Aar.* \* \* If you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.

*Til. And., IV: 2. 1222.*

#### MORN.—Described.

*Fri.* The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the  
frowning night,  
Checking the eastern clouds with streaks  
of light;  
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels  
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's  
wheels:  
Now ere the sun advance his burning eye,  
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to  
dry,  
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,  
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced  
flowers.

*R. J., II: 3. 1253.*

#### MORNING.—(See Daybreak; also, Modesty.) Its Signs.

*Song* \* \*

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks.

*L. L., V: 2. 304.*

*Rich.* See how the morning opes her  
golden gates,  
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun.

*H. V., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.*

*Pro.* \* \* As the morning steals upon  
the night,  
Melting the darkness.

*T., V: 1. 30.*

*Hor.* \* \* The moon, in russet mantle  
clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

*H., I: 1. 1393.*

*D. Pedro.* Good morrow, masters; put  
your torches out:  
The wolves have prey'd: and, look, the  
gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phæbus, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.

*M. A., V: 3. 254.*

#### MOROSE.—Countenances of the.

*Salar.* \* \*  
And other of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of  
smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*M. V., I: 1. 362.*

*Men.* \* \* The tartness of his face  
sours ripe grapes.

*C., V: 4. 1191.*

#### MOTHER.—(See Wishes.) Cruelty in, Admonishing.

*Ham.* \* \* Soft; now to my mother.—  
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:  
How in my words soever she be shent,  
To give them seals never, my soul, consent.

*H., III: 3. 1416.*

#### —Denied to her Children.

*Q. Eliz.* \* \*  
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of  
York?

*Brak.* Right well, dear madam: By  
your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them;  
The king hath strictly charg'd the con-  
trary.

*Q. Eliz.* The king! who's that?

*Brak.* I mean, the lord protector.

*Q. Eliz.* The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love, and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother, I will see them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Them bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,

And take thy office from thee, on thy peril.

*R. III.*, IV: 1. 1030.

#### —Her Intercession.

*Vol.* O, stand up bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

I kneel before thee; and improperly  
Show duty, as mistaken all the while  
Between the child and parent.

*Cor.* What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach  
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous  
winds

Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery  
sun;

Murd'ring impossibility, to make

What cannot be, slight work.

*C.*, V: 3. 1189.

#### —Honored.

*Cor.* \* \* .

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd  
mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her  
hand

The grand-child to her blood.

\* \*

My mother bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod.

*C.*, V: 3. 1188.

#### Love for her Son.

*Const.* \* \* .

O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!

*K. J.*, III: 4. 602.

#### MOTIVE.—Ambiguous.

*Bevk.* \* \* What pricks you on  
To take advantage of the absent time,  
And fright our native peace with self-born  
arms.

*R. II.*, II: 3. 698.

#### MOTIVES.—Lesser, never Moved.

*Dogb.* \* \* The ewe that will not hear  
her lamb when it baes, will never answer a  
calf when it bleats.

*M. A.*, III: 3. 241.

#### MOUNTAIN.—Life noble.

*Bel.* Now, for our mountain sport: Up  
to yon hill,

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats.  
Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.  
And you may then revolve what tales I have  
told you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

This service is not service, so being done,

But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,

Draws us a profit from all things we see:

And often, to our comfort, shall we find

The sharded beetle in a safer hold

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;

Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

Such gain the cap of him, that makes them  
fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

*Cym.*, III: 3. 1606.

#### MUNIFICENCE.—The Attribute of gods.

*Sim.* \* \* .

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,

Who freely give to every one that comes

To honour them: and princes, not doing so,

Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but  
kill'd

Are wonder'd at.

*P.*, II: 3. 1652.

#### MURDER.—A fiendish.

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in  
thy news?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you  
gave in charge



Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath  
buried them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at  
after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their  
death.

Mean time, but think how I may do thee  
good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

*R. III., IV: 3. 1033.*

#### —A Robbery.

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast  
into the streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en  
away.

*K. J., V: 1. 671.*

#### —Artistically committed.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody,  
Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the  
limbs;

Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle  
friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them. This shall  
make

Our purpose necessary, and not envious;  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*J. C., II: 1. 1330.*

#### —Atrocious.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have  
you beheld,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you  
think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this  
object,

Form such another? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest  
shame,

The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd  
in this:

And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbegotten sin of time;  
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*K. J., IV: 3. 669.*

#### —Cries for Vengeance.

*Boling.* \* \* \*

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,  
Even from the tongueless caverns of the  
earth,

To me, for justice, and rough chastisement.

*R. II., I: 1. 685.*

#### —Cruel, of a Child.

*Clif.* Chaplain, away! thy priesthood  
saves thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,  
Whose father slew my father, — he shall die.

*Tut.* And I, my lord, will bear him com-  
pany.

*Clif.* Soldiers, away with him.

*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this inno-  
cent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

*Clif.* How now! is he dead already? Or,  
is it fear,

That makes him close his eyes? — I'll open  
them.

*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the  
wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws ;  
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,  
And so he comes, to rend, his limbs asunder. —

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,  
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.  
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die : —  
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,  
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

*Clif.* In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my  
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words  
should enter.

*Rut.* Then let my father's blood open it  
again ;

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

*Clif.* Had I thy brethren here, their lives,  
and thine,

Were not revenge sufficient for me ;  
No, if I digged up thy forefathers' graves,  
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,  
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my  
heart.

The sight of any of the house of York  
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;  
And till I root out their accursed line,  
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.  
Therefore —

*Rut.* O, let me pray before I take my  
death : —

To thee I pray : Sweet Clifford, pity me !

*Clif.* Such pity as my rapier's point af-  
fords.

*Rut.* I never did thee harm : Why wilt  
thou slay me ?

*Clif.* Thy father hath.

*Rut.* But 't was ere I was born ;  
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me ;  
Lest, in revenge thereof, — sith God is just, —  
He be as miserably slain as I.  
Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;  
And when I give occasion of offence,  
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

*Clif.* No cause ?

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die.

*Rut.* *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista  
tuæ !*

*H. VI., 3d. pt., I : 3. 959.*

*K. John.* \* \*

Hear me without thine ears, and make re-  
ply

Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of  
words ;

Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful  
day,

I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts ;  
But ah, I will not : — Yet I love thee well ;  
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me  
well.

*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me un-  
dertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my  
act,

By heaven, I 'd do 't.

*K. John.* Do not I know, thou would'st ?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine  
eye

On yon young boy : I 'll tell thee what, my  
friend,

He is a very serpent in my way ;  
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth  
tread,

He lies before me : Dost thou understand  
me ?

Thou art his keeper.

*Hub.* And I will keep him so,

That he shall not offend your majesty.

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord.

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now : Hubert, I love thee,

*K. J., III : 3. 661.*

#### —Forbidden.

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have  
slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience,  
To do no contriv'd murder ; I lack iniquity  
Sometimes, to do me service : Nine or ten  
times

I had thought to have jerk'd him here un-  
der the ribs.

*O., I : 2. 1493.*

#### —Its certain Signs.

*War.* As surely as my soul intends to  
live

With that dread King that took our state  
upon him,

To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,  
I do believe that violent hands were laid

Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

*Suf.* A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

*War.* See, how the blood is settled in his face!

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,  
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,

Being all descended to the labouring heart;  
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,  
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;

Which with the heart there cools and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;  
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,  
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:  
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd  
with struggling;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd

And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.

Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.  
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here;

The least of all these signs were probable.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 928.

#### —Its Sacrilege.

*Macb. Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence

The life o' the building.

*M.*, II: 3. 1366.

#### —Mercenary Motives to.

*Edm.* Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison:

One step, I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way

To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men

Are as the time is: to be tender-minded

Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment

Will not bear question; either say, thou 'lt do 't,

Or thrive by other means.

*Off.* I 'll do 't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it; and write happy, when thou hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,  
As I have set it down.

*Capt.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;

If it be man's work, I will do it.

*K. L.*, V: 3. 1481.

#### —Of Banquo.

*Macb.* \* \* There's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'T is Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'T is better thee without, than he within.

Is he despatch'd?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet he's good,  
That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst it,

Thou art the nonpareil,

*Mur.* Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scap'd.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;

As broad, and general, as the casing air;

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,  
bound in

To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;  
The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that:

There the grown serpent lies; the worm,  
that's fled,

Hath nature that in time will venom breed,  
No teeth for the present.

*M.*, III: 4. 1371.

## —Of Henry VI.

*K. Hen.* \* \* \*

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words :  
My breast can better brook thy dagger's  
point,

Than can my ears that tragic history. —

But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my  
life?

*Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou  
art;

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd, when  
first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;

And many an old man's sigh, and many a  
widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless  
death,—

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook  
down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's

hope;

To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou  
wast born,

To signify,—thou cam'st to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,  
Thou cam'st—

*Glo.* I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet,  
in thy speech;

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and for much more slaughter  
after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 6. 991.

## —Of the King of Denmark.

*Ham.* Murder?

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best  
it is;

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know it; that I, with  
wings as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;

And duller should'st thou be than the fat  
weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,

Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Ham-  
let, hear:

'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of  
Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life,

Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

*H.*, I: 5. 1399.

## —Premeditated.

*Ant.* \* \* \*

Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's  
gold;

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must  
kill him:

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,

Because we bid it.

*P.*, I: 1. 1644.

## —Proposal to Commit.

*K. Rich.* Dar'st thou resolve to kill a  
friend of mine?

*Tyr.* Please you; but I had rather kill  
two deep enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, then thou hast it; two  
deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's dis-  
turbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon:  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come  
to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of  
them.

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music.

Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;



Go, by this token;— Rise, and lend thine ear :

There is no more but so :— Say, it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* I will despatch it straight.

*R. III., IV : 2. 1032.*

—**Revealed for Revenge.**

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure  
and princely beauty?

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself  
hath done,

Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to  
a grave,

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*K. J., IV : 3. 669.*

—**Traitorous.**

*War.* It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
That good duke Humphrey traitorously 'is  
murder'd

By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's  
means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees,  
That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death.

*K. Hen.* That he is dead, good War-  
wick, 't is too true;

But how he died, God knows, not Henry :  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless  
corpse,

And comment then upon his sudden death.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III : 2. 927.*

—**Under doubtful Impulse.**

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the  
deed :

And yet he has given me satisfying reasons :  
'T is but a man gone :— forth, my sword;  
he dies.

*O., V : 1. 1526.*

—**Villainous to Know of.**

*Pom.* Ah, this thou should'st have done,  
And not have spoken on 't ! In me, 't is vil-  
lany ;

In thee, it had been good service. Thou  
must know

'T is not my profit that does lead mine  
honour ;

Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy  
tongue

Hath so betray'd thine act : Being done un-  
known,

I should have found it afterwards well  
done ;

But must condemn it now. Desist, and  
drink.

*A. C., II : 7. 1556.*

—**Will out.**

*Macb.* It will have blood ; they say,  
blood will have blood ;

Stones have been known to move, and trees  
to speak ;

Augurs, and understood relations, have  
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks,  
brought forth

The secret'st man of blood.

*M., III : 4. 1373.*

**MURDERED.—Avenging Ghosts.**

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i'  
the olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;  
Ay, and since too, murders have been per-  
form'd

Too terrible for the ear : the times have  
been,

That, when the brains were out, the man  
would die,

And there an end : but now, they rise  
again,

With twenty mortal murders on their  
crowns,

And push us from our stools : This is more  
strange

Than such a murder is.

*M., III : 4. 1372.*

—**Wounds of the, Bleed.**

*Glo.* Stay you, that bear the corse, and  
set it down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up  
this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glo.* Villains, set down the corse ; or,  
by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobey.

1 *Gent.* My lord, stand back, and let the  
coffin pass.

*Glo.* Unmannered dog! stand thou when  
I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,  
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my  
foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy bold-  
ness.

*Anne.* What, do you tremble? are you  
all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil. —  
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,  
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be  
gone.

*Glo.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so  
curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence,  
and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy  
hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep ex-  
claims.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries: —  
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed  
afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood  
dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural. —

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his  
death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge  
his death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the  
murderer dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him  
quick;

As thou dost swallow up this good king's  
blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

*Glo.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for  
curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of  
God nor man;

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of  
pity.

*R. III., I: 2. 1003.*

**MURDERER.—Mother of a**

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!  
O my accurs'd womb, the bed of death;  
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoyded eye is murderous!

*R. III., IV: 1. 1031.*

**—Offered imperial Honors.**

*Cit.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home un-  
to his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ances-  
tors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house  
with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen, —

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart  
alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:  
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his  
speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark  
Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

*J. C., III: 2. 1339.*

**—Sought for.**

*Boling.* Call forth Bagot: —

Now Bagot, freely speak thy mind;

What thou dost know of noble Gloster's  
death;

Who wrought it with the king, and who  
perform'd

The bloody office of his timeless end.

*R. II., IV: 1. 707.*

**MURDERERS.—Of heretical Kings.**

*Pand.* \* \*

And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt

From his allegiance to an heretic;

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

Canonized, and worshipp'd as a saint,

That takes away by any secret course

Thy hateful life.

*K. J., III: 1. 658.*

**MURDERESS.—Confession of a.**

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!  
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did  
confess, she had

For you a mortal mineral; which, being  
took,

Should by the minute feed on life, and,  
ling'ring,

By inches waste you: In which time she  
purpos'd,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show; yes, and in  
time,

(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to  
work

Her son into the adoption of the crown.

But failing of her end by his strange ab-  
sence,

Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in de-  
spite

Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so,  
Despairing, died.

*Cym.*, V: 5. 1626.

**MURMURING.—Threatened.**

*Pro.* If thou murmur'st, I will rend an  
oak,

And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*T.*, I: 2. 11.

**MUSIC.—(See Love.) Bottom's Ear for.**

*Bot.* I have a reasonable good ear in  
music: let us have the tongs and the bones.

*M. N.*, IV: 1. 338.

**—Its Power.**

*Ari.* \* \* Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd  
their ears,

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt music.

*T.*, IV: 1. 28.

*Lor.* \* \*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress'  
ear,

And draw her home with music.

*Jes.* I am never merry when I hear  
sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are at-  
tentive:

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neigh-  
ing loud,

Which is the hot condition of their blood;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual  
stand,

Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
By the sweet power of music: Therefore,  
the poet

Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones,  
and floods,—

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of  
rage,

But music for the time doth change his na-  
ture;

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet  
sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:

Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the  
music.

*M. V.*, V: 1. 389.

*Pro.* \* \*

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets'  
sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and  
stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans  
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

*T. G.*, III: 2. 64.

*Duke.* 'T is good: though music oft hath  
such a charm,

To make bad good, and good provoke to  
harm.

*M. M.*, IV: 1. 163.

**—Miserable.**

*K. Rich.* \* \* How sour sweet music is,  
when time is broke, and no proportion kept.

*R. II.*, V: 5. 716.

*Suf.* \* \*

Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss.

*II. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 930.

## —Ravishes the Soul.

*Cal.* Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight,  
and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices,

That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,

The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches,

Ready to drop upon me, that when I wak'd,  
I cry'd to dream again.

*Ste.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me where I shall have my music for nothing.

*T.*, III: 2. 24.

*Bene.* Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravished!—Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

\* \* An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

*M. A.*, II: 3. 235.

## —Relation to Love.

*Duke.* \* \*

How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where Love is throne'd.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly.

*T. N.*, II: 4. 550.

## —Shut out.

*Shy.* What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica;

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,

And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,

Clamber not you up to the casements then,

Nor thrust your head into the public street,

To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:

But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;

Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house. —

*M. V.*, II: 5. 371.

*K. Hen.* I pray you take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

Unless some dull and favourable hand

Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the music in the other room.

*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Cla.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise.

*H.*, IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.

## —Suitable for Defeat or Success.

*Por.* \* \*

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music: that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream

And watery death-bed for him. He may win;

And what is music then? then music is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage.

*M. V.*, III: 2. 377.

## —Surfeit of.

*Duke.* If music be the food of love, play on;

Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,

The appetite may sicken, and so die.

*T. N.*, I: 1. 540.



**MUTABILITY.—Of human Nature.***Apem.* \* \*

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,  
Upon whose age we void it up again,  
With poisonous spite, and envy.

\* \* Those, that dance before me now,  
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been  
done;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*T. A.*, I: 2. 1291.**MYSTERIES.—Abound.***Ham.* \* \*

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

*H.*, I: 5. 1401.**—Solved, when Known.**

*Duke.* \* \* Put not yourself into amazement  
how these things should be; all difficulties  
are but easy when they are known.

*M. M.*, IV: 2. 166.

## N

**NAIADS.—Summoned.**

*Iris.* You nymphs call'd Naiads, of the  
winding brooks,

With your segd'd crowns, and ever harmless  
looks,

Leave your crisp channels, and on this  
green land

Answer your summons.

*T.*, IV: 1. 97.**NAME.—A hated.**

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call 'st thyself  
a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name 's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not  
pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant;  
with my sword

I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*M.*, V: 7. 1384.**—Good, precious.**

*Iago.* Good name, in man, and woman,  
dear my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is  
something, nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to  
thousands;

But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

*O.*, III: 3. 1511.**—Despised.**

*Rom.* As if that name,

Shot from the deadly level of a gun,

Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand

Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar,  
tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy

Doth my name lodge! tell me, that I may  
sack

The hateful mansion.

*R. J.*, III: 3. 1263.**—Heroic, honorable Achieved.**

*Her.* Know, Rome, that all alone Mar-  
cius did fight

Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won,  
With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these

In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

*All.* Welcome to Rome, renowned Cori-  
olanus!

\* \*

*Men.* A hundred thousand welcomes: I  
could weep,

And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy:  
Welcome:

A curse begin at very root of his heart,  
That is not glad to see thee!

\* \*

*Cor.* Know, good mother,  
I had rather be their servant in my way,  
Than sway with them in theirs.

*C.*, II: 1. 1161.

—**Inspiration in a great.**

*K. Rich.* I had forgot myself: Am I not king?

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.  
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?  
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes  
At thy great glory. — Look not to the ground,  
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?  
High be our thoughts: I know my uncle York  
Hath power enough to serve our turn.

*R. II.*, III: 2. 701.

—**Knowledge of Desired.**

*Fer.* \* \* I do beseech you,  
(Chiefly, that I might set it in my prayers,) —  
What is your name?

*T.*, III: 1. 22.

—**What is in a.**

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou, Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:  
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,  
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;  
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.  
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,  
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!  
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,  
By any other name would smell as sweet;  
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,  
Without that title: — Romeo, doff thy name;  
And for that name, which is no part of thee,  
Take all myself.

*R. J.*, II: 2. 1251.

**NATIONALITY.—No Man's Business.**

*Mac.* Of my nation? What ish my nation?  
What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation,  
ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave,  
and a rascal.

*H. V.*, III: 2. 833.

**NATIVITY.—A rough.**

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:

Quiet and gentle thy conditions!  
For thou 'rt the rudeliest welcomed to this world,

That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,

Thy loss is more than thy portage quit,  
With all thou canst find here. — Now the good gods

Throw their best eyes upon it!

*P.*, III: 1. 1655.

**NATURE.—Base, dangerous.**

*Ham.* \* \*  
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

*H.*, V: 2. 1433.

—**Bounteous in Supply.**

*Tim.* \* \*  
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;

The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you? Want? why want?

*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1310.

—**Cannot be Destroyed.**

*Boling.* Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil, adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can, —

Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.

*R. II.*, I: 3. 691.

—(See Grafting.) **Cannot be Improved.**

*King.* \* \*

Labouring art can never ransom Nature  
From her inaidable estate.

*A. W.*, II: 1. 503.

—**Impartial.**

*Per.* \* \*

The self-same sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 606.

—**Its Voices.**

*Bel.* \* \*

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature.

*Cym.*, III: 3. 1607.

*Cor.* \* \*

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd  
mould

Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her  
hand

The grandchild to her blood. But, out, af-  
fection!

All bond and privilege of nature, break!

Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves'  
eyes,

Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt,  
and am not

Of stronger earth than others. My mother  
bows;

As if Olympus to a molehill should

In supplication nod: and my young boy

Hath an aspect of intercession, which

Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the  
Volces

Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never  
Be such a goslin to obey instinct; but  
stand,

As if a man were author of himself,

And knew no other kin.

*C.*, V: 3. 1188.

—**Makes the World akin.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*

One touch of nature makes the whole  
world kin——

That all, with one consent, praise new-born  
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of  
things past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.

—**Shocked.**

*Len.* The night has been unruly: Where  
we lay,

Our chimneys were blown down: and, as  
they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams  
of death;

And prophecying, with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,

New hatch'd to the woeful time. The ob-  
scure bird

Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the  
earth

Was feverous, and did shake.

*M.*, II: 3. 1366.

—**Will out.**

*Shal.* Bodykins, master Page, though I  
now be old, and of the peace, if I see a  
sword out, my finger itches to make one:  
though we are justices, and doctors, and  
churchmen, master Page, we have some  
salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of  
women, master Page.

*M. W.*, II: 3. 101.

**NAVY.—Foams the Ocean.**

*Pom.* \* \* And that is it

Hath made me rig my navy: at whose bur-  
then

The anger'd ocean foams; with which I  
meant

To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful  
Rome

Cast on my nobler father.

*A. C.*, II: 6. 1554.

**NEATNESS.—No Guarantee.**

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again,  
for keeping his sword clean: nor believe he  
can have everything in him, by wearing his  
apparel neatly

*A. W.*, IV: 3. 520.

**NECESSITIES.—Make vile things possible.**

*Lear.* \* \* Where is this straw, my fel-  
low?

The art of our necessities is strange,

And can make vile things precious.

*K. L.*, III: 2. 1464.

**NECESSITY.—A Teacher.**

*Gaunt.* All places that the eye of heaven visits,  
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :  
Teach thy necessity to reason thus ;  
There is no virtue like necessity.

*R. II., I: 4. 690.*

**—Cannot Compel.**

*Lear.* Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?  
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage against the enmity o' the air ;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl, —  
Necessity's sharp pinch ! — Return with her ?  
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took  
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought  
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg  
To keep base life afoot : — Return with her ?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter  
To this detested groom.

*K. L., II: 4. 1461.*

**—Defies Oaths.**

*Biron.* Necessity will make us all forsworn  
Three thousand times within this three years' space :  
For every man with his affects is born ;  
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.  
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me, —  
I am forsworn on mere necessity.

*L. L., I: 1. 273.*

**—Its Influence.**

*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
But from her need.

*K. J., III: 1. 659*

**—Made a Virtue.**

*2 Out.* \* \*  
To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

*T. G., IV: 1. 65.*

**—Must Rule us.**

*Bast.* \* \*  
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch :  
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night.

*K. J., I: 1. 648.*

**—Villainy Charged to.**

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the world ! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars : as if we were villains by necessity ; fools, by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on.

*K. L., I: 2. 1448.*

**NEED.—Nature's Giving beyond.**

*Lear.* O, reason not the need : our basest beggars  
Are in the poorest thing superfluous :  
Allow not nature more than nature needs,  
Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;  
If only to go warm were gorgeous,  
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,  
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.

*K. L., II: 4. 1461.*

**NEEDLEWORK.—Marina's Employment.**

*Gow.* \* \*  
Be 't when she weav'd the sleided silk  
With fingers, long, small, white as milk ;  
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it.

*P. IV.: Ind., 1659.*

**—Perfection in.**

*Gow.* \* \* With her neeld composes  
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch,  
or berry ;  
That even her art sisters the natural roses ;  
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry.

*P., V: 1. 1666.*



**NEGLECT.—Criminal.**

*K. Hen.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke,  
 Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
 Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
 And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?  
 Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?  
 Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
 A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
 Had been alive this hour,  
 If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne  
 Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt, V: 5. 762.

**—Its Consequences.**

*Fab.* \* \* You are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion, where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

*T. N.*, III: 2. 556.

**—Self.**

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward dogs  
 Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten,  
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
 Take up the English short; and let them know  
 Of what a monarchy you are the head:  
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
 As self-neglecting.

*H. V.*, II: 4. 830.

**—Undeserved**

*Achil.* I do believe it— for they pass'd by me,  
 As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me  
 Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds forgot?

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.

**NEGLENCE.—Attempts Excuse.**

*Cam.* My gracious lord,  
 I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;  
 In every one of these no man is free,  
 But that his negligence, his folly, fear,  
 Amongst the infinite doings of the world,  
 Sometime puts forth:

*W. T.*, I: 2. 584.

**—No Excuse for.**

*Leon.* \* \* Or else thou must be counted  
 A servant grafted in my serious trust,  
 And therein negligent.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 584.

**—Willful.**

*Cam.* \* \* In your affairs, my lord,  
 If ever I were wilful-negligent,  
 It was my folly; if industriously  
 I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,  
 Not weighing well the end.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 584.

**NEGRO.—Admired.**

*Pro.* \* \* Black men are pearls in  
 beauteous ladies' eyes.

*T. G.*, V: 2. 70.

**NEIGHBORS.—Bad, an Irritation.**

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing  
 snatchers only,  
 But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;  
 For you shall read, that my great grandfather  
 Never went with his forces into France,  
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
 With ample and brim fulness of his force;  
 Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;  
 Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;  
 That England, being empty of defence,  
 Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

*H. V.*, I: 1. 822.

**NEWS.—Abundant.**

*Peto.* \* \*  
 And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,  
 Come from the north: and, as I came along,  
 I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,  
 Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt, II: 4. 789.

—All-absorbing.

*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :  
Young Arthur's death is common in their  
mouths :

And when they talk of him, they shake their  
heads,

And whisper one another in the ear ;  
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's  
wrist ;

While he that hears makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with roll-  
ing eyes.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
And whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's  
news ;

Who, with his shears and measure in his  
hand,

Standing on slippers, (which his nimble  
haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent :  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. J.*, IV : 2. 667.

—Anxiety for

*North.* What news, lord Bardolph? ev-  
ery minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem :  
The times are wild ; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I : 1. 774.

—Bad.

*Hub.* O, my sweet sir, news fitting to  
the night,—  
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

*Bast.* Show me the very wound of this  
ill news :

I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

*K. J.*, V : 6. 675.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will ;  
But there's no goodness in thy face : If  
Antony  
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a  
favour

To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd  
with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

*A. C.*, II : 5. 1552.

—Bad, an Irritation.

*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls! nothing but  
songs of death?

There, take thou that, till thou bring better  
news.

*3 Mess.* The news I have to tell your  
majesty,

Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of  
waters,

Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scat-  
ter'd ;

And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* O, I cry you mercy :  
There is my purse, to cure that blow of  
thine.

*R. III.*, IV : 4. 1040.

—Bad, Anything rather than.

*Mess.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee! dost thou  
hold there still?

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam?

*Cleo.* O, I would, thou didst ;  
So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and  
made

A cistern for scald snakes!

*A. C.*, II : 5. 1553.

—Bad, Bearer of, Hated.

*Const.* \* \*

Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

*Sal.* What other harm have I, good  
lady, done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

*Const.* Which harm within itself so hei-  
nous is,

As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

*K. J.*, III : 1. 657.

—Bad, Causes Deafness.

*Val.* My ears are stopp'd, and cannot  
hear good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd  
them.

*T. G.*, III : 1. 61.

**—Bad, dangerous to Tell.**

*Tro.* \* \* Hector is gone!  
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
 Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,  
 Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's  
 dead:  
 There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  
 Make wells and Niobes of the maids and  
 wives,  
 Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,  
 Scare Troy out of itself.

*T. C.*, V: 11. 1148.

**—Bad, Effect on the Teller.**

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects  
 the teller.  
*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.  
 — On:  
 Things, that are past, are done, with me. —  
 'T is thus:  
 Who tells me true, though in his tale lie  
 death,  
 I hear him as he flatter'd.

*A. C.*, I: 2. 1542.

**—Bad, its Midwife.**

*Queen.* So, Green, thou art the midwife  
 to my woe,  
 And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:  
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;  
 And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,  
 Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

*R. II.*, II: 2. 696.

**—Bad, like a Dart.**

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to  
 meet  
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
 Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;  
 For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
 As tidings of this sight.

*J. C.*, V: 3. 1350.

**—Bad, should Tell Itself.**

*Cleo.* \* \*  
 Though it be honest, it is never good  
 To bring bad news: Give to a gracious  
 message  
 An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
 Themselves, when they be felt.

*A. C.*, II: 5. 1553.

**—Baleful, Wounds.**

*War.* How now, fair lords? What fare?  
 what news abroad?  
*Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we  
 should recount  
 Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliv-  
 erance,  
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,  
 The words would add more anguish than  
 the wounds.  
 O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 963.

**—Bearers Dismissed.**

*Const.* \* \*  
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France for-  
 sworn?  
 Envenom him with words; or get thee  
 gone,  
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone,  
 Am bound to under-bear.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 657.

**—Bringer of bad.**

*North* \* \*  
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
 Hath but a losing office; and his tongue  
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 775.

**—Bringer of bad, Hated.**

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that dost tor-  
 ment me thus?  
 This torture should be roar'd in dismal  
 hell.  
 Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,  
 And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more  
 Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:  
 I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;  
 Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer,  
*I*.

If he be slain, say — *I*; or if not, no:  
 Brief sounds determine of my weal, or  
 woe.

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

**—Distasteful.**

*Cleo.* \* \*  
 Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
 Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd  
in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

\* \*

*Mess.* \* \* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

*A. C.*, II: 5. 1552.

#### —Effect of bad.

*Fal.* \* \* Thy father's beard is turned  
white with the news; you may buy land now  
as cheap as stinking mackerel.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

#### —Good.

*Sic.* What's the news?

*Mess.* Good news, good news;—The la-  
dies have prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodg'd, and Marcius gone:  
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,  
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

*C.*, V: 4. 1191.

#### —Good, gladly Heard.

*Nor.* O, fear him not;  
His spell in that is out: the king hath found  
Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's set-  
tled,

Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1076.

#### —Haste in Bearing.

*Tra.* \* \* After him, came, spurring  
hard,

A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,  
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied  
horse:

He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.  
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold;  
With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
And, bending forward, struck his armed  
heels

Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head: and, starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,  
Staying no longer question.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

#### —III.

*K. John.* \* \*

Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 667.

#### —Impossibility of Believing.

*Const.* Gone to be married! gone to  
swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to  
be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those  
provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 't is so;  
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears;

Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of  
fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess, thou didst  
but jest,

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What means that hand upon that breast of  
thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er its bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think  
them false,

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 656.

#### —Indefinite.

*K. Rich.* My mind is chang'd. — Stanley,  
what news with you?

*Stan.* None good, my liege, to please  
you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.



*K. Rich.* Heyday, a riddle! neither good  
nor bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,  
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest  
way?

Once more, what news?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the  
seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate.

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1039.

—Told merrily.

*Jul.* Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord!  
why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet  
news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

*R. J.*, II: 5. 1257.

—Varied and discordant.

*Oxf.* I like it well, that our fair queen  
and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns  
at his.

*Prince.* Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps  
as he were nettled:

I hope, all 's for the best.

*K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news?  
and yours, fair queen?

*Q. Mar.* Mine, such as fill my heart  
with unhop'd joys.

*War.* Mine, full of sorrow and heart's  
discontent.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 3. 976.

—Villainous.

*Fal.* \* \* There 's villanous news  
abroad.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 741.

—Wonderful.

*2 Gen.* \* \* Such a deal of wonder is  
broken out within this hour, that ballad-  
makers cannot be able to express it.

*W. T.*, V: 2. 614.

**NIGGARDLINESS.—Diabolical.**

*Aber.* \* \*

Peep through each part of him: Whence  
has he that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;

*H. VIII.*, I: 1. 1057.

**NIGHT.—A Moonlight.**

*Lys.* \* \*

To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,  
(A time that lovers' flights doth still con-  
ceal.)

*M. N.*, I: 1. 323.

—(See Rest.)

*Lor.* \* \*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this  
bank!

Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the  
night,

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.

There's not the smallest orb which thou be-  
hold'st,

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubin:

Such harmony is in immortal souls:

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. —

*M. V.*, V: 1. 388.

*Lor.* The moon shines bright:—In such  
a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the  
trees,

And they did make no noise,—in such a  
night,

Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jes.* In such a night,

Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;

And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,

And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night,

Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In such a night,

Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs

That did renew old Æson.

*Lor.* In such a night,

Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;

And with an unthrift love did run from Ven-  
ice,

As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* In such a night,  
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her  
well;  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* In such a night,  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body  
come:  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*M. V.*, V: 1. 388.

—A perfect.

*Jul.* \* \* Come, civil night,  
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1260.

*Hor.* \* \*  
In the dead waist and middle of the night.

*H.*, I: 2. 1395.

*Por.* This night methinks is but the day-  
light sick;  
It looks a little paler: 't is a day,  
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*M. V.*, V: 1. 389.

—A witching Time.

*Ham.* \* \*  
'T is now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself  
breathes out  
Contagion to this world.

*H. III.*, II: 2. 1416.

—Darkness of.

*Lady M.* \* \* Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of  
hell.

*M.*, I: 5. 1361.

*Macb.* \* \* Come, feeling night,  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens;  
and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and  
drowse;  
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do  
rouse.

*M.*, III: 2. 1370.

—Eternal.

*K. Rich.* \* \* Bid him bring his power  
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

*R. III.*, V: 3: 1043.

—Its Coverture.

*War.* \* \*  
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,  
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'  
tents,  
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal  
steeds;  
So we, well cover'd with the night's black  
mantle,  
At unawares may beat down Edward  
And seize himself.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 2. 980.

—Loves Opportunity.

*Jul.* \* \*  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-  
brow'd night,  
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

—Puck's Description of

*Puck.* Now the hungry lion roars,  
And the wolf howls the moon;  
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,  
All with weary task fordone.  
Now the wasted brands do glow,  
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,  
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,  
In remembrance of a shroud.  
Now it is the time of night,  
That the graves, all gaping wide,  
Every one lets forth his sprite,  
In the church-way paths to glide:  
And we fairies, that do run  
By the triple Hecate's team,  
From the presence of the sun,  
Following darkness like a dream,  
Now are frolic; not a mouse  
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:  
I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 345.

**—The Time for Villainy.**

*Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day  
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;  
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the  
jades  
That drag the tragic melancholy night;  
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging  
wings  
Clip dead men's graves, and from their mis-  
ty jaws  
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.  
*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 932.*

**—Time to Call up Spirits.**

*Boling.* Patience, good lady; wizards  
know their times:  
Deep night, dark night, the silence of the  
night,  
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;  
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-  
dogs howl,  
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their  
graves,  
That time best fits the work we have in hand.  
*H. VI., 2 pt., I: 4. 914.*

**—When tedious.**

*Chos.* The country cocks do crow, the  
clocks do toll,  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French,  
Do the low-rated English play at dice;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
So tediously away.  
*H. V., IV: Chorus. 839.*

**NIGHTINGALE.—Made a Confidant.**

*Val.* \* \*

And to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.  
*T. G., V: 4. 71.*

**NO.—In Love, Yes.**

*Jul.* \* \*

Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that  
Which they would have the profferer con-  
strue "Ay."  
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,  
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,  
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.  
*T. G., I: 2. 49.*

**NOBILITY.—True.**

*Post.* \* \*

With their own nobleness, (which could have  
turn'd  
A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks.

*Cym., V: 3. 1622.*

*1 Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.  
*Men.* His nature is too noble for the  
world:

He would not flatter Neptune for his tri-  
dent,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's  
his mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must  
vent:

And, being angry, does forget that ever  
He heard the name of death.

*C., III: 1. 1172.*

O, that your young nobility could judge,  
What't were to lose it, and be miserable!

*R. III., I: 3. 1009.*

**—True, exempt from Fear.**

*1 Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him,  
speak him fair.

*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and  
rough,

Us'd to command, untaught to plead for fa-  
vour.

Far be it, we should honor such as these  
With humble suit: no, rather let my head  
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to  
any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;  
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,  
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.

True nobility is exempt from fear:—  
More can I bear, than you dare execute.

*Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no  
more.

*Suf.* Come, soldiers, show what cruelty  
ye can,

That this my death may never be forgot!—  
Great men oft die by vile bezonians:  
A Roman sworder and banditto slave,  
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand  
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,  
Pompey the Great: and Suffolk dies by pi-  
rates.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 933.*

**NOBLE.—The, never Confounded.**

*Com.* The shepherd knows not thunder  
from a tabor,  
More than I know the sound of Marcius'  
tongue

From every meaner man.

*C.*, I: 6. 1156.

**—The, their Worth.**

*Arr.* Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
And praise myself for charity.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1616.

**NOMINATION.—To high Position.**

*Trib.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you: and this  
suit I make  
That you create your emperor's eldest  
son,  
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I  
hope,

Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this commonweal:  
Then, if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say, "Long live our em-  
peror!"

*Marc.* With voices and applause of every  
sort,  
Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;  
And say, "Long live our emperor, Satur-  
nine!"

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1204.

**NOSE.—A red one Ridiculed.**

*Boy.* \* \* Good Bardolph, put thy face  
between his sheets, and do the office of a  
warming-pan.

*H. V.*, II: 1. 825.

**—A Remarkable one.**

*Dro. S.* O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er  
embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sap-  
phires, declining their rich aspect to the hot  
breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes  
of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

*C. E.*, III: 2. 202.

**—Why in the middle of the Face**

*Fool.* \* \* Thou canst tell, why one's  
nose stands i' the middle of his face?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep his eyes on either  
side his nose; that what a man cannot  
smell out, he may spy into.

*K. L.*, I: 5. 1453.

**NOTHING.—A great Deal of.**

*Bass.* \* \*

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.

**—Its Value.**

*Clo.* Marry, you are the wiser man; for  
many a man's tongue shakes out his master's  
undoing. To say nothing, to do nothing, to  
know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be  
a great part of your title: which is within a  
very little of nothing.

*A. W.*, II: 4. 509.

**NOVELTY.—In Request.**

*Duke.* \* \* Novelty is only in request;  
and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any  
kind of course, as it is virtuous to be con-  
stant in any undertaking.

*M. M.*, III: 2. 162.

*Ulyss.* \* \* All, with one consent,  
praise new-born gauds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things  
past.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.

**NUMBERS.—Odd, Divinity in**

*Fal.* Prithee, no more prattling:—go.  
I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope,  
good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go;  
they say there is divinity in odd numbers,  
either in nativity, chance, or death.

*M. W.*, V: 1. 117.

**NUN.—Her Life.**

*The.* \* \* Question your desires,  
Know of your youth, examine well your  
blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's  
choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun;  
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,  
To live a barren sister all your life,  
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless  
moon.

Thrice blessed they that master so their  
blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 322.



## O

**OAK.—Gnarled.**

*Isab.* \* \* The unwedgeable and gnarled oak.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 152.

**OATH.—A mouth-filling One.**

*Hot.* \* \*

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave "In  
sooth,"

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,  
To velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.

*H.*, IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 747.

**—A Plea.**

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath  
in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 335.

**—An Outlaw's.**

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's  
fat friar.

*T. G.*, IV: 1. 65.

**—Binding.**

*K. Hen.* What think you, captain Fluellen?  
is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven and a villain else,  
an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be, his enemy is a gentleman  
of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman  
as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself,  
it is necessary, look your grace, that he  
keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured,  
see you now, his reputation is as arrant  
a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack  
shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth,  
in my conscience la.

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah,  
when thou meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*H. V.*, IV: 7. 349.

**—Exchanged for Paradise.**

*Long.* \* \* What fool is not so wise,  
To lose an oath, to win a paradise!

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 287.

**—Loud.**

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might: and fury  
shall abate.

*H. V.*, II: 1. 825.

*Sir To.* \* \* For it comes to pass oft,  
that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent  
sharply twanged off, gives manhood  
more approbation than ever proof itself  
would have earned him.

*T. N.*, III: 4. 559.

**—Made binding by Religion.**

*Luc.* Who should I swear by? thou believ'st  
no god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an  
oath?

*Aar.* What if I do not? as, indeed, I do  
not:

Yet,—for I know thou art religious,  
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—  
Therefore I urge thy oath:—For that I  
know,

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
And keeps the oath, which by that god he  
swears;

To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou  
shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—  
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him  
up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Tit. And.*, V: 1. 1226.

**—Villainous Excuses for Disregarding.**

*York.* I took an oath, that he should  
quietly reign.

*Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may  
be broken :  
I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one  
year.

*Rich.* An oath is of no moment, being  
not took  
Before a true and lawful magistrate,  
That hath authority over him that swears :  
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;  
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to de-  
pose,  
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 2. 958.

#### OATHS.—Idle.

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good  
man's hat,  
These oaths and laws will prove an idle  
scorn.

*L. L.*, I: 2. 274.

*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and pee-  
vish vows :  
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

*T. C.*, V: 3. 1139.

#### —Melt before Temptation.

*Pro.* Look thou be true: do not give  
dalliance  
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are  
straw  
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemi-  
ous,  
Or else, good night your vow !

*T.*, IV: 1. 26.

#### —Neutralized.

*Hel.* \* \*  
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing  
weigh :  
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,  
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 334.

#### —Numerous.

*Pro.* \* \*  
Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her  
bad,  
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd,  
With twenty thousand soul-confirming  
oaths.

*T. G.*, II: 6. 58.

#### —Of Deceitful.

*Jul.* That is the least, Lucetta, of my  
fear :  
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,  
And instances of infinite of love,  
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

*Luc.* All these are servants to deceitful  
men.

*T. G.*, II: 7. 59.

#### —Sinful may be Broken.

*Sal.* It is great sin, to swear unto a sin ;  
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.  
Who can be bound by any solemn vow  
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,  
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,  
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,  
To wring the widow from her custom'd  
right ;  
And have no other reason for this wrong,  
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., V: 1. 944.

#### —Worthless.

*Touch.* \* \* If you swear by that that  
is not, you are not forsworn: no more was  
this knight, swearing by his honour, for he  
never had any.

*A. Y.*, I: 2. 400.

*Pist.* \* \*  
Trust none ;  
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-  
cakes,  
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck ;  
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

*H. V.*, II: 3. 829.

#### OBEDIENCE.—Compelled.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sud-  
den too,  
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild  
horses,  
Pace them not in their hands to make them  
gentle ;  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits,  
and spur them,  
Till they obey the manage.

*H. VIII.*, V: 2. 1090.

#### OBLIVION.—Deep.

*Buck.* \* \*  
In the swallowing gulf  
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

*R. III.*, III: 7. 1023.

*Glo.* \* \*

And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our  
house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.

*R. III., I: 1. 1001.*

—Of good Deeds.

*Ulyss.* Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his  
back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:  
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are  
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done.

*T. C., III: 3. 1125.*

**OBSCURITY.—Its Happiness.**

*Grif.* \* \*

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little.

*H. VIII., IV: 2. 1085.*

**OBSTACLES.—Must be Removed.**

*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands  
the thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your  
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 4. 989.*

*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland!—That  
is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap,  
For in my way it lies.

*M., I: 4. 1300.*

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do if  
we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glo.* Chop off his head, man;—somewhat  
we will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and all the mov-  
ables

Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

*R. III., III: 1. 1022.*

*K. Edw.* Once more we sit in England's  
royal throne,

Repurchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,  
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their  
pride.

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 7. 992.*

*West.* But there's a saying, very old and  
true,—

“If that you will France win,

Then with Scotland first begin:”

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely  
eggs;

Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,  
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

*H. V., I: 2. 822.*

**OCCUPATION.—Othello's, gone.**

*O.* \* \* O now, for ever,

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell con-  
tent!

Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill  
trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious  
war!

And O, you mortal engines, whose rude  
throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours coun-  
terfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*O., III: 3. 1514.*

**OCEAN.—Its Girdle.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

The beachy girdle of the ocean,

Too wide for Neptune's hips.

*H. IV., 2 pt., III: 2. 790.*

**ODDITY.—In Dress.**

*Por.* \* \* How oddly he is suited! I  
think he bought his doublet in Italy, his  
round hose in France, his bonnet in Ger-  
many, and his behaviour everywhere.

*M. V., I: 2. 364.*

**OFFENCE.—Improperly Charged.**

*Gon.* \* \* How have I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds,

And dotage terms so.

*K. L., II: 4. 1461.*

—To be Punished.

*King.* \* \*

Where the offence is let the great ax fall.

*H., IV: 5. 1426.*

**OFFENCES.—In Ignorance.**

*Will.* All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,  
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow:  
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,  
Till I do challenge it.

*H. V., IV: 8. 850.*

**—To be Overlooked.**

*Cas.* \* \*

In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his  
comment.

*J. C., IV: 3. 1344.*

**OFFENDERS.—No Right to Judge.**

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are distinct  
offices,  
And of opposed natures.

*M. V., II: 9. 374.*

**OFFER.—Any, for ordinary People.**

*Ros.* \* \*

I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of nature's sale-work.

\* \*

'Tis such fools as you  
That make the world full of ill-favour'd  
children:  
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters  
her;  
And out of you she sees herself more  
proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her.  
But, mistress, know yourself; down on  
your knees,  
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's  
love:  
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,

Sell when you can: you are not for all  
markets:

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer.

*A. Y., III: 5. 427.*

**OLIVE.—Sign of Peace.**

*Cæs.* The time of universal peace is  
near:

Prove this a prosperous day, the three-  
nook'd world

Shall bear the olive freely.

*A. C., IV: 6. 1570.*

**OMEN.—An Evil.**

*Cas.* Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand,  
Messala:

Be thou my witness, that, against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign  
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they  
perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers'  
hands;

Who to Phillipi here consorted us;  
This morning are they fled away, and gone:  
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and  
kites,

Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on  
us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*J. C., V: 1. 1349.*

**OMENS.—Fearful.**

*Cap.* \* \*

The bay-trees in our country are all with-  
er'd,

And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the  
earth,

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful  
change;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and  
leap.

*R. II., II: 4. 699.*



**OMISSION.—Its Danger.***Patr.* \* \*

Omission to do what is necessary  
Seals a commission to a blank of danger.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1126.**OMNIPOTENCE.—Its Ministers.***Hel.* \* \*

He that of greatest works is finisher  
Oft does them by the weakest minister:  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes.

*A. W.*, II: 1. 503.**ONCE.—Bad as a Million.**

*Post.* Spare your arithmetic: never  
count the turns; Once, and a million!

*Cym.*, II: 4. 1603.**OPINION.—A Fool.**

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes  
us scan

The outward habit by the inward man.

*P.*, II: 2. 1651.**—A Sovereign.**

*Duke.* \* \* Yet opinion, a sovereign  
mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice  
on you.

*O.*, I: 3. 1497.**—Adhered to.**

*Ver.* If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,  
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II: 4. 875.

*Ther.* \* \* A plague of opinion! a man  
may wear on both sides, like a leather jer-  
kin.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1126.**—Anxiety Concerning.**

*Jaq.* Provided that you weed your bet-  
ter judgments  
Of all opinion that grows rank in them.

*A. Y.*, II: 7. 418.*Gra.* \* \*

I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
But fish not with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.**—(See Ingratitude.) Public.**

*Nest.* \* \* As Ulysses says, opinion  
crowns

With an imperial voice.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1109.**OPPORTUNITY.—Easily Supplied.**

*Sic.* This, as you say, suggested  
At some time when his soaring insolence  
Shall touch the people, (which time shall  
not want,

If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy,  
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire  
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze  
Shall darken him for ever.

*C.*, II: 1. 1162.**—For wrong Doing Everywhere.**

*Aut.* \* \* Every lane's end, every  
shop, church, session, hanging, yields a  
careful man work.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 608.**—Like the Tide.***Bru.* \* \*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fort-  
une;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries,  
On such a full sea are we now afloat:  
And we must take the current when it  
serves,

Or lose our ventures.

*J. C.*, IV: 3. 1346.**—Plead as an Excuse.***K. John.* \* \*

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes ill deeds done! Hadest not thou been  
by,

A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind:  
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord, —

*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head,  
or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid me tell my tale in express words;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me  
break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought  
fears in me:  
But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin,  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile  
to name.—  
Out of my sight, and never see me more!

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 668.

—Should be Improved.

*Clar.* A little fire is quickly trodden out;  
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 8. 985.

—Wisely Selected.

*Stan.* Take all the swift advantage of  
the hours.

*R. III.*, IV: 1. 1031.

*Men.* I'll undertake it:  
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,  
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts  
me.  
He was not taken well; he had not din'd:  
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have  
stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our  
blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore I'll  
watch him  
Till he be dieted to my request,  
And then I'll set upon him.

*Bru.* You know the very road into his  
kindness,  
And cannot lose your way.

*C.*, V: 1. 1186.

OPPRESSION.—Offensive.

*Hip.* I love not to see wretchedness o'er-  
charg'd,  
And duty in his service perishing.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 342.

—Proved.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may  
prove it by my long ears. I have served  
him from the hour of my nativity to this in-  
stant, and have nothing at his hands for  
my service but blows: when I am cold, he  
heats me with beating; when I am warm, he  
cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it,  
when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit;  
driven out of doors with it, when I go from  
home; welcom'd home with it, when I re-  
turn: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a  
beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when  
he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from  
door to door.

*C. E.*, IV: 4. 207.

—Reinvigorates.

*Fal.* \* \* The camomile, the more it  
is trodden on, the faster it grows.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

*Q. Kath.* \* \* These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note,  
they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear  
them,  
The back is sacrifice to the load.

*H. VIII.*, I: 2. 1060.

—Resistance to.

*Clif.* \* \*  
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.  
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?  
Not his, that spoils her young before her  
face.  
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal  
sting?  
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.  
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden  
on;  
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their  
brood.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 2. 964.

ORDER.—Taught by the Bees.

*Cant.* For so work the honey bees;  
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

*H. V.*, I: 21. 822.

ORIGIN.—Despising our.

*Alb.* O Goneril!  
You are not worth the dust which the rude  
wind

Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition :

That nature, which condemns its origin,  
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;  
She that herself will sliver and disbranch  
From her material sap, perforce must wither,  
And come to deadly use.

*K. L., IV : 2. 1472.*

**ORNAMENT.—Deceptive.**

*Bass. \* \**

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
\* \*

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea.

*M. V., III : 2. 377.*

*Val. \* \**

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's  
mind.

*T. G., III : 1. 60*

**ORPHEUS.—Power of his Music.**

*Q. Kath. \* \**

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing :  
To his music, plants, and flowers,  
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,  
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art ;  
Killing care, and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

*H. VIII., III : 4. 1074.*

**OSTENTATION.—A Maggot.**

*Biron. \* \**

O ! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,  
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue ;  
Nor never come in visor to my friend ;  
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's  
song :

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,  
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
Figures pedantical ; these summer-flies  
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

*L. L., V : 2. 298.*

**—Leads Captive.**

*La Cap. \* \**

That book in many's eyes doth share the  
glory

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story :

*R. J., I : 3. 1246.*

**OUTLAW.—Wretched.**

*Hot. \* \** Sick in the world's regard,  
wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV : 3. 755.*

**OUTLAWS.—Their friendship.**

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's  
fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction !

1 *Out.* We 'll have him ; sirs, a word.

*Speed.* Master, be one of them ; it's an  
honourable kind of thievery.

*Val.* Peace, villain !

2 *Out.* Tell us this : Have you anything  
to take to ?

*Val.* Nothing but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are  
gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth,  
Thrust from the company of awful men :

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentle-  
man,

Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes  
as these.

But to the purpose, — for we cite our faults,  
That they may hold excus'd our lawless  
lives,

And, partly, seeing you are beautified  
With goodly shape ; and by your own report  
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,  
As we do in our quality much want.

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a ban-  
ish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :  
Are you content to be our general ?

To make a virtue of necessity,  
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou ? wilt thou be  
of our consort ?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all :

We 'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,  
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy,  
thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what  
we have offer'd.

*Val.* I take your offer, and will live with you,  
Provided that you do no outrages  
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.  
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,  
And show thee all the treasure we have got;  
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

*T. G.*, IV: 1. 65.

#### OVERREACHING.—Punished.

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric;  
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*H.*, V: 2. 1436.

*Glo.*  
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,  
The king was sllily finger'd from the deck!

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 1. 987.

#### OVERSHOOTING.

*Ham.* \* \*  
I have shot my arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother.

*H.*, V: 2. 1435.

#### OVERTHROW.—Sudden.

*Sal.* \* \*  
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,  
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!

*R. II.*, II: 4. 699.

#### OVERTURES.—Dishonorable, Resented.

*K. Edw.* Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,  
I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

*L. Grey.* And that is more than I will yield unto:

I know, I am too mean to be your queen:  
And yet too good to be your concubine.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 2. 973.

## P

#### PAIN.—Lessened by Another's Anguish.

*Ben.* Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,  
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;  
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;  
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:  
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,  
And the rank poison of the old will die.

*R. J.*, I: 2. 1245.

#### —Quickens Intellect.

*K. Hen.* 'T is good for men to love their present pains,  
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:  
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 840.

#### —Soon Forgotten.

*York.* Old Salisbury, who can report of him;  
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time;  
And, like a gallant in the bloom of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion?

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., V: 3. 945.

#### PAINTING.—Admirable.

*Poet.* Admirable: How this grace  
Speaks his own standing; what a mental power  
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination  
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture  
One might interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch: Is't good?

*Poet.* I'll say of it,  
It tutors nature: artificial strife  
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1286.



## —Appreciated.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man;  
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,  
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are  
Even such as they give out. I like your  
work;  
And you shall find, I like it.

*T. A., I: 1. 1288.*

## PARAGON.—A Male.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:  
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
To try your taking of a false report; which  
hath  
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment  
In the election of a sir so rare.

*Cym., I: 7. 1597.*

## —The Object of Love.

*Rom.* \* \*  
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun  
Ne'er saw her match, since the world begun.

*R. J., I: 2. 1245.*

## PARASITE.—His Employment.

*Tra.* O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like  
his greyhound,  
Which runs himself, and catches for his  
master.

*T. S., V: 2. 482.*

*Pro.* \* \* He was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd my verdure out on 't.

*T., I: 2. 9.*

## —Reproached.

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a  
fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's.

*A. C., III: 11. 1566.*

## —Shortens Time.

*Pol.* \* \*  
He makes a July's day short as December.

*W. T., I: 2. 683.*

## PARDON.—Kingly.

*Duch.* Nay, do not say—stand up;  
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.  
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,  
Pardon—should be the first word of thy  
speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;  
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:  
The word is short, but not so short as  
sweet;

No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so  
meet.

*York.* Speak it in French, king; say  
“*pardonnez moy.*”

*Duch.* Dost thou teach pardon pardon to  
destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,  
That sett'st the word itself against the  
word!—

Speak, pardon, as 't is current in our land;  
The chopping French we do not understand.  
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue  
there:

Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine  
ear;

That, hearing how our plants and prayers  
do pierce,

Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

*Boling.* Good aunt, stand up.

*Duch.* I do not sue to stand,  
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

*Boling.* I pardon him, as God shall pardon  
me.

*Duch.* O happy vantage of a kneeling  
knee!

Yet I am sick for fear: speak it again;  
Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon  
twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

*Boling.* With all my heart

I pardon him.

*Duch.* A god on earth thou art.

*R. II., V: 3. 715.*

## —Prayed, for Enemies.

*Glo.* \* \* \*

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

*Riv.* A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that have done scath to us.

*R. III., I: 4. 1010.*

**PARENTAGE.—Sorrow at.***Jes. \* \**

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,  
To be asham'd to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners :

*M. V., II: 3. 370.***PARENTS.—Blessed by Children.***Lor. \* \**

If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake :  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,—  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.

*M. V., II: 4. 370.***PARTING.—Hasty.***Mor. \* \**

Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.

*M. V., II: 7. 373.**Pro. \* \**

Julia, farewell!—What! gone without a  
word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;  
For truth hath better deeds than words to  
grace it.

*T. G., II: 2. 54*

*Jul.* Farewell!—God knows when we  
shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my  
veins,  
That almost, almost freezes up the heat of  
life.

*R. J., IV: 3. 1270.***—Sorrowful.**

*Q. Mar. \* \** Even thus two friends  
condemn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand  
leaves,  
Loather a hundred times to part than die.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 930.***PASSION.—Destroys Itself.**

*K. Hen. \* \** Give him line and scope :  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 800.***—Ties the Tongue.**

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights  
upon my tongue?

*A. Y., I: 2. 412.***—Woman's, Feigned.**

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish, that I would  
make her turn :

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir,  
weep :

And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,  
Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.  
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted pas-  
sion!

*O., IV: 1. 1521.***PASSIONS.—Bad, Mistake Tools.***K. John. \* \**

Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.

*K. J., IV: 2. 668.***PAST.—Without Remedy.**

*Mac. \* \** Things without remedy,  
Should be without regard: what's done, is  
done.

*M., III: 2. 1370.***PATCHING.—Only Mends.**

*Clo. \* \** Anything that's mended is  
but patched: virtue that transgresses is  
but patched with sin; and sin that amends  
is but patched with virtue.

*T. N., I: 5. 544.***PATIENCE.—A Nurse.**

*Pro.* Cease to lament for that thou canst  
not help,  
And study help for that which thou la-  
ment'st.

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

*T. G., III: 1. 62.***—Becomes Despair.**

*Duch.* Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is  
despair.

*R. II., I: 2. 637.*

—**Cowardice Mistaken for.***Duch.* \* \* \*

That which in mean men we entitle—pa-  
tience,

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

*R. II., I: 2. 687.*—**Deeply Wronged.***Leon.* \* \* Men

Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief  
Which they themselves not feel; but, tast-  
ing it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,  
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,  
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:  
No, no; 't is all men's office to speak pa-  
tience

To those that wring under the load of sor-  
row:

But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
To be so moral, when he shall endure  
The like himself: therefore give me no  
counsel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

*M. A., V: 1. 249.*—**Essential to Success.**

*Pan.* \* \* He, that will have a cake  
out of the wheat, must needs tarry the  
grinding.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the grinding; but you must  
tarry the bolting.

*Tro.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* Ay, the bolting; but you must  
tarry the leavening.

*Tro.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* Ay, to the leavening; but here's  
yet in the word—hereafter, the kneading,  
the making of the cake, the heating of the  
oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay  
the cooling too, or you may chance to burn  
your lips.

*Tro.* Patience herself, what goddess e'er  
she be, doth lesser blench at sufferance than  
I do.

*T. C., I: 1. 1102.*—**How Exhausted.**

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wil-  
ful-blame;

And since your coming hither have done  
enough

To put him quite beside his patience.

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this  
fault:

Though sometimes it shows greatness, cour-  
age, blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders  
you,)

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
Defect of manners, want of government,  
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:  
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a  
stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
Beguiling them of commendation.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 746.*—**Invoked.***Isab.* And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,  
Keep me in patience; and, with ripened  
time,

Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up  
In countenance!

*M. M., V: 1. 171.*—**Looking like.***Per.* \* \* Yet thou dost look

Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and  
smiling

Extremity out of act.

*P., V: 1. 1668.*—**Noted.***Gui.* I do note,

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

*Cym., IV: 2. 1615.*—**Opposed to Fury.***Ant.* \* \* I do oppose

My patience to his fury; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*M. V., IV: 1. 382.*—**Plods.**

*Nym.* \* \* It must be as it may;  
though patience be a tired mare, yet she  
will plod.

*H. V., II: 1. 825.*

## —Poor without it.

*Iago.* How poor are they, that have not  
patience!—  
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?  
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by  
witchcraft;  
And wit depends on dilatory time.  
Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten  
thee,  
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd  
Cassio:  
Though other things grow fair against the  
sun,  
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be  
ripe.

O., II: 3. 1508.

## —Recommended.

*Queen.* \* \* O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience.

H., III: 4. 1419.

## —Smiling at Grief.

*Vio.* \* \*  
She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

T. N., II: 4. 551.

## PATRIOTISM.—A Mother's.

*Vol.* \* \* Had I a dozen sons,—each  
in my love alike, and none less dear than  
thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather  
had eleven die nobly for their country, than  
one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

C., I: 3. 1153.

## —National

*Mar.* \* \*  
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

T. A., I: 2. 1203.

*Vol.* \* \*  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy coun-  
try's,  
Thy God's, and truth's.

H. VIII., III: 2. 1082.

## PATRIOTS.—Their Grief.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee! wear  
thou thy wrongs.

*Mal.* \* \*  
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;

It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds. I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious England, have I of-  
fer

Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor coun-  
try

Shall have more vices than it had before:  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than  
ever,

By him that shall succeed.

M., IV: 3. 1378.

## PEACE.—A Comma between Amities.

*Ham.* \* \*  
As peace should still her wheaten garland  
wear,  
And stand a comma 'tween their amities.

H. V., 2. 1433.

## —A Ground of Joy.

*P. John.* The word of peace is render'd:  
Hark, how they shout!

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful, after vic-  
tory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a con-  
quest;

For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 798.

## —Cause of Effeminacy.

*2 Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stir-  
ring world again. This peace is nothing, but  
to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed bal-  
lad-makers.

*1 Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it ex-  
ceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's  
sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent.  
Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled,  
deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bas-  
tard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

C., IV: 5. 1182.

## —Conditions of Lasting.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true:—  
And therefore be assur'd, my good lord mar-  
shal,

If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 797.



## —Conduct becoming.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
As modest stillness, and humility.

*H. V., III: 1. 831.*

## —Commanded.

*May.* Nought rests for me, in this tumult-  
uous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—  
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

*Off.* "All manner of men, assembled here  
in arms this day, against God's peace and the  
king's, we charge and command you, in his  
highness' name, to repair to your several  
dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or  
use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, hence-  
forward, upon pain of death."

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 3. 869.*

## —Effeminate.

*York.* \* \*

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

*H. VI., 1 pt., V: 4. 896.*

## —From above.

*Sooth.*

The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace.

*Cym., V: 5. 1632.*

## —Hatred of.

*Mal.* \* \*

Had I power, I should  
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
Uproar the universal peace, confound  
All unity on earth.

*M., IV: 3. 1379.*

## —Impossible.

*Pand.* \* \*

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the  
tongue,  
A cased lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou  
dost hold.

*K. J., III: 1. 659.*

## —Its fat Ribs.

*K. John.* \* \* The fat ribs of peace.*K. J., III: 3. 661.*

## —Its gentle Eyes.

*Bast.* And snarleth in the gentle eyes of  
peace.

*K. J., IV: 3. 670.*

## —Love's Reviver.

*Claud.* \* \*

But now I am return'd, and that war-  
thoughts

Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,  
Saying, —I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

*M. A., I: 2. 228.*

## —Perpetual.

*Richm.* \* \*

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous  
friends.

To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*R. III., V: 2. 1042.*

## —Scatters Armies.

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd al-  
ready:

Like youthful steers unyoked, they take  
their courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school  
broke up,

Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-  
place.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 798.*

## —Soldiers never Pray for.

*1 Gent.* \* \* There's not a soldier of us  
all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat,  
doth relish the petition well that prays for  
peace.

*M. M., I: 2. 144.*

## —Time to Prepare for War.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:

For peace itself should not so dull a king-  
dom,

(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were  
in question,)

But that defences, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and col-  
lected,

As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth,

To view the sick and feeble parts of France :  
And let us do it with no show of fear ;  
No, with no more, than if we heard that  
England

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance.

*H. V., II: 4. 829.*

—Universal.

*West. \* \**

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
But peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

*H. IV., 2pt., IV: 4. 801.*

PEACEMAKERS.—Blessed.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you : and  
with those

That would make good of bad, and friends  
of foes.

*M., II: 4. 1368.*

PEDANTRY.—A Scholastic.

*Mar.* Like a pedant that keeps  
a school i' the church.

*T. N., III: 2. 557.*

—Catechetical.

*Boyet.*

By heaven, that thou art fair is most infallible ;  
true, that thou art beauteous : truth itself, that thou  
art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than  
beauteous, truer than truth itself, have commiseration  
on thy heroical vassal ! The magnanimous and  
most illustre king *Cophetua* set eye on the pernicious  
and indubitate beggar *Penelophon* ; and he it  
was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici* ; which  
to annotanize in the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar !)  
*videlicet*, he came, saw, and overcame : he  
came, one ; saw, two ; overcame, three. Who came ?  
the king ; Why did he come ? to see ; Why did he  
see ? to overcome : To whom came he ? to the beggar ;  
What saw he ? the beggar : Who overcame  
he ? the beggar : The conclusion is victory : On  
whose side ? the king's : the captive is enrich'd ; On  
whose side ? the beggar's : The catastrophe is a  
nuptial ; On whose side ? the king's ? — no, on both  
in one, or one in both. I am the king ; for so stands  
the comparison : thou the beggar ; for so witnesseth  
thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love ? I  
may : Shall I enforce thy love ? I could : Shall I  
entreat thy love ? I will : What shalt thou exchange  
for rags ? robes ; For titles, titles ; For thyself ?  
me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips  
on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart  
on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,  
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*L. L., IV: 1. 283.*

—Described by a Pedant.

*Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te* : His  
humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory,  
his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait  
majestical, and his general behaviour vain,  
ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too  
picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as  
it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

*Nath.* A most singular and choice epithet.

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his  
verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.  
I abhor such fanatical fantasms, such insociable  
and point-devise companions ; such rackers of  
orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he  
should say, doubt ; det, when he should pronounce  
debt ; — d, e, b, t ; not d, e, t : — he clepeth  
a calf, cauf ; half, hauf ; neighbor, *vocatur*,  
nebour ; neigh abbreviated, ne. This is  
abominable (which he would call abominable)  
: it insinuateth me of insanie ; *Ne intelligis*,  
*domine* ? to make frantic, lunatic.

*Nath.* *Laus Deo ! bone intelligo.*

*Hol.* *Bone* ? — *bone* for *bene* : Priscian  
a little scratch'd ; 'twill serve.

*L. L., V: 1. 291.*

—Loves big Words.

*Host. \* \**

He 'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* unto  
thee.

*M. W., IV: 5. 114.*

PEDLER.—A Versatile.

*Serv.* He hath ribands of all the colours  
i' the rainbow ; points, more than all the  
lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,  
though they come to him by the gross ; inkles,  
caddisses, cambrics, lawns ; why, he  
sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses ;  
you would think a smock were a she-angel :  
he so chants to the sleeve-hand, and the  
work about the square on 't.

*W. T., IV: 3. 603.*

PEEVISHNESS.—Protest against.

*Gra.*

Let me play the fool :

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles  
come ;

And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.

Why should a man, whose blood is warm  
within,

Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?

Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the  
jaundice

By being peevish ?

*M. V., I: 1. 362.*

PENALTIES.—Held in Terror.

*Duke.*

Now, as fond fathers,

Having bound up the threatening twigs of  
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use, in time the rod  
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd; so our  
decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

*M. M.*, I: 4. 6.

—Slumbering.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes, and most  
biting laws,  
(The needful bits and curbs to headstrong  
steeds,)  
Which for this fourteen years we have let  
sleep;  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey.

*M. M.*, I: 3. 146.

PEOPLE.—The.

*Cor.* \* \* The beast  
With many heads butts me away.

*C.*, IV: 1. 1177.

PERCEPTION.—Unrecognized.

*Luc.* Ay, madam, you may say what  
sights you see;  
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

*T. G.*, I: 2. 50.

PERFECTION.—In Woman.

*Ant.* \* \*  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

*P.*, I: 1. 1642.

—Of Manhood.

*Ant.* \* \*  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand  
up,  
And say to all the world, "This was a  
man!"

*J. C.*, V: 5. 1352.

*Iach.* \* \* The love I bear him  
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made  
you,  
Unlike all others, chaffless.

*Cym.*, I: 7. 1597.

—Out of Defect.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the public street:  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and  
panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*A. C.*, II: 2. 1550.

PERFIDY.—Its Punishment.

*Men.* \* \* You are they  
That made the air unwholesome, when you  
cast  
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at  
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;  
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
Which will not prove a whip; as many  
coxcombs,  
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,  
And pay you for your voices. 'T is no  
matter;  
If he could burn us all into one coal,  
We have deserv'd it.

*C.*, IV: 6. 1184.

PERIL.—Extreme.

*Lucy.* \* \*  
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,  
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV: 3. 887.

—Revealed.

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more  
And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
As full of peril and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

PERILS.—Great.

*Ant.* \* \* Brutus and Cassius,  
Are levying powers: we must straight make  
head:  
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means  
stretch'd out;  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*J. C.*, IV: 1. 1343.

**PERJURER.—Deliverance by a.**

*Sil.* Had I been seized by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me!  
O, heaven be judge how I love Valentine,  
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul;  
And full as much (for more there cannot  
be)

I do detest false perjur'd Proteus:  
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

*T. G.*, V: 4. 71.

**PERJURY.—Punished.**

*Biron.* Thus pour the stars down plagues  
for perjury.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 298.

**PERMISSION.—Equal to Command.**

*Duke.* \* \*

Sith 't was my fault to give the people  
scope,  
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall  
them

For what I bid them do: For we bid this be  
done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
And not the punishment.

*M. M.*, I: 3. 146.

**PERPLEXITY.—Caused by Enemies.**

*K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt  
Cade and York distress'd;  
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tem-  
pest,  
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a  
pirate.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 9. 940.

**PERSEVERANCE.—Commended.**

*Queen.* \* \*

Prefer you to his daughter: Frame your-  
self

To orderly solicits; and be friended  
With aptness of the season: make denials  
Increase your services: so seem, as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
You tender to her; that you in all obey  
her,  
Save when command to your dismissal  
tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Cym.*, II: 3. 1600.

**—Defies Repulse.**

*Ant.* \* \*

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose  
That you resolv'd t' effect.

*T.*, III: 3. 24.

**—Ends in Success.**

*Mess.* \* \*

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;  
And many strokes, though with a little  
ax,  
Hew down and fell the hardest timber'd  
oak.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

**PERSISTENCE.—A Woman's.**

*Lady.* \* \*

I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll  
Have more, or else unsay 't. Now, while 'tis  
hot.  
I'll put it to the issue.

*H. VIII.*, V: 1. 1089.

**—Demands a Time.**

*Des.* But shall 't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night; or  
Tuesday morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday  
morn.

\* \* When shall he come?

Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,  
What you could ask me, that I should  
deny,

Or stand so mammering on.

*O.*, III: 3. 1510.

**—In one Idea.**

*Ham.* "O Jephthah, judge of Israel,"—  
what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What a treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why—"One fair daughter, and no  
more,

The which he loved passing well."

*Pol.* Still on my daughter.



*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love passing well.

*H.*, II: 2. 1407.

—In Seeking Audience.

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* 'Has been told so; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, or be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

*T. N.*, I: 5. 545.

—In Wrong.

*Hect.* \* \* Thus to persist  
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy.

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1115.

**PERSONALITY.—Identified by Mark.**

*Iach.* \* \* On her left breast,  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I' the bottom of a cowslip.

*Cym.*, II: 2. 1599.

—Its dwelling place.

*Rom.* \* \* O tell me, friar, tell me,  
In what vile part of this anatomy  
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack  
The hateful mansion.

*R. J.*, III: 3. 1263.

—Lost in the Mass.

*Ant. S.* \* \*  
I to the world am like a drop of water,  
That in the ocean seeks another drop;  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.

*C. E.*, I: 2. 194.

**PERSUASION.—Power of.**

*Claud.* \* \* Bid herself assay him;  
I have great hope in that: for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,  
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

*M. M.*, I: 2. 146.

**PESTILENCE.—Sure Death.**

*Scar.* \* \* Like the token'd pestilence,  
Where death is sure.

*A. C.*, III: 8. 1563.

**PETARD.—Hoisting its Engineer.**

*Ham.* \* \*  
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar.

*H.*, III: 4. 1420.

**PETITIONS.—For Justice.**

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these?  
Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent

Of regal justice, us'd in such contempt?  
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,

However these disturbers of our peace  
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons  
Of old Andronicus.

\* \*

And now he writes to heaven for his redress:

See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;  
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:  
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!

What 's this, but libelling against the senate,  
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?  
A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.

*Tit. And.*, IV: 4. 1223.

**PHARISEEISM.—In Governments.**

*Claud.* \* \* But this new governor  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,  
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung  
by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,  
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me; — 'tis surely, for a name.

*M. M.*, I: 3. 146.

**PHILOSOPHER.—Tooth-ache Con-  
quers.**

*Leon.* \* \*

For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently.

*M. A.*, V: 1. 249.

**PHILOSOPHY.—Adversity's Milk.**

*Fri.* Adversity's sweet milk, philoso-  
phy.

*R. J.*, III: 3. 1263.

**—Natural.**

*Touch.* \* \* Hast any philosophy in  
thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more, but that I know, the more  
one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and  
that he that wants money, means, and con-  
tent, is without three good friends: That the  
property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn:  
That good pasture makes fat sheep, and that  
a great cause of the night is lack of the sun:  
That he that hath learned no wit by nature  
nor art, may complain of good breeding, or  
comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philoso-  
pher.

*A. F.*, III: 2. 421.

**—Things it never Dreams of.**

*Ham.* \* \*

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

*H.*, I: 5. 1406.

**PHYSIC.—Rejected.**

*Macb.* Throw physic to the dogs, I'll  
none of it.

*M.*, V: 3. 1383.

**—Source of Wretchedness.**

*Lear.* \* \* Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.

*K. L.*, III: 4. 1465.

**PICTURES.—Perfect.**

*2 Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will  
fetch thee straight  
Adonis, painted by a running brook;  
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,  
Which seem to move and wanton with her  
breath

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

*Lord.* We'll show thee Io, as she was a  
maid;

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,  
As lively painted as the deed was done.

*3 Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a  
thorny wood;  
Scratching her legs that one shall swear she  
bleeds;

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,  
So workmanly the blood and tears are  
drawn.

*T. S.*: Ind.; 2. 453.

**PIETY.—Blackens Evil.**

*Leon.* \* \* How he glisters

Through my rust! and how his piety  
Does my deeds make the blacker!

*W. T.*, III: 2. 595.

**PIRATES.—Famous.**

*Mess.* \* \*

Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they ear  
and wound  
With keels of every kind.

*A. C.*, I: 4. 1545.

**PITLESSNESS.—An Adversary's.**

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee: thou art  
come to answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 382.

**PITY.—A Hindrance to Crime.**

*Hub.* \* \*

How now, foolish rheum,  
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!  
I must be brief; let resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish  
tears.

*K. J.*, IV: 1. 664.

— (See Forbearance.) **A new-born Babe.**

*Macb.* \* \* \*

And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast.

*M.*, I: 7. 1362.

— **Abused.**

*Leon.* \* \* \*

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,  
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime  
To harder bosoms!

*W. T.*, I: 2. 582.

— **Drives out Pity.**

*Bru.* O Antony! beg not your death of  
us,

Though now we must appear bloody and  
cruel,

As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have  
done:

Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your  
part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark  
Antony:

Our arms in strength of malice, and our  
hearts,

Of brother's temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and re-  
verence.

*J. C.*, III: 1. 1337.

— **Excite, how to.**

*Duke.* \* \* \* Stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall  
grow,  
Till thou have audience.

*T. N.*, I: 4. 543.

— **Excited by Beauty.**

*Oth.* \* \* \* Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

*O.*, V: 2. 1528.

— **Excited by Shipwreck.**

*Mir.* \* \* \* O, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

Who had no doubt some noble creature in  
her,

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they  
perish'd.

Had I been any god of power, I would  
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere  
It should the good ship so have swallow'd,  
and

The freighting souls within her.

*T.*, I: 2. 8.

— **Grows passionate.**

*Auf.* \* \* \* O, let me twine

Mine arm about that body, where against  
My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,  
And scar'd the moon with splinters.

*C.*, IV: 5. 1181.

— **Implored.**

*Puc.* Look on thy country \* \* \*

As looks the mother on her lovely babe,  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 883.

— **Invoked.**

*Imo.* \* \* \* But if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1618.

— **Invoked of Stones.**

*Q. Eliz.* Stay yet; look back, with me,  
unto the Tower. —

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,  
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!  
Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow  
For tender princes, use my babies well!  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

*R. III.*, IV: 1. 1031.

— **Shown in Justice.**

*Isab.* Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all, when I show  
justice;

For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;  
And do him right, that, answering one foul  
wrong,

Lives not to act another.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 152.

## —The Virtue of the Law.

*Ald.* \* \* Pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.

*T. A.*, III: 5. 1301.

## —Timely.

*York.* \* \*

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,  
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;  
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling  
tears,

And say, — Alas, it was a piteous deed!

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

**PLAGIARISM.—Of Pedants.**

*Moth.* They have been at a great feast  
of langaues, and stol'n the scraps.

\* \*

*Cost.* O, they have liv'd long on the  
alms-basket of words!

*L. L.*, V: 1. 292.

*Biron.* This fellow picks up wit, as pig-  
eons peas,  
And utters it again when Jove doth please.  
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares  
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets,  
fairs.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 297.

**PLAGUE.—Quickly Caught.**

*Oli.* \* \*

Even so quickly, may one catch the plague.

*T. N.*, I: 5. 547.

**PLAUSIBILITY.—Its deceptive Power.**

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he  
will:  
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises; that were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my  
tongue.

*Tit. And.*, IV: 4. 1225.

**PLEASURE.—Its Minimum.**

*Bene.* You take pleasure, then, in the  
message?

*Beat.* Yea, just so much as you may  
take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw  
withal. You have no stomach, signior?  
fare you well.

*M. A.*, II: 2. 237.

## —Time Shortened by.

*Iago.* \* \*

Pleasure and action, make the hours seem  
short.

*O.*, II: 3. 1508.

## —Universal.

*Clo.* It is like a barber's chair that fits  
all.

*A. W.*, II: 2. 504.

**PLODDING.—Tiresome.**

*Biron.* \* \*

Why, universal plodding prisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries;  
As motion, and long-during action, tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 290.

**POET.—His Powers.**

*The.* \* \*

And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's  
pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy  
nothing

A local habitation and a name.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 341

**POETRY.—Insincerity of.**

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry  
is the most feigning; and lovers are given  
to poetry; and what they swear in poetry,  
may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*A. Y.*, III: 3. 425.

## —Love-sick.

*Duke.* Ay, much is the force of heaven-  
bred poesy.

*Pro.* Say that upon the altar of her  
beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your  
heart:

Write till your ink be dry; and with your  
tears

Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,  
That may discover such integrity:

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets'  
sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and  
stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans



Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on  
sands.

After your dire lamenting elegies,  
Visit by night your lady's chamber-win-  
dow

With some sweet consort: to their instru-  
ments

Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead  
silence

Will well become such sweet complaining  
grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

*T. G.*, III: 2. 64.

#### —Spirit of, Invoked.

*Arm.* \* \* Assist me, some extempo-  
ral god of rhyme, for I am sure, I shall turn  
sonneteer. Devise, wit! write, pen! for I  
am for whole volumes in folio.

*L. L.*, I: 2. 276.

#### —Spontaneity of True.

*Poet.* A thing slipp'd idly from me.  
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes  
From whence 't is nourish'd: The fire i'  
the flint  
Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle  
flame  
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies  
Each bound it chases.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1286.

#### —That Sets the Teeth on Edge.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of it with all  
my heart;  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mon-  
gers:  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on an axletree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on  
edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;  
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling  
nag.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

#### POISON.—Instant and Fatal.

*Rom.* Come hither, man.—I see that  
thou art poor;  
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have

A dram of poison; such soon-speeding geer  
As will disperse itself through all the  
veins,

That the life-weary taker may fall dead;  
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of  
breath

As violently, as hasty powder fir'd  
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*R. J.*, V: 1. 1274.

#### —Obtained by Pretences.

*Queen.* Despatch. —

Now, master doctor; have you brought  
those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here  
they are, madam;

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;  
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore  
you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous  
compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing  
death;

But, though slow, deadly?

*Queen.* I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I  
not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me  
how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea,  
so,

That our great king himself doth woo me  
oft

For my confections? Having thus far pro-  
ceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is 't not  
meet

That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures  
as

We count not worth the hanging, (but none  
human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply  
Allayments to their act, and by them gather  
Their several virtues, and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard  
your heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

*Cym.*, I: 6. 1594.

**—Stealthy.***Ghost.* \* \*

The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man.  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses  
through

The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it  
mine;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome  
crust,  
All my smooth body.

*H.*, I: 5. 1400.**POISONER.—A would-be.***Cor.* I do not like her. She doth think,  
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her  
spirit,

And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those she  
has,

Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats,  
and dogs;

Then afterward up higher; but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect.

*Cym.*, I: 6. 1505.**POLICY.—Above Conscience.***1 Stran.* \* \* But I perceive,

Men most learn now with pity to dispense:  
For policy sits above conscience.

*T. A.*, III: 2. 1298.**POLITICIAN.—A Dissembler.***Lear.* \* \* Get thee glass eyes;

And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.

*K. L.*, IV: 6. 1476.**POMP.—Earthly.***Nor.* \* \*

All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods.

\* \*

Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubims, all gilt.

*H. VIII.*, I: 1. 1057.**POOR.—Have strong Breaths.**

*1 Cit.* \* \* They say poor suitors have  
strong breaths; they shall know we have  
strong arms too.

*Cor.*, I: 1. 1149.**POPULACE.—A poor Dependence.**

*Ant.* \* \* Our slippery people  
(Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,  
Till his deserts are past.)

*A. C.*, I: 2. 1543.*Arch.*

Let us on;

And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own  
choice,

Their over greedy love hath surfeited:—

A habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he; that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 3. 779.**—Has no Knowledge.**

*Vol.* I would, he had? —'T was you in-  
cens'd the rabble:

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,

As I can of those mysteries which heaven

Will not have earth to know.

*C.*, IV: 2. 1178.**POPULARITY.—How Obtained.**

*K. Rich.* He is our cousin, cousin; but  
't is doubt,

When time shall call him home from ban-  
ishment,

Whether our kinsman come to see his  
friends.

Ourselves, and Bushy, Bagot here, and  
Green,

Observ'd his courtship to the common peo-  
ple:—

How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

With humble and familiar courtesy;

What reverence he did throw away on  
slaves;

Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of  
smiles,

And patient underbearing of his fortune,

As 't were, to banish their affects with  
him.

Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;

A brace of draymen bid—God speed him  
well,

And had the tribute of his supple knee,  
With—"Thanks, my countrymen, my lov-  
ing friends;"—

As were our England in reversion his,  
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

*R. II., I: 4. 691.*

#### POPULATION.—Tends to Poverty.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we  
were Christians enow before: e'en as many  
as could well live, one by another. This  
making of Christians will raise the price of  
hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we  
shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals  
for money.

*M. V., III: 5. 381.*

#### PORTENTS.—Admonitory

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men  
put on their cloaks;  
When great leaves fall, then winter is at  
hand;

When the sun sets, who doth not look for  
night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full  
of fear:

You cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is  
it so:

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see  
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.  
But leave it all to God.

*R. III., II: 3. 1018.*

#### —Braving Them.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens  
menace so?

*Cas.* Those, that have known the earth  
so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the  
streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd  
to open

The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much  
tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*J. C., I: 3. 1327.*

#### —Foolish to Notice.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my na-  
tivity,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; and, at my birth,  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done  
At the same season, if your mother's cat  
had

But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been  
born.

*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when  
I was born.

*Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my  
mind,

If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the  
earth did tremble.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 744.*

#### —Interpreted.

*Cas.* \* \*

Why all these fires, why all these gliding  
ghosts,

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and  
kind;

Why old men fools, and children calculate;  
Why all these things change, from their or-  
dinance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  
That heaven hath infus'd them with these  
spirits,

To make them instruments of fear, and warn-  
ing,

Unto some monstrous state. Now could I,  
Casca,

Name to thee a man most like this dreadful  
night;

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and  
roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself or me,

In personal action; yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'T is Cæsar that you mean: Is it  
not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is.

*J. C., I: 3. 1327.*

—Of approaching Danger.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me. There is one  
within,

Besides the things that we have heard and  
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the  
watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets:  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their  
dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of  
war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;  
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the  
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*J. C., II: 2. 1333.*

—Of Evil.

*K. Rich.* \* \* \*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calen-  
dar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.*

Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,  
He should have brav'd the east an hour  
ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.—  
*Ratcliff,*—

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day;  
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.  
I would, these dewy tears were from the  
ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,  
More than to Richmond? for the self-same  
heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

*R. III., V: 3. 1045.*

—Of Misfortune.

*Cap.* 'T is thought, the king is dead; we  
will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,  
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;  
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the  
earth,

And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful  
change;

Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and  
leap,—

The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,  
The other, to enjoy by rage and war;  
These signs forerun the death or fall of  
kings.

*R. II., II: 4. 699.*

—The Teaching of heavenly.

*Edw.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three  
suns?

*Rich.* Three glorious suns, each one a  
perfect sun;

Not separated with the racking clouds,  
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to  
kiss,

As if they vow'd some league inviolable:  
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one  
sun.

In this the heaven figures some event.

*Edw.* 'T is wondrous strange, the like yet  
never heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;  
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,  
Each one already blazing by our meeds,  
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights to-  
gether,

And over-shine the earth, as this the  
world.

Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I  
bear

Upon my target three fair shining suns.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 962.*

—Their Significance.

*Clæ.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb  
between:

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say, it did so, a little time before  
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and  
died.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.*



*Casca.* \* \* O Cicero,  
I have seen tempests, when the scolding  
winds  
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and  
foam,  
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :  
But never till to-night, never till now,  
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;  
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you anything more won-  
derful ?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him  
well by sight,)  
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and  
burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,  
Without annoying me : And there were drawn  
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
Transformed with their fear; who swore,  
they saw  
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the  
streets.

And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodig-  
ies  
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
"These are their reasons, — They are natu-  
ral;"

For, I believe, they are portentous things  
Unto the climate that they point upon.

*J. C.*, I : 3. 1326.

#### PORTRAIT — Lover's Devotion to a.

*Pro.* Madam, if your heart be so obdu-  
rate,  
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,  
The picture that is hanging in your cham-  
ber;  
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and  
weep :  
For, since the substance of your perfect self  
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,  
And to your shadow will I make true love.

*T. G.*, IV : 2. 67.

#### —The Eloquence of a perfect.

*Bass.* \* \*

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god  
Hath come so near creation ? Move these  
eyes ?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,  
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar  
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in  
her hairs,

The painter plays the spider; and hath woven  
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,  
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: But her  
eyes, —

How could he see to do them? having made  
one,

Methinks it should have power to steal both  
his,

And leave itself unfurnish'd.

*M. V.*, III : 2. 377.

#### POSITION. — Demands Respect.

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and  
let the devil  
Be sometime honour'd for his burning  
throne!

*M. M.*, V : 1. 173.

#### —Gives Importance.

*Q. Mar.* \* \*

Small curs are not regarded, when they  
grin;

But great men tremble, when the lion  
roars;

And Humphrey is no little man in England.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III : 1. 922.

#### —Subordinate, inevitable.

*Dogb.* \* \* Well said, i' faith, neigh-  
bour Verges : — well, God's a good man; an  
two men ride of a horse, one must ride be-  
hind.

*M. A.*, III : 5. 243.

#### POSSESSED. — With five Fiends.

*Edg.* \* \* Five fiends have been in  
poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*;  
*Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*,  
of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibber-  
tigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since  
possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.

*K. L.*, IV : 1. 1471.

**POSSESSION —Belongs to Power.**

*K. Rich.* Well you deserve:—they well  
deserve to have,  
That know the strong'st and surest way to  
get.

*R. II., III: 3. 705.*

**—Not always of Right.**

*Eli.* Your strong possession, much more  
than your right;  
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me;  
So much my conscience whispers in your  
ear;  
Which none but heaven, and you, and I,  
shall hear.

*K. J., I: 1. 646.*

**POVERTY. —Contented, is Rich.**

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich  
enough:  
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe de-  
fend  
From jealousy!

*O., III: 3. 1511.*

**—Diminishes Power.**

*Phry.* Thy lips rot oft!  
*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then the rot  
returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to  
this change?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting  
light to give:  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*T. A., IV: 3. 1306.*

**—Honest, Enriched.**

*Tim.* The man is honest.  
*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:  
His honesty rewards him in itself,  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt:  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity 's in youth.

\* \*

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd  
me long;

To build his fortune, I will strain a little,  
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy  
daughter:

What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*T. A., I: 1. 1288.*

**—Incentive to Crime.**

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but  
Mantua's law  
Is death, to any he that utters them:

*Rom.* Art thou so bare, and full of  
wretchedness,  
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,  
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,  
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back;  
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's  
law;

The world affords no law to make thee rich;  
Then be not poor, but break it, and take  
this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, con-  
sents.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy  
will.

*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you  
will,  
And drink it off; and, if you had the  
strength  
Of twenty men, it would despatch you  
straight.

*R. J., V: 1. 1274.*

**—Its Distractions.**

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul:  
and she says, up and down the town, that  
her eldest son is like you: she hath been in  
good case, and the truth is, poverty hath  
distracted her. But for these foolish officers,  
I beseech you, I may have redress against  
them.

*H. IV., 2 pt., II: 1. 781.*

**—Its Plea.**

*Val.* Then know, that I have little wealth  
to lose;  
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;  
My riches are these poor habiliments,  
Of which if you should here disfurnish  
me,  
You take the sum and substance that I  
have.

*T. G., IV: 1. 65.*

## —Not desirable.

*Clo.* No, madam, 't is not so well that I am poor; though many of the rich are damn'd.

*A. W.*, I: 3. 499.

## —Revenge itself in Words.

1 *Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings

*T. A.*, III: 4. 1300.

## —Walks alone.

*Serv.* As we do turn our backs From our companion thrown into his grave, So his familiars to his buried fortunes Sink all away; leave their false vows with him,

Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,

A dedicated beggar to the air, With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty, Walks like contempt, alone.

*T. A.*, IV: 2. 1304.

## POWER.—Disarmed.

*Hast.* \* \*

So that his power, like a fangless lion, May offer, but not hold.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 1. 797.

## —Its Tyranny.

*York.* \* \*

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., V: 1. 943.

## —Magnanimously Restrained.

*Bast.* \* \*

That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch:

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells:

To crouch in litter of your stable planks;

To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks.

*K. J.*, V: 2. 673.

## —Personified.

*Cas.* \* \* Now could I, Casca, Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and wars

As doth the lion in the Capitol.

*J. C.*, I. 3. 1327.

## —Prematurely Grasped.

*Prin. Hen.* \* \* My gracious lord! my father!—

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep, That from this golden rigo hath divorce'd So many English kings. Thy due, from me, Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood; Which nature, love, and filial tenderness, Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously: My due, from thee, is this imperial crown; Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,— Which heaven shall guard: and put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force This lineal honour from me: This from thee Will I to mine leave, as 't is left to me.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.

## —Talked of.

*Cap.* \* \*

(As, you know What great ones do, the less will prattle of.)

*T. N.*, I: 2. 541.

## —Tyrannical Use of.

*Isab.* \* \* O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 152.

## —Waxing.

*Pom.* \* \*

My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope

Says it will come to the full.

*A. C.*, II: 1. 1547.

## —With Ignorance.

*Isab.* \* \* But man, proud man! Dress'd in a little brief authority,— Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,

His glassy essence, — like an angry ape,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high  
heaven,

As make the angels weep: who, with our  
spleens,

Would all themselves laugh mortal.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 152.

**PRAISE. — Common, inadequate.**

*Biron.* \* \*

O, but for my love, day would turn to  
night!

Of all complexions, the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;

Where several worthies make one dignity;

Where nothing wants, that want itself  
doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues;

Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:

To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;

She passes praise; then praise too short  
doth blot.

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 289.

**—Envenoms Enemies.**

*Adam.* \* \*

Your praise has come too swiftly home be-  
fore you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle  
master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it.

*A. Y.*, II: 3. 415.

**—Equivocal.**

*Bene.* Why, i' faith, methinks she's too  
low for a high praise, too brown for a fair  
praise, and too little for a great praise: only  
this commendation I can afford her,—  
that were she other than she is, she were  
unhandsome; and being no other but as she  
is, I do not like her.

*M. A.*, I: 1. 227.

**—Fattens.**

*Her.* What? have I twice said well?  
when was't before?

I prithee, tell me: Cram's with praise, and  
makes's

As fat as tame things.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 582.

**—Fulsome, Rebuked.**

*Alex.* They say he is a very man *per se*,  
And stands alone.

*Cres.* So do all men; unless they are  
drunk, sick, or have no legs.

*T. C.*, I: 2. 1104

**—Illimitable.**

*Cant.* \* \*

And make your chronicle as rich with praise,  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea

With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 822.

**—Ironical.**

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and  
make an ass of me; now my foes tell me  
plainly I am an ass, so that by my foes, sir,  
I profit in the knowledge of myself.

*T. N.*, V: 1. 565.

**—Most in mere Mention.**

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—  
Cæsar;—go no further.

*A. C.*, III: 2. 1558.

**—Outstripped.**

*Pro.* \* \* O, Ferdinand,  
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all  
praise;

And make it halt behind her.

*T.*, IV: 1. 26.

**—Verbal.**

*Ber.* His good remembrance, sir,  
Lies richer in your thoughts than on his  
tomb;

So in approof lives not his epitaph,

As in your royal speech.

*A. W.*, I: 2. 498.

**—Withheld.**

*Her.* \* \* One good deed dying tongue-  
less

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.

Our praises are our wages: You may ride's  
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere

With spur we heat an acre.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 582

**PRAISES. — A Debt.**

*Gow.* \* \* Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,  
And not as given.

*P.*, IV: 2. 1659.



## —Withheld.

*Ulyss.* \* \* I will not praise thy wisdom,  
Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines  
Thy spacious and dilated parts.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1118.

**PRAYER.—(See Denial.) A Fault.**

*Quick.* \* \* An honest, willing, kind fellow,  
as ever servant shall come in house withal;  
and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate:  
his worst fault is that he is given to prayer;  
he is something peevish that way;  
but nobody but has his fault.

*M. W.*, I: 4. 93.

## —A King's.

*K. Hen.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!  
Possess them not with fear; take from them now  
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,  
O not to-day, think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown!  
I Richard's body have interred new;  
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,  
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built  
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:  
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;  
Since that my penitence comes after all,  
Imploping pardon.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 843.

## —Distracted by Desire.

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think and pray  
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;  
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,

Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,  
As if I did but only chew his name;  
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil  
Of my conception.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 154.

## —More than Words.

*King.* My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:  
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.

*H.*, III: 3. 1418.

## —Richmond's.

*Richm.* \* \*  
O Thou! whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;  
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
That they may crush down with a heavy fall  
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!  
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
That we may praise thee in thy victory!  
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;  
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

*R. III.*, V: 3. 1043.

**PRAYERS.—Intercessory.**

*Isab.* Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,  
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers  
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,  
Ere sunrise: prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 153.

## —Of Some, a Curse.

*Glo.* The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,  
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:  
None do you like but an effeminate prince,  
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

*H. VI.*, I pt., I: 1. 864.

**PREACHER.—Should be pure.***Duke.* \* \*

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe.

*M. M., III: 2. 162.***PRECEPT.—And bad Example.***Clar.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,

To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?

*R. III., I: 4. 1013.***—Contradicted by Practice.***Oph.* But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own read.

*H., I: 3. 1397.***PRECOCITY.—Extraordinary.**

*Mess.* \* \* He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age: doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion.

*M. A., I: 1. 225.***—In cutting Teeth.***York.* Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;

'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Q. Eliz.* A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.*Q. Eliz.* Pitchers have ears.*R. III., II: 4. 1019.***—In Theft.***Cres.* Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?*T. C., I: 2. 1105.***PRECURSORS.—Of fierce Events.***Hor.* A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.  
\* \*

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse.

And even the like precurse of fierce events,  
As harbingers preceding still the fates,  
And prologue to the omen coming on, —  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and countrymen.  
*H., I: 1. 1392.*

**—Of War.***Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows.

Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land?

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war;

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;

Who is 't, that can inform me?  
*H., I: 1. 1392.*

**PREFERMENT.—Not by Gradation.***Iago.* But there 's no remedy, 't is the curse o' service;

Preferment goes by letter, and affection,  
Not by the old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first.

*O., I: 1. 1491.*

**PREMEDITATION.—An Unfairness.**

*Win.* Com'st thou with deep premeditated lines,  
 With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,  
 Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,  
 Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,  
 Do it without invention suddenly;  
 As I with sudden and extemporal speech  
 Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

*II. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 878.*

**PREMONITION.—Of coming Evil.**

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.  
*Glo.* Why, what would you fear?  
*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost,  
 My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.  
*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.  
*Glo.* Nor none that live, I hope.  
*Prince.* An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.  
 But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,  
 Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

*R. III., III: 1. 1021.*

**PREPARATION.—Suitable.**

*Bap.* \* \*  
 But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.  
*Pet.* Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,  
 That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

*T. S., II: 1. 463.*

**PREPARATIONS.—Needful to Success.**

*North.* I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,  
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
 Go in with me; and counsel every man  
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge:  
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed;  
 Never so few, and never yet more need.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 776.*

**PRESENT.—The most Reliable.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*  
 The present eye praises the present object.  
*T. C., III: 3. 1125.*

**PRESENTIMENT.—Of Evil.**

*K. Rich.* Give me a bowl of wine:  
 I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.  
 —So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

*R. III., V: 3. 1043.*

**PRESUMPTION.—Threatened.**

*Mrs. Ford.* Go to, then: we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpkin; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

*M. W., III: 3. 104.*

**PRETENSION.—A disgraceful Failure.**

*Cost.* O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror! You will be scrap'd out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax; he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afear'd to speak! run away for shame, Alisander. There, an 't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dashed! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alisander, alas! you see how 't is;—a little o'erparted:—But there are Worthies a coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

*L. L., V: 2. 300.*

**—Easily Tested.**

*Fal.* \* \* But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

*P. Hen.* Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the

Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. Hen.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

*P. Hen.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purse-taking.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 729.

#### —False.

*Ham.* \* \* A king  
Of shreds and patches.

*H.*, III: 4. 1419.

#### PRICE.—The World a great.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world is a huge thing: 'tis a great price  
For a small vice.

*O.*, IV: 3. 1525.

#### PRIDE.—A Mother's.

*Vol.* I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, —considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

*Vir.* But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

*C.*, I: 3. 1153.

#### —Condemned.

*Bru.* He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all.

*Sic.* Especially, in pride.

*Bru.* And topping all others in boasting.

*Men.* \* \* You talk of pride: O, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

*Bru.* What then, sir?

*Men.* Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools,) as any in Rome.

*C.*, II: 1. 1160.

#### —Flows as the Sea.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride, That can therein tax any private party? Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea, Till that the wearer's very means do ebb? What woman in the city do I name, When that I say, The city-woman bears The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? Who can come in, and say that I mean her, When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

*A. Y.*, II: 7. 418.

#### —From Hell.

*Aber.* I cannot tell  
What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye  
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?  
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*H. VIII.*, I: 1. 1057.

#### —Hateful.

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1117.

#### —How Fed.

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

*Agam.* Your mind 's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1117.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar! O, behold,  
How pomp is follow'd.

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1579.



## —Infects Others.

*Ulyss.* \* \* The seeded pride  
That hath to this maturity blown up  
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,  
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,  
To overbulk us all.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1111.

## —Inordinate and Incurable.

*Ulyss.* Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,  
He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;  
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride  
That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,  
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters down himself: What should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it  
Cry—"No recovery."

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1117.

## —Its own Mirror.

*Ulyss.* \* \* Pride hath no other glass  
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees  
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1123.

## —Rebuking Pride.

*Dro. S.* Fly pride, says the peacock.

*C. E.*, IV: 2. 206.

## —Simple, rustic.

*Cor.* \* \* The greatest of my pride is,  
to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

*A. Y.*, III: 2. 421.

*Oli.* O world, how apt the poor are to be proud.

*T. N.*, III: 1. 555.

## —The Feeding of it.

*Ajax.* I'll knead him, I will make him supple: —

*Nest.* He's not yet thorough warm: force him with praises:  
Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1118.

## —Voluntary.

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.

*L. L.*, II: 1. 277.

## —Wounded by Neglect.

*Achil.* What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

\* \*

What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,  
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

Show not their mealy wings, but to the summer;

And not a man, for being simply man,  
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours

That are without him, as place, riches, favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
Do one pluck down another, and together  
Die in the fall.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1124.

## —Yielding to.

*Ulyss.* \* \* Shall the proud lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam;

And never suffers matter of the world  
Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve  
And ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he?

No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord

Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd;

Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:

That were to enlard his fat-already pride;

And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns

With entertaining great Hyperion.

This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;

And say in thunder—"Achilles, go to him."

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1113.

**PRINCES.—Not Respected.***Sim.* \* \*

As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,  
So princes their renown, if not respected.

*P.*, II: 2. 1650.**PRISON.—The World a.**

*Ham.* \* \* What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.*Ros.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why, then your ambition makes it one; 't is too narrow for your mind.

*H.*, II: 1. 1406.**PRISONERS.—Treatment of.**

*Tal.* With scoffs, and scorns, and contemptuous taunts.

In open market-place produc'd they me,  
To be a public spectacle to all;  
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,

The scare-crow that affrights our children so.

Then broke I from the officers that led me;

And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,

To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;

None durst come near for fear of sudden death.

In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;

So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,

That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,

And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,

That walk'd about me every minute-while;

And if I did but stir out of my bed,

Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

*H.*, VI., 1 pt., I: 4. 870.**PRIVATIONS.—Past.***Cæs.* Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once

Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st

Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel

Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,

Though daintily brought up, with patience more

Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink

The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle

Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;

Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,

The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,

It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,

Which some did die to look on: And all this (It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now,)

Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek So much as lank'd not.

*A. C.*, I: 4. 1545.**PROCRASTINATION.—Dangerous.***Alen.* \* \* Delays have dangerous ends.*H.*, VI., 1 pt., III: 2. 881.**—In Paying Debts.**

*Host.* \* \* A hundred mark is a long score for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing.

*H.*, IV., 2 pt., II: 1. 780.*Macb.* \* \*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to-day To the last syllable of recorded time.

*M.*, V: 5. 1383.**—To be Avoided.***Pain.* True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,

Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.

*King.* \* \*

Let 's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them.

*A. W.*, V: 3. 526.

**PRODIGAL.—Course and End.**

*Gru.* \* \*

How like a younker, or a prodigal,  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like a prodigal doth she return;  
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet  
wind.

*M. V.*, II: 6. 371.

**—Irremediable.**

*Luc. Serv.* \* \* A prodigal course

Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recover-  
able.

*T. A.*, III: 4. 1299.

**PRODIGALITY.—Assumed.**

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath  
the nettle,

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen  
best,

Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;  
And so the prince obscur'd his contempla-  
tion

Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

*H. V.*, I: 1. 820.

**—Its Excess.**

*Flav.* \* \* Our vaults have wept

With drunken splith of wine.

*T. A.*, II: 2. 1296.

**—Makes Days short.**

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed  
shorter with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recover-  
able.

I fear, 't is deepest winter in lord Timon's  
purse;

That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

*T. A.*, III: 2. 1299.

**PROFANITY.—Aggravates Sin.**

*Luc.* \* \*

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

*C. E.*, III: 2. 201.

**—Woman's.**

*Hot.* \* \* 'Heart, you swear like a  
comfit-maker's wife.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 2. 747.

**PROFFERS.—Deserve Reward.**

*King.* \* \*

Proffers not took reap thanks for their re-  
ward.

*A. W.*, II: 1. 504.

**PROGNOSTICATION.—In Harmony  
with Fear.**

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! be-  
ware Macduff;

Beware the thane of Fife. — Dismiss me: —  
Enough.

*Macb.* Whate'er thou art, for thy good  
caution,  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.

*M.*, IV: 1. 1375.

**—Misleading.**

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

*Macb.* Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold,

And resolute: laugh to scorn the power of  
man,

For none of woman born shall harm  
Macbeth.

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff: What need  
I fear of thee?

But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not  
live;

That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder. — What is  
this,

That rises like the issue of a king;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud; and take  
no care

Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers  
are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

*Macb.* That will never be;  
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bode-  
ments! good!  
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Mac-  
beth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his  
breath  
To time, and mortal custom.

*M.*, IV : 1. 1375.

**PROMISE.—Puzzling.**

*Macb.* Accurs'd be that tongue that tells  
me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
And be these juggling fiends no more be-  
lieved,  
That palter with us in a double sense;  
That keep the word of promise to our  
ear,  
And break it to our hope.

*M.*, V : 7. 1385.

**PROMISES.—In Time of Peril.**

*Lew.* Well; keep good quarter and good  
care to-night;  
The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

*K. J.*, V : 5. 675.

**—Maidens Cautioned against.**

*Mar.* \* \* Beware of them, Diana;  
their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens,  
and all these engines of lust, are not the  
things they go under: many a maid hath  
been seduced by them; and the misery is,  
example, that so terrible shows in the wreck  
of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade  
succession, but that they are limed with the  
twigs that threaten them.

*A. W.*, III : 5. 514.

**—Needful in Danger.**

*K. John.* \* \*  
Then pause not; for the present time 's so  
sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*K. J.*, V : 1. 671.

**—Speedily Performed.**

*Char.* \* \*  
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,  
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the  
next.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I : 6. 871.

**PROOF.—Indisputable.**

*Buck.* \* \* By intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
We see each grain of gravel.

*H. VIII.*, I : 1. 1058.

**PROPHECY.—A Fool's.**

*Fool.* \* \*  
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:  
When priests are more in word than matter;  
When brewers mar their malt with water;  
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;  
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;  
When every case in law is right;  
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;  
When slanders do not live in tongues;  
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;  
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;  
And bawds and whores do churches build;  
Then shall the realm of Albion  
Come to great confusion.  
Then comes the time, who lives to see 't,  
That going shall be us'd with feet.

*K. L.*, III : 2. 1464.

**—Fulfilled.**

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did  
not the prophet  
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;  
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*K. J.*, V : 1. 671.

**—Of Elizabeth's Greatness.**

*Cran.* \* \*  
This royal infant, (heaven still move about  
her!)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand bless-  
ings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness: She  
shall be  
(But few now living can behold that good-  
ness,)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,



And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never  
 More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
 Than this pure soul shall be : all princely  
 graces,  
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
 With all the virtues that attend the good,  
 Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall  
 nurse her,  
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel  
 her :  
 She shall be lov'd, and fear'd : Her own  
 shall bless her :  
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
 And hang their heads with sorrow : Good  
 grows with her :  
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety  
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and  
 sing  
 The merry songs of peace to all his neigh-  
 bours :  
 God shall be truly known ; and those about  
 her  
 From her shall read the perfect ways of hon-  
 our,  
 And by those claim their greatness, not by  
 blood.  
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as  
 when  
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
 Her ashes new create another heir,  
 As great in admiration as herself ;  
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud  
 of darkness,)  
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,  
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she  
 was,  
 And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love,  
 truth, terror,  
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;  
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall  
 shine,  
 His honour and the greatness of his name  
 Shall be, and make new nations : He shall  
 flourish,  
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his  
 branches  
 To all the plains about him :—Our chil-  
 dren's children  
 Shall see this, and bless heaven.

*H. VIII., V : 3. 1094.*

—Of Evil.

*Bast. \* \**

And here 's a prophet that I brought with me  
 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I  
 found

With many hundreds treading on his heels ;  
 To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding  
 rhymes,

That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
 Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore  
 didst thou so ?

*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall  
 out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him ; im-  
 prison him.

And on that day, at noon, whereon, he says,  
 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd :  
 Deliver him to safety, and return,  
 For I must use thee.

*K. J., IV : 2. 667.*

—Of future Greatness.

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do  
 speak about ?

Or have we eaten of the insane root,  
 That takes the reason prisoner ?

*Macb.* Your children shall be kings.

*Ban.* You shall be king.

*Macb.* And thane of Cawdor too ; went it  
 not so ?

*Ban.* To the self-same tune, and words.

*M., I : 3. 1359.*

—Of Greatness.

*K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope :  
 If secret powers

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,  
 This pretty lad will prove our country's  
 bliss.

His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;  
 His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,  
 His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself  
 Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.  
 Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he,  
 Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV : 6. 983.*

PROSPERITY.—Dangerous.

*Bru.* It is the bright day, that brings forth  
 the adder :

And that craves wary walking.

*J. C., II : 1. 1329.*

## —Promised.

*Lew. \* \**

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand  
as deep  
Into the purse of rich prosperity,  
As Lewis himself.

*K. J., V: 2. 672.*

## —The Bond of Love.

*Cam. \* \** Besides, you know,

Prosperity 's the very bond of love;  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart  
together  
Affliction alters.

*Per.* One of these is true:

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*W. T., IV: 3. 607.*

## —Wicked, Ends tragically.

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to  
mellow,

And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,  
To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
A dire induction am I witness to,  
And will to France; hoping, the conse-  
quence  
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who  
comes here?

*R. III., IV: 4. 1034.*

## PROTESTATION.—Loud.

*Ant. \* \** O, that I were

Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman  
thank

For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

*A. C., III: 11. 1567.*

## —Not to be Trusted.

*Cleo. \* \** Though you in swearing  
shake the throned gods.*A. C., I: 3. 1544.*

## —Of Love.

*Ros. \* \** Pray you, no more of this;  
't is like the howling of Irish wolves against  
the moon.*A. Y., V: 2. 435.*PROTESTATIONS.—Of Love, easily  
Broken.*Sil.* There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:  
I know they are studied with protestations,  
And full of new-found oaths, which he will  
break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

*T. G., IV: 2. 69.*

## PROVERBS.—Patch Grief.

*Leon. \* \** Patch grief with proverbs.*M. A., V: 1. 249.**Rom. \* \**

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phase.

*R. J., I: 4. 1247.*

## —Sage Saws.

*Sir To.* Come hither, knight: come  
hither, Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet  
or two of most sage saws.*T. N., III: 4. 562.*

## PROVIDENCE.—Appealed to.

*Gaunt. \* \**

But since correction lieth in those hands,  
Which made the fault that we cannot cor-  
rect,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*R. II., I: 2. 686.*

## —Just.

*Claud. \* \**

The word of heaven—on whom it will, it  
will;

On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

*M. M., I: 2. 145.*

## —Special.

*Ham. \* \**

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

*H., V: 2. 1433.**Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury; there  
is a special providence in the fall of a spar-  
row. If it be now, 't is not to come: if it  
be not to come, it will be now: if it be not  
now, yet it will come: the readiness is all:  
Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows,  
what is 't to leave betimes?*H., V: 2. 1435.*

## —Special Invoked.

*Adam.* He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age.

*A. Y., II: 3. 415.*

**PROVOCATION.—Of Tyranny.**

*Oli. \* \**

Have you not set mine honour at the  
stake,  
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled  
thoughts  
That tyrannous heart can think?

*T. N., III: 1. 555.*

**PRUDENCE.—Dictating Delay.**

*Const.* Stay for an answer to your em-  
bassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with  
blood:  
My lord Chatillon may from England  
bring  
That right in peace, which here we urge in  
war;  
And then we shall repent each drop of  
blood,  
That hot rash haste so indiscreetly shed.

*K. J., II: 1. 650.*

## —Enjoined.

*Shy. \* \**

Do as I bid you: Shut doors after you:  
Fast bind, fast find:  
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

*M. V., II: 5. 371.*

## —In Trading.

*Ulyss. \* \**

Let us, like merchants, show our foulest  
wares,  
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,  
The lustre of the better shall exceed,  
By showing the worst first.

*T. C., I: 3. 1111.*

## —Shelters Itself.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the hu-  
mours  
Of the dank morning?

*J. C., II: 1. 1331.*

## —The best Policy.

*Buck.* This butcher's cur is venom-  
mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him; there-  
fore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's  
book  
Out-worths a noble's blood.

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1058.*

**PRUNING.—Gives Life.**

*Gard. \* \** All superfluous branches  
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live.

*R. II., III: 4. 706.*

**PUNISHMENT.—Itself Punished.**

*Ant. \* \** Bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly.

*A. C., IV: 12. 1575.*

## —Misery of Deserved.

*Duch.* Art thou gone too? All comfort  
go with thee!  
For none abides with me: my joy is—death;  
Death, at whose name I oft have been  
afear'd,  
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—  
Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;  
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,  
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

*H. VI., 2 pt., II: 4. 921.*

## —Proper Order in.

*Duke.* Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd  
after.  
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city.

*M. M., V: 1. 176.*

**PURGATORY.—Its Horrors.**

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And, for the day, confin'd to lasting fires,  
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of na-  
ture,  
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am  
forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list !

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—  
*Ham.* O God !

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

*H.*, I: 5. 1399.

#### PURITY.—Demands Sincerity.

*Lucio.* \* \*

I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted ;  
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit ;  
And to be talked with in sincerity,  
As with a saint.

*M. M.*, I: 4. 147.

#### —Whiter than Snow.

*Jul.* \* \*

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

#### PURPOSE.—A Weak.

*Duke.* \* \* A purpose

More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends

Of burning youth.

*M. M.*, I: 3. 146.

#### All-encompassing.

*Cant.* \* \*

As many several ways meet in one town ;  
As many fresh streams run in one self sea ;  
As many lines close in the dial's centre ;  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 823.

#### —Evil Overcome.

*Hub.* Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*K. J.*, IV: 1. 665.

#### —Macbeth's Infirmary of.

*Macb.* I'll go no more :

I am afraid to think what I have done ;  
Look on 't again, I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose !

Give me the daggers : The sleeping, and the dead,

Are but as pictures : 't is the eye of childhood,

That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt.

*M.*, II: 2. 1365.

#### —Not to be Disclosed.

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this : Go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower  
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination :

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

*R. III.*, III: 1. 1022

#### —Not to be Disguised.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up :

And, in the publication, make no strain.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1111.

#### —Should Go with the Deed.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits ;

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it ; From this moment,

The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand ; And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :

The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;  
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword



His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;  
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:  
But no more flights!

*M.*, IV: 1. 1376.

—Singleness of.

*Cant.* I this infer,—  
That many things, having full reference  
To one conceit, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Fly to one mark.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 823.

—The Slave of Memory.

*P. King.* \* \* \*  
Purpose is but the slave to memory;  
Of violent birth, but poor validity:  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the  
tree;  
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 't is, that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:  
What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own enactures with themselves de-  
stroy:  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most la-  
ment,  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

*H.*, III: 2. 1414.

PURPOSES.—High.

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my liege, at her  
exclaim:  
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and  
fight;  
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at  
night.

*T. C.*, V: 3. 1140.

PURSE.—Curse of an empty.

*Bagot.* And that's the wavering com-  
mons: for their love  
Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,  
By so much fills their hearts with deadly  
hate.

*R. II.*, II: 2. 697.

PURSUIT.—Not to be Escaped from.

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart  
as you.  
Run when you will, the story shall be  
chang'd,  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild  
hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless  
speed,  
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

*M. N.*, II: 1. 323.

PUSILLANIMITY.—Kingly.

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick, hear me  
but one word;—  
Let me, for this my life-time, reign as  
king.

*York.* Confirm the crown to me, and to  
mine heirs,  
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou  
liv'st.

*K. Hen.* I am content: Richard Plantag-  
enet,  
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

*Clif.* What wrong is this unto the prince  
your son!

*War.* What good is this to England, and  
himself?

*West.* Base, fearful, and despairing  
Henry!

*Clif.* How hast thou injur'd both thyself  
and us!

*West.* I cannot stay to hear these articles.

*North.* Nor I.

*Clif.* Come, cousin, let us tell the queen  
these news.

*West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and de-  
generate king,  
In whose cold blood no spark of honour  
bides.

*North.* Be thou a prey unto the house of  
York,  
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

*Clif.* In dreadful war may'st thou be  
overcome!

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 1. 956.

## Q

**QUARREL.—Patching a.**

*Ant.* If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it  
with,  
It must not be with this.

*A. C.*, II: 2. 1548.

**QUARRELS.—Adultery's Opportunity.**

*Rom.* The day serves well for them now.  
I have heard it said, The fittest time to corrupt  
a man's wife, is when she's fallen out  
with her husband.

*C.*, IV: 3. 1179.

**—Cause of to be Proclaimed.**

*Mar.* In God's name, and the king's, say  
who thou art,  
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in  
arms:  
Against what man thou com'st, and what  
thy quarrel:  
Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy  
oath;  
And so defend thee, heaven, and thy valour.

*R. II.*, I: 3. 687.

**—Cursed.**

*Em.* \* \*  
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are  
curs'd  
By those that feel their sharpness.

*K. L.*, V: 3. 1482.

**—Discretion in Avoiding.**

*D. Pedro.* As Hector, I assure you:  
and in the managing of quarrels, you may  
see he is wise; for either he avoids them  
with great discretion, or undertakes them  
with a Christian-like fear.

*M. A.*, II: 2. 236.

**—Final Appeal in.**

*Gaunt.* \* \*  
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;  
Who when he sees the hours ripe on earth,  
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

*R. II.*, I: 2. 686.

**—Foreign.**

*K. Hen.* \* \* Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence  
borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!  
And grant it may with thee in true peace  
live!

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 804.

**—Mistaken.**

*D. Pedro.* Welcome, signior: You are almost  
come to part almost a fray.

*Claud.* We had lik'd to have had our two  
noses snapp'd off with two old men without  
teeth.

*D. Pedro.* Leonato and his brother. What  
think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt we  
should have been too young for them.

*Bene.* In a false quarrel there is no true  
valour: I came to seek you both.

*M. A.*, V: 1. 250.

**—Private, monstrous.**

*Oth.* \* \* Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is approv'd in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a  
birth,  
Shall lose me. — What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of  
safety!

'T is monstrous. — Iago, who began it?

*O.*, II: 3. 1506.

**—Public, lead to private.**

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a  
king, —  
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish  
town, —  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,

As we will ours, against these saucy walls :  
And when that we have dash'd them to the  
ground,

Why, then defy each other; and, pell-  
mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or  
hell.

*K. J.*, II : 2. 654.

— Woman's.

*Pis.* \* \* As quarrellous as the weasel.  
*Cym.*, III : 4. 1610.

### QUARRELSOME.—(See Advice.) The seventh Cause.

*Touch.* Upon a lie seven times removed; —  
Bear your body more seeming, Audrey : —  
as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a cer-  
tain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I  
said his beard was not cut well, he was in the  
mind it was. This is call'd the "Retort cour-  
teous." If I sent him word again, it was not  
well cut, he would send me word, he cut it  
to please himself. This is call'd the "Quip  
modest." If again, it was not well cut, he  
disabled my judgment. This is call'd the  
"Reply churlish." If again, it was not well  
cut, he would answer, I spake not true. This  
is call'd the "Reproof valiant." If again, it  
was not well cut, he would say, I lie. This  
is call'd the "Countercheck quarrelsome :"  
and so to "Lie circumstantial," and the "Lie  
direct."

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say, his beard  
was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the  
"Lie circumstantial," nor he durst not give  
me the "Lie direct : " and so we measur'd  
swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the  
degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the  
book, as you have Books for Good Manners.  
I will name you the degrees. The first, the  
Retort courteous; the second, the Quip mod-  
est; the third, the Reply churlish; the fourth,  
the Reproof valiant; the fifth, the Counter-  
check quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with  
circumstance; the seventh, the Lie direct. All  
these you may avoid, but the lie direct; and  
you may avoid that too, with an *If*.

*A. Y.*, V : 4. 436.

### —Of Friends.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger;  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope :  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be hu-  
mour.

O, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb

That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth  
him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-tem-  
per'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much? Give me  
your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*J. C.*, IV : 3. 1345.

### QUARRELSOMENESS. — Cured by Combat.

*Ulyss.* \* \*

Two curs shall tame each other: Pride  
alone

Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 't were their  
bone.

*T. C.*, I : 3. 1111.

### —Deprecated.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow  
has mettle enough in his pelly : — Hold, there  
is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to  
serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and  
prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and,  
I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*H. V.*, IV : 8. 850.

### —Easily Provoked.

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two such, we  
should have none shortly, for one would kill  
the other. Thou ! why, thou wilt quarrel with  
a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in  
his beard, than thou hast : thou wilt quarrel  
with a man for cracking nuts, having no other  
reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes.  
What eye, but such an eye, would spy out  
such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quar-  
rels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy  
head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for  
quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man  
for coughing in the street, because he hath  
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the  
sun; didst thou not fall out with a tailor for  
wearing his new doublet before Easter? with  
another, for tying his new shoes with old rib-  
bons? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quar-  
relling!

*Ben.* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou  
art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my  
life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-simple ! O simple !

*R. J.*, III : 1. 1258.

**QUIETNESS.—Prized above Home.**

3 *Watch*. Ay; but give me worship and quietness,

I like it better than a dangerous honour.  
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,  
'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.

*H. VI*, 3 pt., IV: 3. 981.

**—Superlative.**

*Surry*. \* \*

In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.

*R. II*, IV: 1. 708.

**QUOTATIONS.—(See Scripture.) A Weapon.**

*Dro. E*. \* \* Have at you with a prov-  
verb.

*C. E*, III: 1. 200.

**—Apt, worth Keeping.**

*Pan*. What a pair of spectacles is here;  
Let me embrace too: "O heart,"—as the  
goodly saying is,—

—O heart, O heavy heart,  
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again,

Because thou canst not ease thy smart,  
By silence, nor by speaking.

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us  
cast away nothing, for we may live to have  
need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—  
How now, lambs?

*T. C*, IV: 2. 1129.

**—At Command.**

*Jaq*. \* \*

Full of wise saws and modern instances.

*A. Y*, II: 7. 419.

# R

**RABBLE.—Concessions to, Weakness.**

*Mar*. \* \* With these shreds

They vented their complainings; which be-  
ing answer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange  
one,

(To break the heart of generosity,  
And make bold power look pale,) they  
threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'  
the moon,

Shouting their emulation.

*Men*. What is granted them?

*Mar*. Five tribunes, to defend their vul-  
gar wisdoms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Bru-  
tus,

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!

The rabble should have first unroof'd the  
city,

Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time

Win upon power, and throw forth greater  
themes

For insurrections arguing.

*C*, I: 1. 1151.

**RAGE.—Deaf.**

*K. Rich*. \* \*

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

*R. II*, I: 1. 684.

**—Desperate.**

*Lucy*. \* \*

O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,  
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your  
faces!

*H. VI*, IV: 7. 891.

**—Great, only Allayed by Blood.**

*K. John*. \* \* I am burned up with in-  
flaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood of  
France.

\* \*

*K. Phi*. Thy rage shall burn thee up,  
and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that  
fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

*K. J*, III: 1. 660.



## —Its foolish Acts.

*Clif.* So cowards fight, when they can fly  
no further;  
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing  
talons;  
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their  
lives,  
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

## —Stormy

*Aar.* \* \* But if you brave the Moor,  
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.

*Tit. And.*, IV: 2. 1222.

## —To be Restrained.

*Men.* One word more, one word.  
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find  
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too  
late,  
Tie leaden pounds to his heels.

*C.*, III: 2. 1173.

## —Unquenchable.

*Mar.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1216.

## —Withstood.

*K. Rich.* Rage must be withstood:—  
Give me his gage:—lions make leopards  
tame.

*R. II.*, I: 1. 686.

**RAILING.—Desperate.**

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail  
so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her  
wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*A. C.*, IV: 13. 1575.

**RAIMENT.—Christopher Sly's.**

*Sly.* \* \* Ne'er ask me what raiment  
I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than  
backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no  
more shoes than feet; nay, sometime, more  
feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes  
look through the over-leather.

*T. S.*, Ind: 2. 453.

**RANCOR.—Not Disguised.**

*Glo.* \* \*

Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy  
face  
I see thy fury.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 908.

**RANK.—Disregarded.**

*Ham.* \* \* The age is grown so picked,  
that the toe of the peasant comes so near  
the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.

*H.*, V: 1. 1430.

**RANSOM.—A horrible.**

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the  
emperor

Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love  
thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
And send it to the king: he for the same,  
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1215.

## —High, for Life.

*Duke.* \* \*

Again, if any Syracusan born,  
Come to the bay of Ephesus,—he dies,—  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to  
die.

*C. E.*, I: 1. 192.

**RARITY.—Extreme.**

*Ros.* \* \*

As rare as phoenix.

*A. Y.*, IV: 3. 431.

**RASCALS.—Their Deserts.**

*Emil.* \* \*

O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst  
unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascal naked through the world,  
Even from the east to the west.

*O.*, IV: 2. 1523.

**RASHNESS.—Impolitic.**

*Nor.* Be advis'd :

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself : We may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler ques-  
tion

What 't is you go about : To climb steep  
hills,

Requires slow pace at first : Anger is like  
A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his  
way,

Self-mettle tires him.

*H. VIII., I : 1. 1058.*

**READINESS.—Gained by Practice.**

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in  
the office, you had continued in it some  
time : You say, seven years together ?

*M. M., II : 1. 151.*

**READING.—Dogberry's Opinion of.**

*Dogb.* Come hither, neighbour Seacoal.  
God hath bless'd you with a good name : to  
be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune ;  
but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

*Dogb.* You have ; I knew it would be  
your answer. Well, for your favour, sir,  
why, give God thanks, and make no boast  
of it ; and for your writing and reading, let  
that appear when there is no need of such  
vanity.

*M. A., III : 3. 240.*

**—Reasoning against.**

*King.* How well he 's read, to reason  
against reading.

*L. L., I : 1. 272.*

**REASON.—Its Antiquity.**

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon  
the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand jury-  
men, since before Noah was a sailor.

*T. N., III : 2. 556.*

**—To be Listened to.**

*Con.* You should hear reason.

*D. John.* And when I have heard it, what  
blessing bringeth it ?

*Con.* If not a present remedy, at least a  
patient sufferance.

*M. A., I : 3. 229.*

**—Too Abundant.**

*Tro.* \* \*

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are  
your reasons :

You know, an enemy intends you harm ;  
You know, a sword employ'd is perilous,  
And reason flies the object of all harm.

*T. C., II : 2. 1114.*

**—Too much Regarded.**

*Tro.* \* \* Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let 's shut our gates, and sleep.

*T. C., II : 2. 1114.*

**REASONING.—Subtile.**

*Speed.* The shepherd seeks the sheep,  
and not the sheep the shepherd ; but I seek  
my master, and my master seeks not me :  
therefore, I am no sheep.

*Pro.* The sheep for fodder follow the  
shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not  
the sheep ; thou for wages followest thy  
master, thy master for wages follows not  
thee : therefore, thou art a sheep.

*Speed.* Such another proof will make me  
cry "baa."

*T. G., I : 1. 48.*

**REASONS.—Plenty as Blackberries.**

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your  
reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion ? No ; were  
I at the strappado, or all the racks in the  
world, I would not tell you on compulsion.  
Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons  
were as plenty as blackberries, I would give  
no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*H. IV., 1 pt., II : 4. 740.*

**—Strong, their Effect.**

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strong ac-  
tions : Let us go ;

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

*K. J., III : 4. 663.*

**—The Want of.**

*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so  
sharp at reasons,

You are so empty of them.

*T. C., II : 2. 1114.*

**REBELLION.—Justified by Oppres-  
sion.**

*Wor.* You took occasion to be quickly  
woo'd

To gripe the general sway into your hand :

Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster,  
 And, being fed by us, you us'd us so,  
 As that ungente gull, the cuckoo's bird,  
 Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest :  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
 That even our love durst not come near  
     your sight,  
 For fear of swallowing; but with nimble  
     wing  
 We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present  
     head :  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself;  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V : 1. 757.*

—Must be Crushed.

*K. Hen. \* \**

Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
 Meeting the check of such another day :  
 And since this business so fair is done,  
 Let us not leave till all our own be won.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V : 5. 762.*

—Poor Fighting for.

*Mor. \* \**

And they did fight with queasiness, con-  
     strain'd,  
 As men drink potions; that their weapons  
     only  
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits  
     and souls,  
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
 As fish are in a pond.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I : 1. 776.*

—Position Endangered by.

*West. \* \** If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
 Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,  
 And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;  
 I say, If damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
 In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
 You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
 Of base and bloody insurrection  
 With your fair honours. You, lord arch-  
     bishop,—  
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintained;

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath  
     touched;  
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath  
     tutor'd;  
 Whose white investments figure innocence,  
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
 Wherefore do you so ill translate your-  
     self,  
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such  
     grace,  
 Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of  
     war?  
 Turning your books to graves, your ink  
     to blood,  
 Your pens to lances; and your tongue di-  
     vine  
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV : 1. 795.*

—To be Deplored.

*K. Hen. \* \* \** I will weep for thee;  
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
 Another fall of man.

*H. V., II : 2. 828.*

REBUKE.—Kills the Sensitive.

*Queen.*

Royal sir,

Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
 Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my  
     lord,  
 'T is time must do. 'Beseech your majes-  
     ty,  
 Forbear sharp speeches to her : She 's a lady  
 So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
 And strokes death to her.

*Cym., III : 5. 1610.*

—Resentment under.

*K. Rich. —* a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
 Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal  
     blood,  
 With fury, from his native residence.  
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,  
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's  
     son,  
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy  
     head,  
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend  
     shoulders.

*R. II., II : 1. 693.*

**RECANTATION.—Impossible.**

*Boling.* \* \* Ere my tongue  
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble  
wrong,  
Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
The slavish motive of recanting fear;  
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mow-  
bray's face.

*R. II., I: 1. 686.*

**RECEPTIVITY.—Broad.**

*1 Gent.* \* \*  
Puts him to all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of; which he  
took,  
As we do air, fast as 't was ministered.

*Cym., I: 1. 1589.*

**RECKLESSNESS.—In Bestowing Gifts.**

*Sen.* And late, five thousand to Varro;  
and to Isadore  
He owes nine thousand; besides my former  
sum,  
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in  
motion  
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty  
more  
Better than he, why, give my horse to  
Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
And able horses: No porter at his gate;  
But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
Can found his state in safety.

*T. A., II: 1. 1293.*

**—Its Cause**

*2 Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

*M. III., I: 1. 1369.*

**—Its Folly.**

*Will.* \* \*  
That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun.

*H. V., IV: 1. 842.*

**—Of Consequences.**

*Hot.* And if the devil come and roar for  
them,  
I will not send them:—I will after straight,  
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
Although it be with hazard of my head.  
*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay,  
and pause awhile;  
Here comes your uncle.  
*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer?  
'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my  
soul  
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,  
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the  
dust,  
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
As high i' the air as this unthankful king,  
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 732.*

**—Of Life.**

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no  
more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep;  
careless, reckless, and fearless of what's  
past, present, or to come; insensible of  
mortality, and desperately mortal.

*M. M., IV: 2. 165.*

*1 Mur.* And I another,  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my life on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

*M., III: 2. 1369.*

**RECKONING.—For Tapsters only.**

*Arm.* I am ill at reck'ning; it fits the  
spirit of a tapster.  
*Moth.* You are a gentleman.

*L. L., I: 2. 275.*

**RECOGNITION.—Signs for.**

*Page.* The night is dark; light and spir-  
its will become it well. Heaven prosper  
our sport! No man means evil but the dev-  
il, and we shall know him by his horns.

*M. W., V: 2. 117.*

**RECOLLECTIONS.—Sad, best Stifled.**

*Pro.* There, sir, stop;  
Let us not burden our remembrances with  
A heaviness that's gone.

*T., V: 1. 32.*



**RECOMPENSE.—Stains Glory.**

*Poet.* When we for recompense have  
 prais'd the vile,  
 It stains the glory in that happy verse  
 Which aptly sings the good.

*T. A., I: 1. 1286.*

**RECOVERY.—From Insanity.**

*I'lys.* Be comforted, good madam: the  
 great rage,  
 You see, is cur'd in him: and yet it is dan-  
 ger  
 To make him even o'er the time he has  
 lost.  
 Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,  
 Till further settling.

*K. L., IV: 7. 1479.*

**RECREATION.**

*Abb. \* \**

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue  
 But moody and dull melancholy,  
 Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,  
 And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop  
 Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

*C. E., V: 1. 210.*

**REDEMPTION.—Eternal Hoped for.**

*K. Edw.* Why, so:—now have I done a  
 good day's work:—  
 You, peers, continue this united league:  
 I every day expect an embassy  
 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;  
 And more in peace my soul shall part to  
 heaven,  
 Since I have made my friends at peace on  
 earth.

*R. III., II: 1. 1014*

**REDRESS.—Not Sought of the Devil.**

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs: In what? By  
 whom? Be brief;  
 Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice!  
 Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O, worthy duke,  
 You bid me seek redemption of the devil:  
 Hear me yourself; for that which I must  
 speak  
 Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
 Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear  
 me here.

*M. M., V: 1. 170.*

**REDUNDANCY.—Ridiculous.**

*Sal.* To guard a title that was rich before,  
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
 To throw a perfume on the violet,  
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
 Upon the rainbow, or with taper-light  
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to gar-  
 nish,  
 In wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*K. J., IV: 2. 665.*

**REFINEMENT.—Simulated.**

*Mal. \* \**

I will be proud, I will read politic authors,  
 I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross  
 acquaintance, I will be point device, the  
 very man.

*T. N., II: 5. 553.*

**REFORMATION.—Obscures Faults.**

*P. Hen. \* \**

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more  
 eyes,

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 730.*

**—Promised by Villainy.**

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward.  
 He that rewards me, heaven reward him!  
 If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll  
 purge and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a  
 nobleman should do.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 4. 762.*

**—Sudden and Complete.**

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis'd  
 it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
 Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very mo-  
 ment,

Consideration like an angel came,  
 And whipped the offending Adam out of him:  
 Leaving his body as a paradise,  
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
 Never was such a sudden scholar made:  
 Never came reformation in a flood,  
 With such a heady current, scouring faults;  
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness  
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
 As in this king.

*H. V., I: 1. 820.*

**REGICIDE.—Foresworn.**

*Cam.* \* \* If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't: but since  
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears  
not one,  
Let villany itself forswear 't.

*W. T., I: 2. 585.*

**REGRET.—For Injuries.**

*Leon.* O, my brother,  
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done  
thee stir  
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,  
So rarely kind, are as interpreters  
Of my behind-hand slackness.

*W. T., V: 1. 613.*

**—Overwhelming.**

*Eno.* \* \* Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*A. C., IV: 6. 1570.*

**—Sours present Pleasure.**

*Ant.* \* \*  
There 's a great spirit gone! Thus did I  
desire it:  
What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,  
By repetition souring, does become  
The opposite of itself: she 's good, being  
gone;  
The hand could pluck her back, that shov'd  
her on.  
I must from this enchanting queen break  
off;  
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I  
know,  
My idleness doth hatch.

*A. C., I: 2. 1542.*

**REIN.—Giving the, Safe.**

*Ant.* \* \*  
When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
But she 'll not stumble.

*W. T., II: 3. 591.*

**RELATIONSHIP.—Adopted.**

*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change  
their names,  
By vain, though apt, affection.

*M. M., I: 4. 147.*

**RELENTING.—A Sign of Cowardice.**

*Clar.* Relent, and save your souls.  
*1 Murd.* Relent! 't is cowardly, and  
womanish.

*Clar.* Not to relent, is beastly, savage,  
devilish.—

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,  
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—  
If two such murderers as yourselves came  
to you,—

Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;  
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,  
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,  
As you would beg, were you in my distress.  
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

*2 Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

*1 Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this  
will not do,

I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

*R. III., I: 4. 1013.*

**RELENTLESSNESS.—Deaf to Reason.**

*Shy.* I 'll have my bond; I will not hear  
thee speak:

I 'll have my bond; and, therefore, speak no  
more.

I 'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and  
yield

To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I 'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

*M. V., III: 3. 380.*

**—Hard.**

*Dem.* \* \* Be your heart to them,  
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Tit. And., II: 3. 1211.*

**—Has its Roots in Hate.**

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do  
not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would  
not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent  
sting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question  
with the Jew,

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;

You may as well use question with the  
wolf,

Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the  
lamb!

You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no  
noise,

When they are fretten with the gusts of  
heaven;

You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's  
harder?)

His Jewish heart.

*M. V., IV: 1. 383.*

#### RELIABILITY.—Immovable.

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as sure as bark  
on tree.

*L. L., V: 2. 297.*

#### RELIANCE.—Self.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll  
trust;

None about Cæsar.

*A. C., IV: 13. 1575.*

#### REMEDIES.—Have those We Seek.

*Hel.* Our remedies oft in ourselves do  
lie,

Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky  
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward  
pull

Our slow designs, when we ourselves are  
dull.

What power is it which mounts my love so  
high,

That makes me see, and cannot feed mine  
eye?

The mightiest space in fortune nature  
brings

To join like likes, and kiss like native  
things.

Impossible be strange attempts to those

That weigh their pains in sense; and do sup-  
pose

What hath been cannot be.

*A. W., I: 1. 497.*

#### REMEDY.—Should Follow Knowl- edge.

*Agam.* The nature of the sickness found,  
Ulysses,

What is the remedy?

*T. C., I: 3. 1109.*

#### —Suited to Disease.

*D. Pedro.* What need the bridge much  
broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:

Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once, thou  
lovest;

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

*M. A., I: 1. 228.*

#### REMONSTRANCE.—With Mur- derers.

*Clar.* Are you call'd forth from out a  
world of men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence!  
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict  
up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pro-  
nounce'd

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?  
Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.  
I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

By Christ's dear blood, shed for our griev-  
ous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;  
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon  
command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded,  
is our king.

*Clar.* Erroneous vassal! the great King  
of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded,

That thou shalt do no murder: Wilt thou  
then

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his  
hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

*R. III., I: 4. 1012.*

#### REMORSE.—A Murderer's.

*Exton.* As full of valour, as of royal  
blood:

Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were  
good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,  
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

This dead king to the living king I'll bear;  
Take hence the rest, and give them burial  
here.

*R. II., V: 5. 717.*

—Growth of.

*Friar.* \* \*

When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination;  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving-delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she liv'd indeed.

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 246.

—Immediate.

*Oth.* \* \*

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!  
Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

*O.*, V: 2. 1529.

—Invoking Help.

*King.* \* \*

O limed soul; that struggling to be free,  
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay!  
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with  
strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.

*H.*, III: 3. 1417.

*Exton.* \* \* O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,  
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.

*R. II.*, V: 5. 717.

—Macbeth's immediate.

*Macb.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—

Who lies i' the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There 's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cried, "murder!"

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cried, "God bless us!" and, "Amen," the other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, amen, When they did say, God bless us.

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?

I had most need of blessing, and amen  
Stuck in my throat.

\* \*

I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;

Look on 't again, I dare not.

*M.*, II: 2. 1364.

—Othello's bitter.

*Oth.* \* \*

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt, And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear; Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires:—Where should Othello go? Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils, From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Dead? O! O! O!

*O.*, V: 2. 1532.



—Unavailing.

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately  
despatched!  
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands  
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

*R. III., I: 4. 1014.*

**REMORSELESSNESS.—Murders Innocence.**

*Rich.* \* \*

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch  
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,  
But set his murdering knife unto the root  
From whence that tender spray did sweetly  
spring.

*H VI., 3 pt., II: 6. 969.*

—Towards a Rival.

1 *Play.* \* \*

And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding  
sword  
Now falls on Priam.

*H., II: 2. 1408.*

**REMUNERATION.—Latin for three Farthings.**

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration. O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than a French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

*Biron.* O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

*Cost.* Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

*Biron.* O, why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

*Cost.* I thank your worship: God be with you!

*L. L., III: 1. 281.*

**RENOWN.—Sought.**

*Lew.* \* \*

To outlook conquest, and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and death.

*K. J., V: 2. 673.*

**REPARATION.—For Slander Demanded.**

*Leon.* I cannot bid you bid my daughter  
live;

That were impossible: but I pray you  
both,

Possess the people in Messina here  
How innocent she died: and, if your love  
Can labour aught in sad invention,  
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,  
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night:—  
To-morrow morning come you to my house;  
And since you could not be my son-in-law,

Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a  
daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,  
And she alone is heir to both of us;  
Give her the right you should have given her  
cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

*M. A., V: 1. 252.*

**REPARTEE.—Sharp.**

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

*Apem.* No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll  
spurn thee hence.

*Apem.* I will fly, like a dog, the heels  
of the ass.

*T. A., I: 1. 1289.*

**REPENTANCE.—A.**

*Fal.* I would all the world might be cozened: for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been wash'd and cudgell'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fall'n as a dried pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

*M. W., IV: 5. 115.*

—A sorrowful.

*Pro.* \* \* If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,  
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer  
As e'er I did commit.

*T. G., V: 4. 72.*

—Demand for Popular.

*Flu.* \* \*

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your  
tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.  
See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

*J. C.*, I: 1. 1323.

—Impossible, if Delayed.

*Fal.* \* \* Well, I'll repent, and that  
suddenly; while I am in some liking; I  
shall be out of heart shortly, and then I  
shall have no strength to repent. An I have  
not forgotten what the inside of a church is  
made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's  
horse: the inside of a church! Company,  
villanous company, hath been the spoil of  
me.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 749.

—Its Difficulty.

*King.* \* \*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't.  
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will:  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand,  
Were thicker than itself with brother's  
blood?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav-  
ens,

To wash it white as snow!

*H.*, III: 3. 1417.

—Leads to obedience.

*Sal.* \* \*

And, like a bated and retired flood,  
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
Stoop low within those bounds we have  
overlook'd,

And calmly run on in obedience,  
Even to our ocean.

*K. J.*, V: 4. 674.

—Real.

*Ari.* \* \*

Is nothing but heart's sor-  
row,  
And a clear life ensuing.

*T.*, III: 3. 25.

—Self-Flattery, a Bar to.

*Ham.* \* \*

Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness  
speaks:

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker.

*H.*, III: 4. 1420.

—Should Appease the Wronged.

*Val.* Then I am paid,

And once again I do receive thee honest:—  
Who by repentance is not satisfied  
Is nor of heaven, nor earth, for these are  
pleas'd;

By penitence th' Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.

*T. G.*, V: 4. 72.

—True.

*Juliet.* I do confess it, and repent it,  
father.

*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter; but lest  
you do repent,  
As that the sin hath brought you to this  
shame,—

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves,  
not heaven;

Showing, we would not spare heaven, as  
we love it,

But as we stand in fear:

*Juliet.* I do repent me, as it is an evil;  
And take the shame with joy.

*M. M.*, II: 3. 154.

REPETITIONS.—Not to be Ap-  
proved.

*K. Phi.* \* \*

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim  
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

*K. J.*, II: 1. 651.

—Troublesome.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must  
be done,

This act is as an ancient tale new told;  
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 666.

**REPRESSION.—Enforced.**

*Gard.* Go, bind thou up yon' dangling  
apricocks,  
Which, like unruly children, make their  
sire  
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal  
weight:  
Give some supportance to the bending  
twigs.—  
Go thou, and like an executioner,  
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,  
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:  
All must be even in our government.

*R. II., III: 4. 706.*

**REPROACH.**

*Abb.* \* \*

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy  
upbraidings.

*C. E., V: 1. 210.*

**—Bitter self.**

*Ham.* \* \* I am myself indifferent  
honest; but yet I could accuse me of such  
things, that it were better, my mother had  
not borne me: I am very proud, revenge-  
ful, ambitious; with more offences at my  
beck, than I have thoughts to put them in,  
imagination to give them shape, or time to  
act them in: What should such fellows as I  
do crawling between earth and heaven!

*H., III: 1. 1411.*

**—Hamlet's, of his Mother.**

*Queen.* What shall I do?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid  
you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his  
mouse;

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd  
fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'T were good, you let  
him know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober,  
wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,  
Such dear concernings hide? who would do  
so?

No, in despite of sense, and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

*H., III: 4. 1420.*

**—Of Cæsar's Murderers.**

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when  
your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar;  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and  
fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's  
feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck.

*J. C., V: 1. 1348.*

**—Self, for Desertion.**

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most. O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou  
have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows  
my heart  
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will  
do 't, I feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek  
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best  
fits

My latter part of life.

*A. C., IV: 6. 1570.*

**—Solemn Language of.**

*Alon.* \* \*

The name of Prosper; it did base my tres-  
pass.

*T., III: 3. 25.*

**—Unslumbering.**

*Hot.* \* \*

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I 'll holla—Mortimer!  
Nay,  
I 'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you,  
Cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke,  
And that same sword-and-buckler prince of  
Wales,  
But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mis-  
chance,  
I 'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 733.

# **REPROACHES.—Unanswered by the Dead.**

*War.* From off the gates of York fetch  
down the head,  
Your father's head, which Clifford placed  
there:

Instead whereof, let this supply the room;  
Measure for measure must be answered.

*Edw.* Bring forth that fatal screech-owl  
to our house,  
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:  
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening  
sound,  
And 'his ill-boding tongue no more shall  
speak.

*Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the  
world goes hard,  
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an  
oath;—

I know by that, he's dead; And, by my  
soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours'  
life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,  
This hand should chop it off; and with the  
issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst  
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 6. 970.

# **REPROOF.—Mocked.**

*Ol.* \* \*

There's something in me that reproves my  
fault;

But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

*T. N.*, III: 4. 560.

# **REPUTATION.—A, second to None.**

*Mer.* How is the man esteem'd here in  
the city?

*Ang.* Of very reverent reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,  
Second to none that lives here in the city:  
His word might bear my wealth at any  
time.

*C. E.*, V: 1. 209.

# **—An honorable.**

*Nor.* \* \* My dear, dear lord,  
The purest treasure mortal times afford,  
Is—spotless reputation; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.  
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done:  
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me  
try;

In that I live, and for that will I die.

*R. II.*, I: 1. 686.

# **—Injured.**

*Pol.* O, then my best blood turn  
To an infected jelly.

\* \*

Turn then my freshest reputation to  
A savour that may strike the dullest nos-  
tril.

*W. T.*, II: 2. 586.

*Mrs. Page.* \* \* Defend your reputation,  
or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

*M. W.*, III: 3. 105.

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;  
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-  
bit.

*K. L.*, V: 3. 1483.

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation!  
O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost  
the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what  
remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago,  
my reputation.

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought  
you had received some bodily wound; there  
is more offence in that, than in reputation.  
Reputation is an idle and most false imposi-  
tion; oft got without merit, and lost without  
deserving: You have lost no reputation  
at all, unless you repute yourself such a  
loser.

*O.*, II: 3. 1507.



—Self-Destroyed.

*Achil.* I see, my reputation is at stake :  
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

*Patr.* O, then beware ;  
Those wounds heal ill, that men do give  
themselves.

*T. C.*, III : 3. 1126.

RESEMBLANCE.—To Father.

*King.* Youth, thou bear'st thy  
father's face ;  
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,  
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's  
moral parts  
May'st thou inherit too.

*A. W.*, I : 2. 498.

RESENTMENT.—Bitterly Expressed.

*Tim* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn !  
Speak,  
For each true word, a blister ! and each  
false

Be as caut'rising to the root o' the tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking !

*1 Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you,\*and you  
of Timon.

*2 Sen.* The senators of Athens greet  
thee, Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them ; and would send  
them back the plague,  
Could I but catch it for them.

*T. A.*, V : 2. 1313.

—Natural.

*Clif.* \* \*

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?  
Not to the beast that would usurp their  
den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth  
lick ?

Not his, that spoils her young before her  
face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal  
sting ?

Not he, that sets his foot upon her back,  
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden  
on ;

And doves will peck, in safeguard of their  
brood.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II : 2. 964.

—Spent on Anything.

*Bene.* Ho ! how you strike like the  
blind man ; 't was the boy that stole your  
meat and you 'll beat the post.

*M. A.*, II : 1. 232.

—Weak and foolish.

*Ant.* \* \* He makes me angry :  
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't ;  
When my good stars, that were my former  
guides,

Have empty left their orbs, and shot their  
fires

Into the abism of hell. If he mislike  
My speech, and whatis done ; tell him, he has  
Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman,  
whom

He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or tort-  
ure,

As he shall like, to quit me : Urge it thou :  
Hence, with my stripes, begone.

*A. C.*, III : 11. 1567.

RESIGNATION.—Perfect.

*Vio.* \* \*

She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

*T. N.*, II : 4. 551.

*Art.* \* \*

Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men  
away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.

*K. J.*, IV : 1. 665.

*Lear.* \* \*

Unburden'd crawl toward death.

*K. L.*, I : 1. 1443.

*Glo.* I do remember now ; henceforth  
I 'll bear

Affliction, till it do cry out itself,  
Enough, enough, and die.

*K. L.*, IV : 6. 1475.

—To Death.

*Ant.* \* \*

Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you,  
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom : it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty ; from which ling'ring  
penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

*M. V.*, IV : 1. 385.

**RESPECTABILITY.—Desired by the Infamous.***Bast. \* \**

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope; Who was it mother?

*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

*K. J., I: 1. 649.***RESPONSIBILITY.—Cannot be Shifted.**

*K. Hen.* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master, the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore

should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin, to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*H. V., IV: 1. 841.***—Personal, to God.**

*K. Rich. \* \** Show us the hand of God  
That hath dismissed us from our stewardship;

For well we know, no hand of blood and bone  
Can grip the sacred handle of our sceptre,  
Unless he be profane, steal or usurp.

*E. II., III: 3. 704.*

*K. John.* From whom hast thou this great commission, France,  
To draw my answer from thy articles?

*K. Phi.* From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.  
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:

Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong;  
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

*K. J., II: 1. 650.***REST.—Ignored in Peril.**

*2 Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

*1 Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest,  
Till Warwick, or himself, be quite suppress'd.

*2 Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

*H. VI., 3 pt., IV: 3. 960.***—Its inevitable Demands.**

*War.* Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe:

For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,

Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,

And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 3. 966.*

**RESTITUTION.—Hateful.**

*P. Henry.* O my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee :— The money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O. I do not like that paying back, 't is a double labour.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 751.

**RESTLESSNESS.—Frets.**

*Poins.* \* \* I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 2. 735.

**RESTRAINT.—Impossible.**

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,  
Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man :  
The expedition of my violent love  
Out-ran the pauser reason.

*M.*, II: 2. 1367.

**—Rebelled against.**

*Ang.* \* \* The state whereon I studied  
Is like a good thing, being often read,  
Grown fear'd and tedious! yea, my gravity,  
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,  
Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,  
Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!

How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls

To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:

Let 's write good angel on the devil's horn,  
'T is not the devil's crest.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 154.

**RESULTS.—Greater than the Agent.**

*Hel.* \* \*  
He that of greatest works is finisher  
Oft does them by the weakest minister :  
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,  
When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,

When miracles have by the great'st been denied.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there  
Where most it promises; and often it hits,  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most shifts.

*A. W.*, II: 1. 503.

**—Must Have a Cause.**

*Cant.* It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;

And therefore we must needs admit the means,

How things are perfected.

*H. V.*, I: 1. 820.

**—No Proof of Justice.**

*Tro.* Why, brother Hector,  
We may not think the justness of each act  
Such and no other than event doth form it.

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1115.

**RETORT.—Wordy.**

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,  
perdy;  
And which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

*H. V.*, II: 1. 825.

**RETREAT.—Honorable.**

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

*A. Y.*, III: 2. 422.

**RETRIBUTION.—Belongs to God.**

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too :  
Thou did'st receive the sacrament, to fight  
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,  
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*Clar.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake :  
He sends you not to murder me for this :  
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publicly;  
Take not the quarrel from his powerful  
arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,  
To cut off those who have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody  
minister,  
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,  
That princely novice, was struck dead by  
thee?

*Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and  
my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty,  
and thy fault,  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*R. III.*, I: 4. 1013.

#### —Comes Surely.

*Æmil.* Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never  
had more cause!  
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a  
power  
Of high resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the  
Goths?

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down  
with storms:

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;  
'T is he the common people love so much;  
Myself hath often over-heard them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man,)   
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their  
emperor.

*Tit. And.*, IV: 4. 1224.

#### —Just.

*Edg.* \* \*  
The gods are just, and of our pleasant  
vices  
Make instruments to scourge us.

*K. L.*, V: 3. 1483.

*Ham.* \* \*  
For 't is the sport, to have the engineer,  
Hoist with his own petar.

*H.*, III: 4. 1420.

#### —Measured as We Measure.

*Duke.* \* \*

An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!  
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers  
leisure;

Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for  
*Measure*.

Then, Angelo, thy fault 's thus manifested:  
Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies  
thee vantage:

We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with  
like haste;

Away with him!

*M. M.*, V: 1. 175.

#### —Most horrible Imaginable.

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy  
foes are bound;—  
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak  
to me;

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.  
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!  
Here stands the spring whom you have  
stain'd with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile  
fault,

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to  
death:

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that,  
more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
What would you say, if I should let you  
speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for  
grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth  
hold

The bason, that receives your guilty blood.  
You know, your mother means to feast with  
me,

And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me  
mad,—

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to  
dust,

And with your blood and it, I'll make a  
paste;



And of the paste a coffin I will rear,  
And make two pasties of your shameful  
heads :

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd  
dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.  
This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on ;  
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daugh-  
ter,

And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd :  
And now prepare your throats. — Lavinia,  
come,

Receive the blood : and, when that they are  
dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
And with this hateful liquor temper it ;  
And in that paste let their vile heads be  
bak'd.

Come, come, be every one officious  
To make this banquet ; which I wish may  
prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs'  
feast.

So, now bring them in, for I will play the  
cook,

And see them ready 'gainst their mother  
comes.

*Tit. And., V : 2. 1229.*

#### —Suited to the Crime.

*Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops  
I strayed,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :  
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with this dis-  
course :

“Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half  
thy dam

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou  
art,

Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :  
But where the bull and cow are both milk  
white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.

Peace, villain, peace ! ” — even thus he rates  
the babe, —

“For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth ;

Who, when he knows thou art the empress'  
babe,

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.”  
With this my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon  
him,

Surpris'd him suddenly ; and brought him  
hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth ! this is the incar-  
nate devil,

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :  
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress'  
eye ;

And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.  
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou  
convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face ?  
Why dost not speak ? What ! deaf ? No ;  
not a word ?

A halter, soldiers ; hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Tit. And., V 1. 1225.*

#### —Swiftness of.

*K. John.* \* \*

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France ;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard :  
So, hence ! Be thou the trumpet of our  
wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay.

*K. J., I : 1. 646.*

#### REUNION.—Taught.

*Mar.* \* \*

O, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body.

*Tit. And., V : 3. 1230.*

#### REVENGE.—A Jew's.

*Salar.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit,  
thou wilt not take his flesh ? What 's that  
good for ?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal ! if it will feed  
nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He  
hath disgrac'd me, and hindered me half a  
million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at  
my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my  
bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine ene-  
mies ; and what 's his reason ? I am a Jew.  
Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands,  
organs, dimensions, senses, affections, pas-  
sions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the  
same weapons, subject to the same diseases,

healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

*M. V., III: 1. 375.*

—A Medicine.

*Mal.* Be comforted:  
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*M., IV: 3. 1380.*

—A Solace.

*Tro. \* \**

Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,  
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,  
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,  
I'll through and through you!—and thou,  
great-siz'd coward!  
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:  
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.  
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

*T. C., V: 11. 1143.*

—Bitter and eternal.

*Mar.* O, calm thee, gentle lord! although, I know,  
There is enough written upon this earth,  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;  
And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere,

And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—

That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'T is sure enough, an you knew how,

But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware:

The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,

She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him while she playeth on her back,

And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.

You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a gad of steel will write these words,

And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,

And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

*Mar.* O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;  
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;

But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—  
Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

*Tit. And., IV: 1. 1219.*

—Blind.

*War. \* \**

The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 928.*

—Cherished in Madness.

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:

Thou must be patient; we came crying  
hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell  
the air,

We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee;  
mark me.

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry, that we  
are come

To this great stage of fools;—'T is a good  
plot;

It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in  
proof;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-  
law,

Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

*K. L., IV: 6. 1476.*

#### —Commands its Slaves.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent  
to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies?

*Tam.* I am; therefore come down, and  
welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to  
thee.

Lo, by thy side, where Rape, and Murder,  
stands;

Now give some 'surance that thou art Re-  
venge,

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot  
wheels;

And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,

And find out murderers in their guilty caves:  
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel,  
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,  
Until his very downfall in the sea:

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tit. And., V: 2. 1227.*

#### —Counter.

*Tam.* Know thou, sad man, I am not  
Tamora;

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:

I am Revenge; sent from the infernal king-  
dom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,  
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's  
light;

Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,

Where bloody murder, or detested rape,  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,

And in their ears tell them my dreadful  
name,

Revenge, which makes the foul offender  
quake.

*Tit. And., V: 2. 1227*

#### —Deaf to Reason.

*Hect.* \* \* For pleasure and revenge  
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision.

*T. C., II: 2. 1115.*

#### —Impassioned Cry for.

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me; I am hungry  
for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Ed-  
ward;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;  
Young York he is but boot, because both

they

Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my  
Edward;

And the beholders of this tragic play,  
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,  
Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer:

Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,

And send them thither: But at hand, at  
hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints  
pray,

To have him suddenly conveyed from  
hence:—

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

*R. III., IV: 4. 1035.*

—Insatiable.

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my  
great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

*O.*, V: 2. 1529.

—Must be prompt.

*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay  
behind,  
To do the office for thee of revenge;  
And then my soul shall wait on thee to  
heaven,  
As it on earth hath been thy servant still. —  
Now, now, you stars, that move in your  
right spheres,  
Where be your powers? Show now your  
mended faiths;  
And instantly return with me again,  
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,  
Out of the weak door of our fainting  
land:  
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be  
sought;  
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

*K. J.*, V: 7. 676.

—No Valor.

*1 Sen.* \* \*

To revenge is no valour but to bear.

*T. A.*, III: 5. 1301.

—Sought ever.

*York.* \* \*

My brain, more busy than the labouring  
spider,  
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine ene-  
mies.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

—Speedy.

*Ham.* Haste me to know it; that I, with  
wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

*H.*, I: 5. 1399.

—The Bitterest.

*Ham.* Now might I do it, pat, now he is  
praying;  
And now I'll do 't;—and so he goes to  
heaven:

And so am I reveng'd? That would be  
scann'd

A villain kills my father, and, for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not re-  
venge.

He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as  
May;

And, how his audit stands, who knows, save  
heaven?

But, in our circumstance and course of  
thought,

'T is heavy with him: And am I then re-  
veng'd,

To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid  
hent:

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;  
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed;

At gaming, swearing; or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in 't;

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at  
heaven;

And that his soul may be as damn'd and  
black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

*H.*, III: 3. 1417.

—Threatened.

*Tal.* \* \*

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's  
heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled  
brains.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 4. 870.

—Waiting.

*Com.* I tell you, he does sit in gold, his  
eye

Red as 't would burn Rome.

*C.*, V: 1. 1186.

*Men.* \* \*

Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,

I have tumbled past the throw; and in his  
praise

Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing.

*C.*, V: 2. 1187.



— Watchful.

*Shy.* \* \*  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear  
him.

*M. V., I: 3. 365.*

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy  
thoughts;  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony  
heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 803.*

**REVERENCE.—How Shown.**

*Suf.* \* \* Rather let my head  
Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to  
any  
Save to the God of heaven, and to my king.

*H. VI., 2 pt., IV: 1. 933.*

**REVERSES.—Signs of Complete.**

*K. Rich.* \* \*  
For night-owls shriek, where mountain larks  
should sing.

*R. II., III: 3. 705.*

**REWARD.—Follows Deserving.**

*Dun.* \* \*  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall  
shine  
On all deservers.

*M., I: 4. 1360.*

— Taken with Thanks.

*Ham.* \* \*  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.

*H., III: 2. 1413.*

**RHETORIC.—Silent.**

*Boyet.* \* \*  
By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with  
eyes.

*L. L., II: 1. 279.*

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!  
He reputes me a cannon.

*L. L., III: 1. 281.*

**RHYTHM.—Imperfect.**

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and  
could not bear themselves without the verse,  
and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*A. Y., III: 2. 422.*

**RHYMES.—Their Difficulties.**

*Bene.* Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme:  
I have tried; I can find out no rhyme to  
"lady" but "baby," an innocent rhyme;  
for "scorn," "horn," a hard rhyme; for  
"school," "fool," a babbling rhyme; very  
ominous endings. No, I was not born under  
a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in  
festival terms.

*M. A., V: 2. 253.*

**RICHERS.—End in Poverty.**

*Duke.* \* \* If thou art rich, thou'rt  
poor;  
For, like an ass whose back with ingots  
bows,  
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
And Death unloads thee.

*M. M., III: 1. 156.*

—Lead to Wooing.

*Fent.* Why, thou must be thyself.  
He doth object, I am too great of birth;  
And that my state being gall'd with my ex-  
pense,

I seek to heal it only by his wealth.  
Besides these, other bars he lays before  
me,—

My riots past, my wild societies;  
And tells me, 't is a thing impossible  
I should love thee, but as a property.

*Anne.* May be, he tells you true.

*Fent.* No, heaven so speed me in my time  
to come!

Albeit, I will confess thy father's wealth  
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee Anne:  
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value  
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;  
And 't is the very riches of thyself  
That now I aim at.

*M. W., III: 4. 107.*

**RIGHTS.—A poor Man's.**

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish  
hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in  
the law; 't will hardly come out.

*P., II: 1. 1649.*

—Whence Obtained.

*K. Phi.* From that supernal judge, that  
stirs good thoughts  
In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right.

*K. J., II: 1. 650.*

**RING.—The Value Depends upon the Giver.**

*Bass.* This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;

I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this; And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you, And find it out by proclamation;

Only for this I pray you pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers: You taught me first to beg; and now methinks

You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;

And, when she put it on, she made me vow That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad woman, And know how well I have deserv'd this ring, She would not hold out enemy for ever, For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;

Let his deservings, and my love withal, Be valued against your wife's commandment.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;

Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,

Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.  
*M. V., IV: 1. 387.*

**RIPENESS.—Perfect.**

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, sanguis,—in blood; ripe as a pomewater.

*L. L., IV: 2. 285.*

**RISING.—Early, a Matter of Surprise.**

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

It is most strange,

Nature should be so conservant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd.

*P., III: 2. 1656.*

**—Early, Accounted for.**

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worshipping'd sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east, A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad; Where,—underneath the grove of sycamore,

That westward rooteth from the city's side,— So early walking did I see your son.

*R. J., I: 1. 1243.*

**—Early, Condemned.**

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*J. C., II: 1. 1331.*

**—Early, Ridiculed.**

*Fri.* \* \* *Benedicite!*

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?— Young son, it argues a distemper'd head, So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed: Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye, And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbusied youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, their golden sleep doth reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure, Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature; Or if not so, then here I hit it right — Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*R. J., II: 3. 1253.*

**RIVAL.—Concern Respecting.**

*Cleo.* \* \* \*

What majesty is in her gait? Remember, If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one; She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I prithee.

*Mess.* Madam,

She was a widow.

*Cleo.* hark.

Widow?—Charmian,

*Mess.* And I do think she's thirty.

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind ? Is't long, or round ?

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part too, they are foolish that are so.

Her hair, what colour ?

*Mess.* Brown, madam : And her forehead As low as she would wish it.

*Cleo.* There 's gold for thee.

*A. C., III : 3. 1559.*

#### —Death of a, Bemoaned.

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Nec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him, He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony ! I have follow'd thee to this ;—But we do lance

Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce Have shown to thee such a declining day, Or look on thine ; we could not stall together

In the whole world : But yet let me lament With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,

That thou, my brother, my competitor In top of all design, my mate in empire, Friend and companion in the front of war, The arm of mine own body, and the heart Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide Our equalness to this.

*A. C., V : 1. 1577.*

#### —Instruction Sought of a.

*Hel.* O happy fair ! Your eyes are lode-stars ; and your tongue's sweet air More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear, When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

Sickness is catching ; O, were favour so, Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia, ere I go ;

My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius, being bated,

The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how to look ; and with what art

You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

*M. N., I : 1. 323.*

#### RIVALRY.—Bitter.

*Q. Mar.* Not all these lords do vex me half so much,

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.

She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,

More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife ;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen : She bears a duke's revenues on her back, And in her heart she scorns our poverty :

Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her ? Contemptuous base-born callat as she is, She vaunted 'mong her minions t' other day, The very train of her worst wearing-gown Was better worth than all my father's lands, Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

*H. VI., 2 pt., I : 3. 912.*

#### —Sometimes innocent.

*P. Hen.* \* \* and think not, Percy, To share with me in glory any more : Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V : 4. 760.*

*Her.* I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

*Hel.* O, that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill !

*Her.* I gave him curses, yet he gives me love.

*Hel.* O, that my prayers could such affection move !

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he follows me.

*Hel.* The more I love, the more he hateth me.

*Her.* His folly, Helena, is none of mine.

*M. N., I : 1. 323.*

**RIVALS.—How Disposed of.**

*Som.* It is too late; I cannot send them now;

This expedition was by York, and Talbot,  
Too rashly plotted; all our general force  
Might with a sally of the very town  
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot  
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,  
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:

York set him on to fight, and die in shame,  
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear  
the name.

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 4. 888.*

**ROBBERY.—A Vocation.**

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 't is my vocation, Hal;  
't is no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poinis!—Now shall we know if Gads-hill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 729.*

**ROGUE.—A versatile One.**

*Ant.* \* \* I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

*W. T., IV: 2. 600.*

**ROMAN.—The noblest.**

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, "this was a man!"

*J. C., V: 5. 1352.*

**ROMANS.—Not all Born in Rome.**

*Men.* I would they were barbarians, (as they are,  
Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they are not,  
Though calv'd i' the porch o' the Capitol.)

*C., III: 1. 1171.*

**ROME.—Abhorred.**

*K. Hen.* I may perceive,  
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court,

I say, set on.

*H. VIII., II: 4. 1074.*

**ROSES.—Origin of the Factions of the.**

*Som.* Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,  
But dare maintain the party of the truth,  
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

*War.* I love no colours; and, without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery,  
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

*Suf.* I pluck this red rose, with young Somerset;

And say withal, I think he held the right.

*Ver.* Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,  
Till you conclude,—that he, upon whose side

The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,  
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

*Som.* Good master Vernon, it is well objected;

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

*Plan.* And I.

*Ver.* Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale, and maiden blossom here,  
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

*Som.* Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,

And fall on my side so against your will.

*Ver.* If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,

Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,  
And keep me on the side where still I am.

\* \*

*Som.* Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:

And know us, by these colours, for thy foes:



For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

*Plan.* And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,

As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,  
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;  
Until it wither with me to my grave,  
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

*War.* \* \*

And here I prophesy,—This brawl to-day,  
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,  
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

*H. VI., 1 pt., II: 4. 875.*

#### ROUGHNESS.—A wise.

*Pet.* Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;  
And where two raging fires meet together,  
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:  
So I to her, and so she yields to me;  
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

*T. S., II: 1. 463.*

#### ROUT.—A complete.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,

But that the heavens fought: The king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a straight lane; the enemy full-hearted,

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

Merely through fear: that the strait pass was damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living

To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Cym., V: 3. 1622.*

#### ROYSTERERS.—Time no Object to.

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

*P. Henry.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. \* \* I see no reason, why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 728.*

#### RUDENESS.—Of Speech, Rebuked.

*Gon.* My lord Sebastian,  
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*T., II: 1. 16.*

#### RUIN.—Foreseen.

*Q. Eliz.* Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet

Upon the innocent and awless throne:—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre,

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*R. III., II: 4. 1019.*

#### —Utter.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* 'T would drink the cup and all.

*H. V., I: 1. 820.*

#### RULER.—His Presence Strengthens.

*Glo.* Now will it best avail your majesty,

To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:

The presence of a king engenders love  
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;  
As it disanimates his enemies.

*H. VI., 1 pt., III: 1. 880.*

#### RUMOR.—Doubles.

*War.* \* \*

Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,

The numbers of the fear'd.

*H. IV., III: 2. 790.*

## —Injures.

*Rum.* \* \* From Rumour's tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse  
than true wrongs.

*H. IV., 2 pt., Ind.: 773.*

## —Its Methods.

*Rum.* Open your ears; For which of  
you will stop  
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour  
speaks?  
I, from the orient to the drooping west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still un-  
fold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;  
The which in every language I pronounce,

Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the  
world:

And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence;  
Whilst the big year, swoll'n with some other  
grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war  
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
And of so easy and so plain a stop,  
That the blunt monster with uncounted  
heads,

The still discordant wavering multitude,  
Can play upon it.

*H. IV., 2 pt., Ind.: 773.*

## S

**SACRIFICES.—Ad manes fratrum.**

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the  
Goths,  
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
Before this earthly prison of their bones;  
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

*Tit. And., I: 2. 1202*

## —Honored of the gods.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Corde-  
lia,  
The gods themselves throw incense.

*K. L., V: 3. 1481.*

**SADNESS.—Indefinable.**

*Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so  
sad:  
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 't is made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*M. V., I: 1. 361.*

## —Real and affected.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!  
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness.

*K. J., IV: 1. 664.*

## —Respects not Promise.

*Bushy.* Madam, your majesty is too much  
sad:  
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,  
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,  
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

*R. II., II: 2. 695.*

**SAFETY.**

*Cæs.* \* \* Yet, if I knew  
What hoop should hold us staunch, from  
edge to edge  
O' the world I would pursue it.

\* \*

*Igr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your  
hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife.

*A. C., II: 2. 1549.*

## —Assured.

*Mar.* Come I too late?

*Com.* Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,  
But mantled in your own.

*Mar.* O! let me clip you  
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart  
As merry, as when our nuptial day was  
done,  
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

*C.*, I: 6. 1156.

## —In Crime, endangered.

*Macb.* \* \* To be thus, is nothing;  
But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Ban-  
quo  
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much  
he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his val-  
our

To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and under him  
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.

*M.*, III: 1. 1369.

## —In Defence.

*Hast.* 'T is better using France, than  
trusting France:  
Let us be back'd with God, and with the  
seas,  
Which he hath given for fence impregna-  
ble;  
And with their helps only defend ourselves;  
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

*H.* VI., 3 pt., IV: 1. 979.

## SANCTION.—High, Given unworthily.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal  
denied?  
Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on  
you?  
That you should seal this lawless bloody  
book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

*H.* IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 795.

## SANCTUARY.—None for Children.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate,  
my lord,  
Too ceremonious, and traditional:  
Weigh it but with the grossness of this  
age,  
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the  
place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the  
place:  
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor de-  
serv'd it;  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have  
it:  
Then, taking him from thence that is not  
there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;  
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

*R.* III., III: 1. 1020.

## —Right of, inviolate.

*Card.* My lord of Buckingham, if my weak  
oratory  
Can from his mother win the duke of York,  
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdu-  
rate  
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid  
We should infringe the holy privilege  
Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,  
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*R.* III., III: 1. 1020.

## SANGUINITY.—Not to be Trusted.

*Gon.* Here is everything advantageous  
to life.  
*Ant.* True; save means to live.  
*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.  
*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass  
looks! how green!  
*Ant.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.  
*Seb.* With an eye of green in 't.  
*Ant.* He misses not much.  
*Seb.* No; he doth but mistake the truth  
totally.  
*Gon.* But the rarity of it is, which is in-  
deed almost beyond credit,—  
*Seb.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*T.*, II: 1. 15.

**SATIETY.—Sought.***Luc. \* \**

And am to Padua come, as he that leaves  
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,  
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

*T. S., I: 1. 455.***SATIRE.—Defied.**

*Bene.* I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think I care for a satire, or an epigram?

*M. A., V: 4. 255.***SATIRIST.—His Misrepresentations.***Ulyss. \* \***Patroclus,*

Upon a lazy bed the livelong day  
Breaks scurril jests;  
And with ridiculous and awkward action  
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)  
He pageants us.

*T. C., I: 3. 1109.*

*Ulyss. \* \** And at this sport,  
Sir Valour dies; cries, "Oh!—enough,  
Patroclus;—  
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all  
In pleasure of my spleen." And in this  
fashion,  
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
Severals and generals of grace exact,  
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
Excitements to the field, or speech for  
truce,  
Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves  
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

*T. C., I: 3. 1109.***—Infamous.**

*Beat.* Why, he's the prince's jester,—a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders; none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him.

*M. A., II: 1. 231.***—Invoked.**

*Sir To. \* \** Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

*T. N., III: 2. 556.***—Well-known.**

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord  
Biron,

Before I saw you: and the world's large  
tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with  
mocks;

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,  
Which you on all estates will execute,  
That lie within the mercy of your wit.

*L. L., V: 2. 303.***SATISFACTION.—In Circumstantial Evidence.***Iago. \* \** But yet, I say,

If imputation, and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have  
it.

*O., III: 3. 1514.***SAVINGS.—Proffered to a Patron's Son.**

*Adam.* But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse,  
When service should in my old limbs lie  
lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown.  
Take that: and He that doth the ravens  
feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
All this I give you.

*A. Y., II: 3. 415.***SCANDAL.—Inevitable.**

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality

Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny

The whitest virtue strikes. What king so  
strong,

Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue!

*M. M., III: 2. 161.***SCAR.—Nobly got, an Honor.**

*Laf.* A scar nobly got, or a noble scar,  
is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

*A. W., IV: 5. 524.*



**SCHOLARS.—Agreement between.***King.* \* \* \*

My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes

They are recorded in this schedule here :  
Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe  
your names,

That his own hand may strike his honour  
down,

That violates the smallest branch herein :  
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,  
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep  
them too.

*L. L.*, I: 1. 271.**SCHOOLMASTER.—A faithful.***Pro.* \* \* \* And here

Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more  
profit

Than other princess can, that have more  
time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*T.*, I: 2. 10.**—Praised.**

*Nath.* Sir, I praise the Lord for you,  
and so may my parishioners ; for their sons  
are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters  
profit very greatly under you : you are a  
good member of the commonwealth.

*L. L.*, IV: 2. 286.**SCORN.—Dreaded.***Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction ; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare  
head ;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips ;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes ;  
I should have found in some part of my  
soul

A drop of patience : but (alas !) to make me  
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn  
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—  
O ! O !

*O.*, IV: 2. 1522.**—Feared.***Ulyss.* \* \* \*

And we were better parch in Afric sun,  
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1111.**—Tearless.**

*Lys.* Why should you think that I  
should woo in scorn ?

Scorn and derision never come in tears :  
Look, when I vow, I weep ; and vows so  
born,

In their nativity all truth appears.  
How can these things in me seem scorn to  
you,

Bearing the badge of faith to prove them  
true ?

*M. N.*, III: 2. 334.**SCORPIONS.—Of the Mind.**

*Mach.* O, full of scorpions is my mind,  
dear wife !

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance,  
live.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's  
not eterne.

*Mach.* There's comfort yet ; they are  
assailable ;

Then be thou jocund : ere the bat hath  
flown

His cloister'd flight ; ere, to black Hecate's  
summons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy  
hums,

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall  
be done

A deed of dreadful note.

*M.*, III: 2. 1370.**SCRIPTURE.—The Devil Quotes.***Glo.* \* \* \*

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of script-  
ure,

Tell them—that God bids us do good for  
evil :

And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ ;  
And seem a saint, when most I play the  
devil.

*R. III.*, I: 3. 1010.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio.  
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.  
An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

*M. V.*, I: 1. 365.

**SCULPTOR.—The Triumph of His Art.***Leon.* \* \*

Would you not deem it breath'd? and that  
those veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Pol.* Masterly done :

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leon.* The fixture of her eye has motion  
in 't,

As we are mock'd with art.

*W. T., V : 3. 617.***SCULPTURE.—Its Perfection.**

3 *Gent.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina, — a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither, with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

*W. T., V : 2. 615.***—Perfect.***Iach.* The chimney

Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,

Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures

So likely to report themselves: the cutter

Was as another nature, dumb; outwent  
her,

Motion and breath left out.

*Cym., II : 4. 1603.***SEA.—A stormy.***Mira.* \* \*

The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,

But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,

Dashes the fire out.

*T., I : 2. 8.**Mon.* \* \*

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on  
them,

Can hold the mortise?

*O., II : 1. 1500.***—Its Rage.***Pet.* \* \*

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with  
winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with  
sweat?

*T. S., I : 2. 460.***—A Conqueror.***Pro.* O! a cherubim

Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou  
didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,

(When I have deck'd the sea with drops full  
salt;

Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in  
me

An undergoing stomach, to bear up

Against what should ensue.

*T., I : 2. 10.***SEA-WATER.—Cleans Garments.**

*Gon.* That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

*T., II : 1. 15.***SEARCH.—A fruitless.***Ben.*

Go, then; for 't is in vain  
To seek him here, that means not to be  
found.

*R. J., II : 1. 1251.***SEASON.—Out of.**

1 *Murd.* \* \* Right, as snow in harvest.

*R. III., I : 4. 1013.***SEASONS.—Fairies Cause their Confusion.***Tita.* \* \*

The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts

Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;

And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown,

An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds

Is, as in mock'ry, set. The spring, the  
summer,

The childing autumn, angry winter, change

Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,

By their increase, now knows not which is  
which:

And this same progeny of evils comes

From our debate, from our dissension.

*M. N., II : 1. 326.*

**SECLUSION.—Desirable before great Events.***Jul.* \* \*

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;  
 For I have need of many orisons  
 To move the heavens to smile upon my  
 state,  
 Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full  
 of sin.

*R. J.*, IV: 3. 1270.**—Loved for its own Sake.***Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows  
 than you

How I have ever lov'd the life removed;  
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
 Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery  
 keep.

*M. M.*, I: 3. 146.**—Not to be disturbed.***Ben.* \* \*

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of  
 me,

And stole into the covert of the wood:  
 I, measuring his affections by my own,—  
 That most are busied when they are most  
 alone,—

Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,  
 And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from  
 me.

*R. J.*, I: 1. 1243.**SECRET.—How kept.***Nurse.* Is your man secret? Did you  
 ne'er hear say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

*R. J.*, II: 4. 1256.*Oph.*

'T is in my memory lock'd,  
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*H.*, I: 3. 1396.**SECRETS.—A dangerous Possession.**

*Thal.* \* \* Well, I perceive he was a  
 wise fellow, and had good discretion, that  
 being bid to ask what he would of the king,  
 desired he might know none of his secrets.  
 Now do I see he had some reason for it: for  
 if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound  
 by the indenture of his oath to be one.

*P.*, I: 3. 1646.**—(See Discretion.) A Wife's Right to Share.***Por.* \* \* What, is Brutus sick;

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night?  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
 You have some sick offence within your  
 mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,  
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
 Which did incorporate and make us one,  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy; and what men to-night  
 Have had resort to you; for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.*Por.* I should not need, if you were  
 gentle Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself,  
 But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;  
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your  
 bed,

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but  
 in the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*J. C.*, II: 1. 1331.**—Danger of Knowing.***Luc.* Fire that's closest kept burns most  
 of all.*T. G.*, II: 2. 49.*Per.* \* \* The great Antiochus

('Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
 Since he 's so great, can make his will his  
 act.)

Will think me speaking, though I swear to  
 silence;

Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,

If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being  
 known,

He 'll stop the course by which it might be  
 known,

With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the  
 land,

And with the ostent of war will look so  
 huge,  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the  
 state;  
 Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do re-  
 sist,  
 And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought  
 offence:  
 Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
 (Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the roots they grow by, and  
 defend them,)  
 Makes both my body pine, and soul to lan-  
 guish,  
 And punish that before, that he would pun-  
 ish.

*P.*, I: 2. 1644.

—Despised.

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam,  
 to withdraw  
 Into your private chamber, we shall give  
 you  
 The full cause of our coming.  
*Q. Kath.* Speak it here;  
 There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my  
 conscience,  
 Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other wo-  
 men  
 Could speak this with as free a soul as  
 I do!  
 My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy  
 Above a number,) if my actions  
 Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw  
 them,  
 Envy and base opinion set against them.

*H. VIII.*, III: 1. 1074.

—Invoked.

*Lady M.* \* \*  
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the  
 dark.

*M.*, I: 5. 1361.

**SECURITY.—An Insult to Ask for.**

*Fal.* \* \* A rascally yea-forsooth knave!  
 to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand  
 upon security!—The whoreson smooth-  
 pates do now wear nothing but high shoes,  
 and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if  
 a man is thorough with them in honest tak-  
 ing up, then they must stand upon—secu-  
 rity. I had as lief they would put ratsbane

in my mouth, as offer to stop it with secu-  
 rity. I looked he should have sent me two-  
 and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true  
 knight, and he sends me security. Well,  
 he may sleep in security.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I: 2. 776.

—Imagined.

*Duke.* \* \*

Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious  
 woman,  
 Compact with her that 's gone! think'st  
 thou thy oaths,  
 Though they would swear down each par-  
 ticular saint,  
 Were testimonies against his worth and  
 credit,  
 That's seal'd in approbation?

*M. M.*, V: 1. 173.

—The Criminal's chief Danger.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams as you  
 are,  
 Saucy and overbold? How did you dare  
 To trade and traffic with Macbeth,  
 In riddles, and affairs of death;  
 And I, the mistress of your charms,  
 The close contriver of all harms,  
 Was never call'd to bear my part,  
 Or show the glory of our art?  
 And, which is worse, all you have done  
 Hath been but for a wayward son,  
 Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others  
 do,  
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.  
 But make amends now: Get you gone,  
 And at the pit of Acheron,  
 Meet me i' the morning; thither he  
 Will come to know his destiny.  
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,  
 Your charms, and everything beside:  
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend  
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.  
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:  
 Upon the corner of the moon  
 There hangs a vapourous drop profound;  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:  
 And that, distill'd by magic slights,  
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,  
 As, by the strength of their illusion,  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:



He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :  
And you all know, security  
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

*M.*, III: 5. 1373.

**SEEMING.—Better than the.**

*Tit.* O, gracious emperor! O gentle  
Aaron!

Did ever raven sing so like a lark?

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1215.

**—Not Virtue.**

*Claud.* Out on thy seeming! I will  
write against it,—

“You seem to me as Dian in her orb :  
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown ;  
But you are more intemperate in your  
blood,  
Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals  
That rage in savage sensuality.”

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 244.

**SELF.—Knowing One's.**

*Sly.* What! would you make me mad?  
Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of  
Burton-heath; by birth a pedler, by educa-  
tion a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-  
herd, and now by present profession a tinker?  
Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of  
Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I  
am not fourteen pence on the score for  
sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st  
knave in Christendom. What! I am not  
bestraught: Here's—

*T. S.*, Ind.: 2. 453.

**SELF-CONCEIT.—Not to be Talked  
to.**

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is  
more better opportunity to be required,  
look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I  
know the disciplines of war: and there is  
an end.

*H. V.*, III: 2. 833.

**SELF-EXAMINATION.—Desirable.**

*Men.* \* \* O, that you could turn your  
eyes towards the napes of your necks, and  
make but an interior survey of your good  
selves!

*C.*, II: 1. 1160

**SELFISHNESS.—A Law to Itself.**

*Val.* \* \*

These are my mates, that make their wills  
their law.

*T. G.*, V: 4. 71.

**—Cruel.**

*Duke.* \* \*

Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,  
Kill what I love.

*T. N.*, V: 1. 566.

**—Its growing Power.**

*Bast.* Mad word! mad kings! mad com-  
position!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part :  
And France, (whose armour conscience  
buckled on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly  
devil;

That broker, that still breaks the pate of  
faith;

That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,  
maids;—

Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of  
that.

*K. J.*, II: 2. 656.

**—Mercenary.**

*Sen.* \* \*

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty  
more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
And able horses.

*T. A.*, II: 1. 1293.

**SELF-LOVE.—Not the vilest Sin.**

*Dau.* Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a  
sin

As self-neglecting.

*H. V.*, II: 4. 830.

**SELF-RELIANCE.—Frames our  
Future.**

*Con.* \* \* It is impossible you should  
take true root, but by the fair weather that  
you make yourself: it is needful that you  
frame the season for your own harvest.

*M. A.*, I: 3. 229.

**—Trusts no Agent.**

*Claud.* Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 232.

**SELF-WILL.—A Growth.***Nest. \* \**

Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head  
In such a rein, in full as proud a place  
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;  
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of  
war,

Bold as an oracle: and sets Thersites  
(A slave, whose gall coins slanders like a  
mint,)

To match us in comparisons with dirt;  
To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

*T. C., I: 3, 1109.***SENILITY.—Disqualifies for Affairs.***Pol. \* \**

Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age, and alt'ring rheums? Can he  
speak? hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own es-  
tate?

Lies he not bed-rid? and again does noth-  
ing,

But what he did being childish?

*W. T., IV: 3, 605.***SENSUALISM.—An Idolatry.***Biron.* This is the liver vein, which  
makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idol-  
atry.

*L. L., IV: 3, 287.***SENSUALITY.—Leads to Uncon-  
cern.***Tim. \* \** Ingrateful man, with liquor-  
ish draughts,

And morsels unctuous, greases his pure  
mind,

That from it all consideration slips!

*T. A., IV: 3, 1307.***SENTENCE.—Unjust, Unmans.***1 Gent.* When he was brought again to  
the bar,—to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was  
stirr'd

With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and  
hasty:

But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,  
In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

*2 Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.*1 Gent.* Sure, he does not,

He never was so womanish; the cause

He may a little grieve at.

*H. VIII., II: 1, 1065.***SEPARATION.—Sorrowful.***Duch. \* \** Bid him—O, what?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there  
see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,  
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what cheer there for welcome, but my  
groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come  
there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere:  
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die:

The last leave of thee takes my weeping  
eye.

*R. II., I: 2, 687.***—Tears at.***Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to  
you, lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come,  
From whom you now must steal, and take  
no leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 1, 745.***SERMONS.—In Stones.***Duke S. \* \**

Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

*A. Y., II: 1, 414.***SERVANT.—A faithful.***Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my  
lord,

To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor  
wealth lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?

It almost turns my dangerous nature mild.

Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man  
Was born of woman.—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

You perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim  
 One honest man,—mistake me not,—but  
     one;  
 No more, I pray,—and he's a steward.—  
 How fain would I have hated all mankind!  
 And thou redeem'st thyself; but all, save  
     thee,  
 I fell with curses.  
 Methinks, thou art more honest now, than  
     wise,  
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,  
 Thou might'st have sooner got another ser-  
     vice;  
 For many so arrive at second masters,  
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me  
     true,  
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so  
     sure,)  
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
 If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men  
     deal gifts,  
 Expecting in return twenty for one?

*T. A., IV: 3. 1311.*

—A treacherous.

*Kent.* That such a slave as this should  
     wear a sword,  
 Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues  
     as these,  
 Like rats, oft bite the holy cords atwain  
 Which are too intrinse t' unloose: smooth  
     every passion  
 That in the natures of the lords rebels;  
 Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
 Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
 With every gale and vary of their masters,  
 As knowing nought, like dogs, but follow-  
     ing.—  
 A plague upon your epileptic visage!  
 Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?  
 Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
 I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

*K. L., II: 2. 1456.*

—Of universal Adaptation.

*Lear.* What dost thou profess? What  
 wouldst thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I  
 seem; to serve him truly that he will put  
 me in trust: to love him that is honest; to  
 converse with him that is wise, and says  
 little; to fear judgment; to fight when I can-  
 not choose; and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and  
 as poor as the king.

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject,  
 as he is for a king, thou art poor enough.  
 What wouldst thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Whom wouldst thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your  
 countenance, which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that?

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride,  
 run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and  
 deliver a plain message bluntly: that which  
 ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in;  
 and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou?

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman  
 of singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any-  
 thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me: thou shalt serve me:  
 if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will  
 not part from thee yet.

*K. L., I: 4. 1449.*

—Sad and civil.

*Oli.* Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and  
     civil,  
 And suits well for a servant with my for-  
     tunes.

*T. N., III: 4. 558.*

—Treated as an Ass.

*Dro. E.* I am an ass, indeed; you may  
 prove it by my long ears. I have served  
 him from the hour of my nativity to this in-  
 stant, and have nothing at his hands for my  
 service but blows: when I am cold, he heats  
 me with beating; when I am warm, he cools  
 me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when  
 I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out  
 of doors with it, when I go from home; wel-  
 com'd home with it, when I return: nay, I  
 bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont  
 her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd  
 me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

*C. E., IV: 2. 207.*

—Good, do not always Obey.

*Post.* \* \*

Every good servant does not all commands:  
 No bond, but to do just ones.

*Cym., V: 1. 1621.*

**SERVICE.—On Compulsion.***Ang.* \* \*

Those he commands move only in com-  
mand,  
Nothing in love.

*M. V., 2. 1382.***—Rendered for a Purpose.***Iago.* O, sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bond-  
age,

Wears out his time, much like his master's  
ass,

For nought but provender; and when he 's  
old, cashier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves : Others there  
are

Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on them-  
selves;

And, throwing but shows of service on their  
lords,

Do well thrive by them, and, when they  
have lin'd their coats,

Do themselves homage : these fellows have  
some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself. For,  
sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.

In following him I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and  
duty,

But seeming so, for my peculiar end :  
For when my outward action doth demon-  
strate

The native act and figure of my heart  
In complement extern, 't is not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

*O., I: 1. 1491.***—The Dictate of Gratitude.***Lady M.* All our service,

In every point twice done, and then done  
double,

Were poor and single business, to contend

Against those honours deep and broad,  
wherewith

Your majesty loads our house : For those  
of old,

And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*M., I: 6. 1362.***SHALLOWNESS.—Blind to the Fu-  
ture.**

*P. John.* You are too shallow, Hastings,  
much too shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 797.***SHAME.—A burning.***Oth.* \* \*

I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds.

*O., IV: 2. 1522.***—Consequent on Defeat.**

*Bour.* Shame, and eternal shame, noth-  
ing but shame !

Let 's die in honour : Once more back again ;  
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand  
Like a base pander.

*H. V., IV: 5. 847.***—Consequent on Flight.***Ant.* \* \* O,

I follow'd that I blush to look upon :  
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they  
them

For fear and doting.

*A. C., III: 10. 1564.***—Matronly.***Ham.* \* \*

O shame ! where is thy blush ? Rebellious  
hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
And melt in her own fire.

*H., III: 4. 1419.***—Not on the Brow of the Loved.***Jul.* Blister'd be thy tongue

For such a wish ; he was not born to shame :



Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:  
For 't is a throne where honour may be  
crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

—Requires Discretion.

*Luc.* \* \*

What simple thief brags of his own at-  
taint?

'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,  
And let her read it in thy looks at board:  
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

*C. E.*, III: 2. 201.

—Seen after its Symbols.

*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw  
off this sheet,  
And go we to attire you for our journey.

*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with  
my sheet;  
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,  
And show itself, attire me how I can.  
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II: 4. 921.

SHAMELESSNESS.—In Everything.

*York.* \* \*

Thou art as opposite to every good,  
As the Antipodes are unto us,  
Or as the south to the septentrion.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

SHIPPING.—Poor.

*Queen.* \* \* And his shipping,  
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible  
seas,  
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges,  
crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks.

*Cym.*, III: 1. 1605.

SHIPWRECK.—A Clown's Descrip-  
tion of.

*Cto.* I would you did but see how it  
chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the  
shore! but that 's not to the point: O, the  
most piteous cry of the poor souls! some-  
times to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now  
the ship boring the moon with her main-  
mast; and anon swallowed with yest and

froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hogs-  
head. And then for the land-service,—To  
see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone;  
how he cried to me for help, and said his  
name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to  
make an end of the ship,—to see how the  
sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the  
poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them;  
—and how the poor gentleman roared, and  
the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder  
than the sea, or weather.

*W. T.*, III: 3. 597.

SHOALS.—Their Danger.

*Salar.* \* \* The Goodwins, I think  
they call the place; a very dangerous flat  
and fatal, where the carcasses of many a  
tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gos-  
sip Report be an honest woman of her  
word.

*M. V.*, III: 1. 375.

SHREW.—Conquered best alone.

*Pet.* \* \*

How much she loves me: O, the kindest  
Kate!

She hung about my neck; and kiss on  
kiss

She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,  
That in a twinkle she won me to her love.  
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,  
How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the curtest  
shrew.

*T. S.*, II: 1. 465.

—Her Purpose.

*Kath.* I' faith, sir, you shall never need  
to fear;  
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:  
But, if it were, doubt not her care should  
be  
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd  
stool,  
And paint your face, and use you like a  
fool.

*T. S.*, I: 1. 455.

SHRIEKS.—Terrific.

*Jul.* \* \* Shrieks like mandrakes, torn  
out of the earth,  
That living mortals, hearing them, run  
mad.

*R. J.*, IV: 3. 1270.

**SICKNESS.—Cares not for good News.**

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news.

*K. J., V: 3. 674.*

**—Caught of the Well.**

*Cam.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper; but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught  
Of you that yet are well.

*W. T., I: 2. 585.*

**—Caused by Joy.**

*P. Humph.* He much altered upon the hearing it.

*P. Hen.* If he be sick  
With joy, he will recover without physic.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 802.*

**—Chronic.**

*King.* \* \* Nature and sickness  
Debate it at their leisure.

*A. W., I: 2. 498.*

**—Endangers Enterprise.**

*Hot.* \* \* This sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise;  
'T is catching hither, even to our camp.  
He writes me here,—that inward sickness,—

And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
On any soul remov'd, but on his own.  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,  
That with our small conjunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to us;  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off:—

And yet, in faith, 't is not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it:—were it good,

To set the exact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom and the soul of hope,  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.*

**—Misconceived.**

*Wor.* But yet, I would your father had been here.

The quality and hair of our attempt  
Brooks no division; it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence:

And think, how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause;  
For, well you know, we of the offering side  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence

The eye of reason may pry in upon us:  
This absence of your father's, draws a curtain,

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.*

**—No Time for.**

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,  
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.*

**—When not extreme.**

*Imo.* So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as  
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you,  
leave me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being  
by me

Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust  
me here:

I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1614.

**SIGHING.—At small Things.**

*Leon.* \* \* And then to sigh, as 't were  
The mort o' the deer.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 582.

**—Disguised.**

*Tro.* I was about to tell thee,—When  
my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in  
twain;

Lest Hector or my father should perceive  
me,

I have (as when the sun doth light a  
storm,)

Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.

*T. C.*, I: 1. 1103.

*Hero.* \* \* Like cover'd fire,  
Consume away in sighs.

*M. A.*, III: 1. 238.

**SIGHS.—Significant.**

*King.* There's matter in these sighs;  
these profound heaves;  
You must translate: 't is fit we understand  
them.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 1421.

**SIGNS.—Not to be Trusted.**

*Q. Kath.* \* \*  
They should be good men; their affairs as  
righteous;  
But all hoods make not monks.

*H. VIII.*, III: 1. 1074.

**SILENCE.—A Ground of Suspicion.**

*Mrs. Page.* \* \*  
We do not act that often jest and laugh.  
'T is old but true, Still swine eat all the  
draff.

*M. W.*, IV: 2. 112.

**—Commendable.**

*Count.* \* \* Be check'd for silence,  
But never tax'd for speech.

*A. W.*, I: 1. 496.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two  
years more,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own  
tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for  
this gear.

*Gra.* Thanks, i' faith; for silence is on-  
ly commendable  
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not  
vendible.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.

**—Compulsory.**

*North.* \* \*  
His tongue is now a stringless instrument.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 693.

**—Consistent with Devotion.**

*Kent.* \* \* What would'st thou do, old  
man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to  
speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness  
honour's bound,

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy  
state;

And, in thy best consideration, check  
This hideous rashness: answer my life my  
judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee  
least;

Nor are those empty hearted, whose low  
sounds

Reverb no hollowness.

*K. L.*, I: 1. 1445.

**—Exasperating.**

*Ajax.* Speak, then, thou vinew'dest leav-  
en, speak:

I will beat thee into handsomeness.

*T. C.*, II: 1. 1112.

**—Hath cunning Power.**

*Cres.* \* \* See, see, your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness  
draws

My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1122.

## —Invoked.

*Ham.* I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.

*H.*, I: 2. 1396.

## —Not always Wisdom.

*Gra.* \* \*

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,  
That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing; when, I am very  
sure,  
If they should speak, 't would almost damn  
those ears,  
Which, hearing them, would call their  
brothers fools.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.

## —On Eve of Battle.

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen!

*Flu.* So! in the name of Cheshu Christ,  
speak lower. It is the greatest admiration  
in the universal 'orld, when the true and  
auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars  
is not kept: if you would take the pains but  
to examine the wars of Pompey the Great,  
you shall find, I warrant you, that there is  
no tiddle taddle, or pipples pabble, in Pom-  
pey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find  
the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of  
it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty  
of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud; you heard  
him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass, and a fool,  
and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think  
you, that we should also, look you, be an  
ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in  
your own conscience now?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*H. V.*, IV: 1. 840.

## —Politic.

*Mor.* With silence, nephew, be thou  
politic:  
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,  
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.  
But now thy uncle is removing hence;  
As princes do their courts, when they are  
cloy'd  
With long continuance in a settled place.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., II: 5. 877.

## —Precursor of a Storm.

1 *Play.* \* \*

But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand  
still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb be-  
low  
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus'  
pause,  
A roused vengeance sets him a new work;  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding  
sword  
Now falls on Priam.

*H.*, II: 2. 1408.

## —Precursor of Death.

*Mar.* All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all  
lost!

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold!

*Gon.* The king and prince at prayers!  
let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

*Seb.* I am out of patience.

*Ant.* We are merely cheated of our lives  
by drunkards.—

This wide-chopp'd rascal,—would, thou  
might'st lie drowning,  
The washing of ten tides!

*Gon.* He 'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

*T. S.*, I: 1. 8.

## —Sign of Joy.

*Claud.* Silence is the perfectest herald  
of joy:

I were but little happy if I could say how  
much.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 233.

## —Sign of Sobriety.

*Luc.* But in the other's silence do I see  
Maids' mild behaviour and sobriety.

*T. S.*, I: 1. 455.

## —The Answer to Upbraidings.

*Plan.* \* \*

Which obloquy set bars before my tongue.

*H. VI.*, II: 5. 877.



## —Unattainable.

*Bene.* \* \* While she is here, a man  
may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 232.

**SIMILARITY.—In Appearance.**

*Q. Mar.* \* \*  
For both of you are birds of self-same  
feather.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 3. 976.

*Leon.* \* \* Almost as like as eggs.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 582

*Macb.* \* \* Melted, as breath into the  
wind.

*M.*, I: 3. 1359.

*Const.* \* \* Being as like,  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

*K. J.*, II: 1. 651.

**SIMPLICITY.—Of Expression.**

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to  
her.

*Q. Eliz.* An honest tale speeds best, be-  
ing plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then, in plain terms tell her  
my loving tale.

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1038.

*The.* \* \*  
For never anything can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 342.

**SIN.—Ashamed of.**

*Per.* Few love to hear the sins they  
have to act.

*P.*, I: 1. 1643.

## —Consequences Hereditary.

*Laun.* Yes, truly;—for, look you, the  
sins of the father are to be laid upon the  
children.

*M. V.*, III: 5. 381.

## —Cunning.

*Claud.* \* \*  
O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 244.

## —Gladly Borne.

*Isab.* \* \*  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 155.

## —Heavy.

*Duch.* \* \*  
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,  
That they may break his foaming courser's  
back,  
And throw the rider headlong in the lists.

*R. II.*, I: 2. 687.

## —Provokes to Sin.

*Per.* \* \*  
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those  
men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shun no course to keep them from the  
light.  
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;  
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to  
smoke:  
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame.

*P.*, I: 1. 1644.

## —Punished.

*Ang.* \* \* But that her tender shame  
Will not proclaim against her maiden  
loss,  
How might she tongue me? Yet reason  
dares her. No:  
For my authority bears of a credent bulk,  
That no particular scandal once can touch,  
But it confounds the breather. He should  
have liv'd,  
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous  
sense,  
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en re-  
venge,  
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,  
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet  
he had lived!  
Alack, when once our grace we have for-  
got,  
Nothing goes right; we would, and we  
would not.

*M. M.*, IV: 4. 169.

**SINS.—Compelled.**

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.  
*Ang.* I talk not of your soul. Our com-  
pell'd sins  
Stand more for number than for account.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 154.

**—The blackest.**

*Iago.* \* \* Divinity of hell!  
When devils will the blackest sins put on,  
They do suggest at first with heavenly  
shows,  
As I do now.

*O.*, II: 3. 1508.

**SINCERITY.—Assaulted.**

*K. Phi.* \* \*  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity?

*K. J.*, III: 1. 659.

**—Immaculate.**

*Jul.* \* \* His words are bonds, his oaths  
are oracles;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
His tears, pure messengers sent from his  
heart;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from  
earth.

*T. G.*, II: 7. 59.

**—Its Earnestness.**

*Duch.* Pleads he in earnest? look upon  
his face;  
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in  
jest;  
His words come from his mouth, ours from  
our breast:  
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;  
We pray with heart, and soul, and all be-  
side;  
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know:  
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they  
grow:  
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;  
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.  
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them  
have  
That mercy, which true prayers ought to  
have.

*R. II.*, V: 3. 715.

**—Never dangerous.**

*Cas.* \* \*  
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laughier, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

*J. C.*, I: 2. 1324.

**—Proof of, Demanded.**

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the  
throat of death?  
It cannot be; it is impossible:  
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a  
gibing spirit,  
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace  
Which shallow laughing hearers give to  
fools:

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,  
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear  
groans,  
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,  
And I will have you and that fault withal:  
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,  
And I shall find you empty of that fault,  
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth! well, befall what  
will befall,  
I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 304.

**—Pure.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
That what you speak is in your conscience  
wash'd,  
As pure as sin with baptism.

*H. V.*, I: 2. 821.

**—Unreserved.**

*Duke.* \* \* I have unclasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul.

*T. N.*, I: 4. 434.

**SINGERS.—Ballad.**

*Serv.* O master, if you did but hear the  
pedler at the door, you would never dance  
again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-

pipe could not move you; he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

*Clo.* He could never come better: he shall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

*Serv.* He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of "dildos and fadings:" "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul jape into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

*W. T., IV: 3. 603*

#### —Characters of old.

*Clo.* Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

*Aut.* Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wedn's-day the four-score of April, forty thousand fadom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turn'd into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that lov'd her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

*Dor.* Is it true, too, think you?

*Aut.* Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

*W. T., IV: 3. 603.*

#### SINGING.—Puritan.

*Clo.* \* \*

But one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.

*W. T., IV: 2. 599.*

#### —Sweet.

*Pet.* \* \*

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale.

*T. N., II: 1. 463.*

#### SINNING.—By the Sinned-against.

*Lear.* Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,

Thou hast within thee undivulged crimes,

Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular of virtue  
That art incestuous: Caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life?—Close pent-up guilts,

Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man

More sinn'd against than sinning.

*K. L., III: 2. 1463.*

#### SKILL.—Better than Riches.

*Cer.* I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever  
Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice,) made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures; which  
give me

A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.

*P., III: 2. 1657.*

#### —Cruel for Praise.

*Prin.* \* \* Now Mercy goes to kill,  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.  
Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:  
Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't;  
If wounding, then it was to show my skill,  
That more for praise, than purpose, meant  
to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;  
Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;  
When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:  
As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill  
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means  
no ill.

*L. L., IV: 1. 283.*

—Gives Immortality.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 't is!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. 'Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

*A. W.*, I: 1. 495.

**SLANDER.—A Fool's.**

*Oli.* \* \*

There is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail.

*T. N.*, I: 5. 544.

—Fed by Thoughtlessness.

*Bal.* Have patience, sir, O let it not be so.

Herein you war against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of suspect  
Th' unviolated honour of your wife  
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,  
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;  
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:  
And, about evening, come yourself alone,  
To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,  
Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
A vulgar comment will be made of it;  
And that supposed by the common rout,  
Against your yet ungalled estimation,  
That may with foul intrusion enter in,  
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession;  
For ever hous'd, where it gets possession.

*C. E.*, III: 1. 201.

—How to Defeat.

*King.* And let them know, both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,  
And hit the woundless air.

*H.*, IV: 1. 1421.

—Its Cunning.

*Pol.* \* \* But breathe his faults so quaintly,  
That they may seem the taints of liberty,  
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general assault.

*H.*, II: 1. 1402.

—Its Stabs incurable.

*Nor.* Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot.  
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame:  
The one my duty owes; but my fair name (Despite of death that lives upon my grave) To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.  
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;  
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear:  
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood  
Which breath'd this poison.

*R. II.*, I: 1. 686.

—Its Theft.

*Iago.* \* \*

Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;  
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*O.*, III: 3. 1511.

—Refuge from.

*Jul.* \* \*

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

*T. G.*, I: 2. 50.



## —Undermines Love.

*Pro.* The best way is, to slander Valentine  
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,  
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

*Duke.* Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

*Pro.* Ay, if his enemy deliver it :  
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

*Duke.* Then you must undertake to slander him.

*Pro.* And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do :

'T is an ill office for a gentleman,  
Especially against his very friend.

*Duke.* Where your good word cannot advantage him,  
Your slander never can endamage him ;  
Therefore the office is indifferent,  
Being entreated to it by your friend.

*Pro.* You have prevail'd, my lord : if I can do it,  
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,  
She shall not long continue love to him.  
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,  
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

*T. G.*, III : 2. 63.

## —Venomous.

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper  
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander,  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword ;  
whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world ; kings, queens,  
and states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters.

*Cym.*, III : 4. 1608.

## SLANDERER.—Cautioned.

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office

On the complaint o' the tenants : Take good heed,

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,

And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed ;

Yes, heartily beseech you.

*H. VIII.*, I : 2. 1061.

## SLANDERERS.—Braggarts and Milksops.

*Ant.* Content yourself : God knows, I lov'd my niece ;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,  
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue :

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops !—

*Leon.* Brother Anthony,—

*Ant.* Hold you content : What, man ! I know them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :

Scrambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave, and slander,

Go anticly, and show outward hideousness,  
And speak off half a-dozen dang'rous words,  
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst,

And this is all !

*M. A.*, V : 1. 250.

*Duke.* \* \* Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall  
On him so near us ? This needs must be a practice.

*M. M.*, V : 1. 171.

## SLAUGHTER.—Impending.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,

That to their everlasting residence,  
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king !

*K. J.*, II : 1. 652.

**SLEEP.—A Balm.***Mac.* \* \*

Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of  
care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's  
bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second  
course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

*M.*, II: 2. 1365.**—A Comforter.**

*Gar.* These should be hours for neces-  
sities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose.

*H.* VIII., V: 1. 1087.*Cor. Phy.* \* \*

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose.

*K. L.*, IV: 4. 1473.

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep! I wish  
mine eyes  
Would with themselves shut up my thoughts;  
I find  
They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:  
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*T.*, II: 1. 17.**—A Death-like.**

*Fri.* \* \* Presently, through all thy  
veins shall run  
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall  
seize  
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:  
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou  
liv'st.

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
To paly ashes; thy eye's windows fall,  
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life.

*R. J.*, IV: 1. 1269.**—Ambition Disturbs.***Lady.* \* \*

Tell me, sweet lord, what is 't that takes  
from thee  
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden  
sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the  
earth,

And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy  
cheeks;

And given my treasures and my rights of  
thee,

To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melan-  
choly?

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have  
watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding  
steed;

Cry, "*Courage! to the field!*"—And thou  
hast talk'd

Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,  
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,  
And all the 'currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at  
war,

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy  
sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy  
brow,

Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream;  
And in thy face strange motions have ap-  
pear'd,

Such as we see when men restrain their  
breath

On some great sudden hest. O, what por-  
tents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in  
hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*H.* IV., 1 pt., II: 3. 737.**—Counterfeits Death.***Obe.* \* \*

Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting  
sleep

With leaden legs and batty wings doth  
creep.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 336.**—Death's Counterfeit.***Macd.* \* \*

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counter-  
feit.

*M.*, II: 3. 1366.

## —Denied.

*Anne.* \* \*

For never yet one hour in his bed  
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep.

*R. III., IV: 1. 1031.*

## —Exposition of.

*Bot.* \* \* But, I pray you, let none of  
your people stir me; I have an exposition  
of sleep come upon me.

*M. N., IV: 1. 333.*

## —Forgetful.

*K. Hen.* \* \* Sleep, gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened  
thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids  
down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

*H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 789.*

## —Invoked for the Loved.

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace  
in thy breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to  
rest!

*R. J., II: 2. 1253.*

## —Its Blessedness.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep! O gentle  
sleep!

Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened  
thee,

That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids  
down,

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky  
cribs,

Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy  
slumber

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,

In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly  
couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast

Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his  
brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge;

And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,

Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging  
them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery  
clouds,

That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;

And, in the calmest and most stillest night,

With all appliances and means to boot,

Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie  
down!

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 789.*

## —Its leaden Mace.

*Bru.* \* \* O murd'rous slumber,

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music?

*J. C., IV: 3. 1347.*

## —Labor's perfect.

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guilt-  
less labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:  
He will not wake.

*M. M., IV: 2. 164.*

## —Murdered by Crime.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry,

"Sleep no more!

Macbeth doth murder sleep,"—the inno-  
cent sleep;

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of  
care,

The death of 'each day's life, sore labour's  
bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second  
course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

*Lady M.* What do you mean?*Macb.* Still it cried, "Sleep no more!"

to all the house:

"Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and there-  
fore Cawdor

Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no  
more!"

*M., II: 2. 1365.*

**—Not found with Care.***Bru.* \* \*

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter:  
 Enjoy the heavy honey-dew of slumber:  
 Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*J. C.*, II: 1. 1331.**—Secrets betrayed in.***Iago* \* \*

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs:  
 One of this kind is Cassio:  
 In sleep I hear him say, "*Sweet Desdemona,*  
*Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;*"  
 And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my  
 hand,  
 Cry, "*O, sweet creature!*" and then kiss me  
 hard,  
 As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
 That grew upon my lips.

*O.*, III: 3. 1514.**—Shuts the Eyes of Sorrow.***Hel.* \* \*

And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's  
 eye,  
 Steal me awhile from mine own company.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 337.**—The Ape of Death.***Iach.* \* \*

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon  
 her!  
 And be her senses but as a monument,  
 Thus in a chapel lying!

*Cym.*, II: 2. 1599.**—The Cure of Insanity.***Cor.* Alack, 't is he; why, he was met  
 even now

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;  
 Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow  
 weeds,  
 With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-  
 flowers,  
 Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
 In our sustaining corn.—A century send  
 forth;  
 Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
 And bring him to our eye.

What can man's wisdom do,  
 In the restoring his bereaved sense?  
 He, that helps him, take all my outward  
 worth.

*Phy.* There is means, madam:  
 Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
 The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,  
 Are many simples operative, whose power  
 Will close the eye of anguish.

*K. L.*, IV: 4. 1473.**—The Rebound from Joy.***Lys.* Music? My lord, I hear—

*Per.* Most heavenly music:  
 It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
 Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest.

*Lys.* A pillow for his head.*P.*, V: 1. 1669.**—To be indulged.***Pro.* \* \*

Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dull-  
 ness,  
 And give it way.

*T.*, I: 2. 10.**SLEEPLESSNESS.—Excuse for Rail-  
 ing.**

*Jaq.* 'T is a Greek invocation, to call  
 fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can;  
 if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first  
 born of Egypt.

*A. Y.*, II: 5. 417.**—Sometimes admonitory.**

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword:—There's  
 husbandry in heaven,  
 Their candles are all out.—Take thee that  
 too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
 And yet I would not sleep: Merciful pow-  
 ers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that  
 nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my  
 sword.

*M.*, II: 1. 1363.**SLOTH.—Makes ebbing Men.***Seb.* Well, I am standing water.*Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so: to ebb  
 Hereditary sloth instructs me.



*Ant.* O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish,  
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run,  
By their own fear, or sloth.

*T.*, II: 1. 17.

### SLUTTISHNESS.—Disgusting.

*Iach.* \* \*

Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,  
Should make desire vomit emptiness.

*Cym.*, I: 7. 1596.

### SMELL.—Villainous.

*Fal.* By the lord, a buck-basket!—  
rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks,  
socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that,  
master Brook, there was the rankest compound  
of villainous smell that ever offended  
nostril.

*M. W.*, III: 5. 109.

### SMILES.—Absence of, a Sign of Jealousy.

*Cæs.* \* \*

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a  
sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his  
spirit  
That could be moved to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease.

*J. C.*, I: 2. 1325.

### —Becoming to Some.

*Pan.* Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I  
think, his smiling becomes him better than  
any man in all Phrygia.

*T. C.*, I: 2. 1105.

### —Cover Tyranny.

*Ham.* \* \* One may smile, and smile,  
and be a villain.

*H.*, I: 5. 1400.

*Tam.* Then, all too late I bring this fatal  
writ,

The complot of this timeless tragedy;  
And wonder greatly, that man's face can  
fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*Tit. And.*, II: 4. 1212.

### —Daggers in.

*Don.* \* \*

There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near  
in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*M.*, II: 3. 1367.

### —Happy.

*Gent.* \* \* Those happy smiles,  
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to  
know  
What guests were in her eyes; which  
parted thence,  
As pearls from diamonds dropped.

*K. L.*, IV: 3. 1473.

### SMILING.—Sighing, mixed.

*Arv.* Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would  
fly

From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gut.* I do note

That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

*Arv.* Grow, patience!

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root, with the increasing vine.

*Cym.*, IV: 2. 1615.

### SNAIL.—Why it Has a Shell.

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes  
his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why  
a snail has a house.

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in; not to  
give it away to his daughters, and leave his  
horns without a case.

*K. L.*, I: 5. 1453.

### SNORING.—Meaning in.

*Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly;  
There 's meaning in thy snores.

*T.*, II: 1. 17.

### SNOW.—Emblem of Purity.

*Fer.* I warrant you, sir,  
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.

*T.*, IV: 1. 27.

**SOCIETY.—Abhorred.**

*Tim.* Every grise of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned  
pate  
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;  
There 's nothing level in our cursed nat-  
ures,  
But direct villainy. Therefore, be ab-  
horr'd  
At feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon dis-  
dains;  
Destruction fang mankind!

*T. A., IV: 3. 1305.*

**—Exclusively Female, Cold.**

*Cham.* \* \* Nay, you must not freeze;  
Two women plac'd together makes cold  
weather:—  
One will keep them waking.

*H. VIII., I: 4. 1063.*

**—No Comfort.**

*Imo.* \* \* Society is no comfort  
To one not sociable.

*C., IV: 2. 1614.*

**SOLDIER.—Character of the true.**

*Lart.* O noble fellow!  
Who, sensible, outdares his senseless sword,  
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art  
left, Marcius:  
A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,  
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a  
soldier  
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terri-  
ble  
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks,  
and  
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,  
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the  
world  
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*C., I: 4. 1155.*

**—Honored in Death.**

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use  
him  
With all respect, and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall  
lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.

*J. C., V: 5. 1352.*

**—Must be unselfish.**

*Y. Clif.* \* \*  
He that is truly dedicate to war,  
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves him-  
self,  
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
The name of valour.

*H. VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 945.*

**—Of Honor.**

*Bast.* \* \*  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. J., I: 1. 647.*

**SOLDIERS.—Full of Spirit.**

*York.* \* \*  
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,  
Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—  
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth  
more,  
But that I seek occasion how to rise.

*H. VI., 3 pt., I: 2. 958.*

**—Holiday.**

*Gow.* Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue;  
that now and then goes to the wars, to grace  
himself, at his return into London, under  
the form of a soldier. And such fellows  
are perfect in great commanders' names:  
and they will learn you by rote, where ser-  
vices were done;—at such and such a  
sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy;  
who came off bravely, who was shot, who  
disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on;  
and this they con perfectly in the phrase of  
war, which they trick up with new-coined  
oaths: And what a beard of the general's  
cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do  
among foaming bottles, and ale-washed  
wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but  
you must learn to know such slanders of  
the age, or else you may be marvellous  
mistook.

*H. V., III: 6. 836.*

**—Slumbers Disturbed.**

*Oth.* \* \* 'T is the soldier's life,  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with  
strife.

*O., II: 3. 1507.*

**—Stomachs, Serve them well.**

*Tal.* \* \*  
No other satisfaction do I crave,  
But only (with your patience,) that we may

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;  
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

*H. VI., 1 pt., II: 3. 874.*

**SOLEMNITY.—Suitable to Accidents.**

*Gwi.* \* \* All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Cym., IV: 2. 1617.*

**SOLICITOR.—A persistent one.**

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die,  
Than give thy cause away.

*O., III: 3. 1509.*

**SOLILOQUY.—Hamlet's.**

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the question:—  
Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—  
to sleep,—  
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir too,—'t is a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die;—to sleep;  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: There 's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns  
of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels  
bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life;  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.—Soft you,  
now!

The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

*Oph.* Good my lord,

How does your honor for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you; well.

*H., III: 1. 1410.*

**—Hamlet's, at the Grave of Yorick.**

*Ham.* Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that.

*H., V: 1. 1431.*

—**Macbeth's, on the Eve of Duncan's Murder.**

*Macb.* If it were done, when 't is done,  
then 't were well  
It were done quickly : If the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and  
catch,  
With his surcease, success ; that but this  
blow  
Might be the be-all and the end all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of  
time, —  
We 'd jump the life to come. — But, in  
these cases,  
We still have judgment here ; that we but  
teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught,  
return  
To plague the inventor ; this even-handed  
justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd  
chalice  
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust :  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his  
host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the  
door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this  
Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd  
against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off ;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin,  
hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. — I have  
no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other.

*M.*, I : 7. 1362.

—**Macbeth's, on the Dagger.**

*Macb.* \* \*

Is this a dagger, which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand ? Come, let me  
clutch thee : —

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?  
I see thee yet in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was go-  
ing ;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other  
senses,  
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;  
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of  
blood,  
Which was not so before. — There 's no  
such thing :  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half  
world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams  
abuse  
The curtain'd sleep ; now witchcraft cele-  
brates  
Pale Hecate's offerings ; and wither'd mur-  
der,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his  
stealthy pace,  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards  
his design  
Moves like a ghost. — Thou sure and firm-  
set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk,  
for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. — Whiles I threat,  
he lives ;  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath  
gives.  
I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

*M.*, II : 1. 1364.

—**Mark Antony's, on Cæsar's Body.**

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece  
of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these  
butchers !  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man



That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hands that shed this costly  
blood?

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ru-  
by lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my  
tongue;

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;  
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
And dreadful objects so familiar,  
That mothers shall but smile, when they be-  
hold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of  
war;

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,  
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's  
voice,

Cry "*Havoc!*" and let slip the dogs of war;  
That this foul deed shall smell above the  
earth

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*J. C., III : 1. 1333.*

#### **SOLITUDE.—A desolate, Described.**

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to  
look pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this  
place,

A barren detested vale, you see, it is :

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and  
lean,

O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.  
Here never shines the sun; here nothing  
breeds,

Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
They told me, here, at dead time of the  
night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing  
snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many  
urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused  
cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,  
Should straight fall mad, or else die sud-  
denly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
But straight they told me, they would bind  
me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;  
And leave me to this miserable death.

*Tit. And., II : 3. 1210.*

#### **—Enforced, Suggests Thoughts.**

*K. Rich.* I have been studying how I may  
compare

This prison, where I live, unto the world :  
And, for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it; — yet I 'll hammer it out.  
My brain I 'll prove the female to my soul;  
My soul, the father : and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little  
world;

In humors, like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better  
sort, —

As thoughts of things divine, — are inter-  
mix'd

With scruples, and do set the Word itself  
Against the Word :

As thus, — "*Come, little ones;*" and then  
again, —

*"It is as hard to come, as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a needle's eye."*

Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak  
nails

May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content, flatter them-  
selves

That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,  
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their  
shame,

That many have, and others must sit there;  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortune on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like.

Thus play I, in one person, many people,  
And none contented : sometimes am I king;  
Then, treason makes me wish myself a beg-  
gar,

And so I am : then, crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king;

Then, am I king'd again : and, by and by,  
 Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
 And straight am nothing :—but whate'er I  
     am,  
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,  
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be  
     eas'd  
 With being nothing.—Music do I hear?  
 Ha, ha! keep time :—how sour sweet  
     music is,  
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept!  
 So is it in the music of men's lives,  
 And here have I the daintiness of ear  
 To check time broke in a disorder'd string;  
 But, for the concord of my state and time,  
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.  
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste  
     me;  
 For now hath time made me his numbering  
     clock;  
 My thoughts are minutes : and, with sighs,  
     they jar  
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the out-  
     ward watch,  
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,  
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from  
     tears.  
 Now, sir, the sounds that tell what hour it  
     is,  
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my  
     heart,  
 Which is the bell; so sighs, and tears, and  
     groans,  
 Show minutes, times, and hours :—but my  
     time  
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,  
 While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the  
     clock.  
 This music mads me; let it sound no more;  
 For though it have help madmen to their  
     wits,  
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.  
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!  
 For 't is a sign of love; and love to Richard  
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*R. II., V : 5. 716.*

—Personal.

*Pro. \* \**

Your message done, hie home unto my  
     chamber,  
 Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary.

*T. G., IV : 3. 69.*

—Prevents Revenge.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, be-  
     ing like thyself;  
 A madman so long, now a fool: What,  
     think'st  
 That the bleak air, my boisterous chamber-  
     lain,  
 Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these  
     moss'd trees,  
 That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy  
     heels,  
 And skip when thou point'st out? Will the  
     cold brook,  
 Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
 To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the  
     creatures,—  
 Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
 Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused  
     trunks  
 To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
 Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;  
 O! thou shalt find—

*T. A., IV : 3. 1308.*

SOMNAMBULISM.—A Revealer of  
 Crime.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look,  
 how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with  
 her, to seem thus washing her hands; I  
 have known her continue in this a quarter  
 of an hour.

*Lady M.* Yet, here 's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark, she speaks: I will set  
 down what comes from her, to satisfy my  
 remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! out, I say!  
 One; Two; Why, then 't is time to do  
 't:—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie!  
 a soldier, and afear'd? What need we fear  
 who knows it, when none can call our  
 power to account?—Yet who would have  
 thought the old man to have had so much  
 blood in him?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The thane of Fife had a wife:  
 Where is she now?—What, will these  
 hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that,  
 my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with  
 this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known  
 what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should  
 not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what  
 she has known.

*Lady M.* Here 's the smell of the blood

still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

*Doct.* Even so?

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there 's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand: What 's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed.

*M., V: 1. 1381.*

### SON.—A Cause of Envy.

*K. Hen.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad,  
and mak'st me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father of so blest a son;  
A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue;  
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;  
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her  
pride:

Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be  
prov'd,

That some night-tripping fairy had ex-  
chang'd

In cradle-clothes our children where they  
lay,

And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantage-  
net!

Then would I have his Harry, and he  
mine.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 1. 728.*

### —A dissolute.

*Boling.* Can no man tell of my un-  
thrifty son?

'T is full three months, since I did see him  
last:—

If any plague hang over us, 't is he.

I would to God, my lords, he might be  
found:

Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns  
there,

For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,  
With unrestrained loose companions;

Even such, they say, as stand in narrow  
lanes,

And beat our watch, and rob our passen-  
gers;

While he, young, wanton, and effeminate  
boy,

Takes on the point of honour, to support  
So dissolute a crew.

*Percy.* My lord, some two days since I  
saw the prince;

And told him of these triumphs held at Ox-  
ford.

*Boling.* And what said the gallant?

*Percy.* His answer was,—he would unto  
the stews;

And from the commonest creature pluck a  
glove,

And wear it as a favour; and with that  
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

*Boling.* As dissolute, as desperate: yet,  
through both

I see some sparkles of a better hope,  
Which elder days may happily bring forth.  
But who comes here?

*R. II., V: 3. 714.*

### SONS.—Lost, Recovered.

*Bel.* \* \* \*

Two of the sweet'st companions in the  
world:

The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are  
worthy

To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym., V: 5. 1630.*

### SORROW.—A Mixture of Smiles and Tears.

*Gent.* Not to a rage: patience and sor-  
row strove

Who should express her goodliest. You  
have seen

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and  
tears

Were like a better day: Those happy  
smilets,

That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to  
know

What guests were in her eyes; which parted  
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief,  
sorrow

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all  
Could so become it.

*K. L., IV: 3. 1473.*

## —A Mother's impassioned.

*Q. Mar.* O, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!  
Canst thou not speak!—O traitors! murderers!—

They, that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,  
If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this, in respect, a child;  
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:  
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!  
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,  
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,  
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,  
As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

\* \*

Where is that devil's butcher,  
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?

Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

*K. Edw.* Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

*Q. Mar.* So come to you, and yours, as to this prince!

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 5. 990.

## —Almost universal.

*3 Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which ang'd for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confess'd, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "alas!" I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swoon'd; all sorrow'd: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

*W. T.*, V: 2. 615.

## —Becomes the Strong.

*Cleo.* No, I will not;  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

*A. C.*, IV: 13. 1575.

## —Caused by nameless Woe.

*Queen.* \* \* Howe'er it be,  
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,  
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—

Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

*Bushy.* 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

*Queen.* 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd

From some forefather grief; mine is not so;  
For nothing hath begot my something grief;  
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve;  
'T is in reversion that I do possess;  
But what it is, that is not yet known; what I cannot name; 't is nameless woe, I wot.

*R. II.*, II: 2. 696.

## —Child of.

*P. Hen.* \* \*

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

*K. J.*, V: 7. 676.

## —Concealed.

*Mar.* \* \*

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:  
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That better could have sew'd than Philomel.  
Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,  
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.



Or had he heard the heavenly harmony  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell  
asleep,  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.  
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind :  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye :  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant  
meads ;  
What will whole months of tears thy father's  
eyes ?  
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with  
thee ;  
O, could our mourning ease thy misery !

*Tit. And., II: 5. 1213.*

#### —Contagious.

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and  
weep.

Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,  
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
Began to water.

*J. C., III: 1. 1333*

#### —Demands Respect.

*Gard.* Poor queen ! so that thy state  
might be no worse,  
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.  
Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this  
place,  
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace :  
Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be  
seen,  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

*R. II., III: 4. 707.*

#### —Demands Sympathy.

*Mar.* Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy ;  
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd  
shield.

*Tit. And., IV: 1. 1220.*

#### —Destroys Sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord ; God give your  
grace good rest ! —  
Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,  
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide  
night.  
Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil ;

And, for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares :  
So that, between their titles, and low name,  
There 's nothing differs but the outward  
fame.

*R. III., I: 4. 1011.*

#### —Domestic.

*Bra.* So did I yours : Good your grace,  
pardon me ;  
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of bus-  
iness,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed ; nor doth the  
general care  
Take hold on me ; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*O., I: 3. 1495.*

#### —Drives to Madness.

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I  
guess,  
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her :  
For I have heard my grandsire say full  
oft,  
Extremity of griefs would make men mad ;  
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy  
Ran mad through sorrow : That made me to  
fear ;  
Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt  
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,  
And would not, but in fury, fright my  
youth :  
Which made me down to throw my books,  
and fly ;  
Causeless, perhaps : But pardon me, sweet  
aunt :  
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,  
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Tit. And., IV: 1. 1219.*

#### —Drowned in Vengeance.

*Mar.* Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,  
And be my heart an ever burning hell ?  
These miseries are more than may be borne.  
To weep with them that weep doth ease  
some deal ;  
But sorrow flouted at his double death.  
*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so  
deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !

That ever death should let life bear his name.

Where life hath no more interest but to breathe.

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1217.

—**Fathomless.**

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,

Then into limits could I bind my woes:

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears

Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:  
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave

To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1216.

—**Great.**

*Bed.* Hung be the heavens with black,  
yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,

Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;  
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,

That have consented unto Henry's death!

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 1. 864.

—**Heart-breaking.**

*Q. Eliz.* Ah, cut my lace asunder!

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

*Dor.* Be of God cheer: Mother, how fares your grace?

*Q. Eliz.* O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children;

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*R. III.*, IV: 1. 1030.

—**Inconsolable.**

*Leon.* \* \* Once a day I'll visit

The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,

Shall be my recreation: So long as Nature will bear up with this exercise, so long

I daily vow to use it.

*W. T.*, III: 2. 596.

—**Its abundant Tears.**

*Ari.* \* \*

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds.

*T.*, V: 1. 30.

—**Its bending Power.**

*Sat.* \* \*

These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.

*Tit. And.*, IV: 4. 1224.

—**Its Effect on Beauty.**

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:

When she did think my master lov'd her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;  
But since she did neglect her looking-  
glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
The air hath starv'd the roses in her  
cheeks,  
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as I.

*T. G., IV: 2. 69.*

—Its Effects.

*Const. \* \**

And he will look as hollow as a ghost;  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit.

*K. J., III: 4. 662.*

—Its Fullness.

*Sil. \* \**

I do desire thee, even from a heart  
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands.

*T. G., IV: 2. 67.*

—Its Notes.

*Gui. Cadwal,*

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with  
thee:

For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Cym., IV: 2. 1617.*

—Its prophetic Tears.

*Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten  
thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.*

*T. C., II: 2. 1114.*

—Its Sign.

*King. \* \**

*It us befitted*

To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole  
kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe.

*H., I: 2. 1393.*

—Its vanquishing Power.

*Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to af-  
flict my heart!*

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my  
powers,

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,  
Or to the meanest groom.

*H. VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 917.*

—Its Voice.

*Pro. \* \**

And left thee there; where thou didst vent  
thy groans,  
As fast as mill-wheels strike.

*T., I: 2. 11.*

—Leads to Bitterness.

*Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most rev-  
erent,*

Give mine the benefit of seniorey,  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,  
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:  
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;  
I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him;  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd  
him:

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd  
him.

*Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou  
didst kill him;*

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill  
him;

*Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and  
Richard kill'd him.*

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath  
crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to  
death:

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes  
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;  
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,  
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls;  
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our  
graves.

O upright, just and true-disposing God,  
How do I thank Thee, that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
And makes her pew-fellow with others'  
moan!

*Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in  
my woes;*

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*R. III., IV: 4. 1034.*

—Long-continued.

*King. 'T is sweet and commendable in  
your nature, Hamlet,*

To give these mourning duties to your  
father:

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation, for some term  
To do obsequious sorrow : But to persever  
In obstinate condolement, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;  
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;  
An understanding simple and unschool'd :  
For what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd; whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
" *This must be so.*" We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us  
As of a father: for let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne;  
And, with no less nobility of love  
Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
Do I impart toward you. For your intent  
In going back to school in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire :  
And we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*H., I : 2. 1394.*

#### —Mingled.

*Tro. \* \**

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,  
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

*T. C., I : 1. 1103.*

#### —Not Long-lived.

*Cam.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,  
So many summers dry : scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*W. T., V : 3. 616.*

#### —Not Measured by Cause.

*Rosse. \* \** Your cause of sorrow  
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*M., V : 7. 1385.*

#### —Passeth Show.

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.  
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play :  
But I have that within, which passeth show :  
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*H., I : 2. 1394.*

#### —Perpetuated.

*Aar. \* \**

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;  
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."

*Tit. And., V : 1. 1226.*

#### —Playing Fool to.

*Edg. \* \**

Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
Angering itself and others.

*K. L., IV : 1. 1471.*

#### —Profound.

*Luc. \* \** Gentle people, give me aim awhile,  
For nature puts me to a heavy task !  
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,  
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.



Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,  
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-  
stain'd face,  
The last true duties of thy noble son.

*Marc.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for  
kiss,  
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.  
Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay  
them.

*Luc.* Come hither, boy; come, come,  
and learn of us  
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd  
thee well;  
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pil-  
low;

Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;  
In that respect, then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender  
spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so:  
Friends should associate friends in grief  
and woe.

Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,  
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

*Boy.* O, grandsire, grandsire, even with  
all my heart  
Would I were dead, so you did live again!  
O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;  
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

*Tit. And., V: 3. 1231.*

#### —Real and affected.

*Laf.* Your commendations, madam, get  
from her tears.

*Count.* 'Tis the best brine a maiden can  
season her praise in. The remembrance of  
her father never approaches her heart, but  
the tyranny of her sorrows takes all liveli-  
hood from her cheek. No more of this, Hel-  
ena—go to, no more; lest it be rather  
thought you affect a sorrow, than to have.

*Hel.* I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I  
have it too.

*A. W., I: 1. 495.*

#### —Rebuked.

*Lear.* \* \*

*Hysterica passio!* down, thou climbing  
sorrow,  
Thy element 's below.

*K. L., II: 4. 1459.*

#### —Speechless.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!—  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your  
brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not  
speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it  
break.

*M., IV: 3. 1380.*

#### —Sweet.

*Bushy.* \* \*  
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,  
Divides one thing entire to many objects;  
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed up-  
on,  
Show nothing but confusion.

*R. II., II: 2. 695.*

#### —Toying for a Purpose.

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to  
you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

*H., IV: 7. 1428.*

#### —Want of Sleep Increases.

*Dem.* \* \*  
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow  
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow  
owe.

*M. N., III: 2. 333.*

#### SORROWS.—Come in Battalions.

*King.* \* \* O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, they come not single  
But in battalions!

*H. IV., V: 5. 1424.*

#### —Never Come alone.

*Cle.* I thought as much.  
One sorrow never comes, but brings an  
heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their  
power,  
To beat us down, the which are down al-  
ready;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

*P., I: 4. 1647.*

**SOUL.—(See Mercy.) Of Some, their Clothes.**

*Laf.* And shall do so ever, though I took him at 's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes; trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.

*A. W., II: 5. 510.*

**—Our Own.**

*K. Hen.* \* \* Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

*H. V., IV: 1. 842.*

**SOUTH.—Dew-dropping.**

*Mer.* \* \*

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

*R. J., I: 4. 1248.*

**SPECULATION.—Thought Investigating.**

*Achil.* \* \*

For speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there  
Where it may see itself.

*T. C., III: 3. 1124.*

**SPEECH.—Injurious.**

*D. Pedro.* Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

*Claud.* I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

*M. A., V: 1. 251.*

**—Mark Antony's, on the Death of Cæsar.**

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil, that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men;)  
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it comes back to me.

\* \*

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might.

Have stood against the world: now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius

wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and

you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,

I found it in his closet, 't is his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,

(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's

wounds,

And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,

And, dying, mention it within their wills,

Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We 'll hear the will: Read it,  
Mark Antony.

*Cit.* The will, the will; we will hear  
Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I  
must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd  
you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but  
men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:  
'T is good you know not that you are his  
heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it,  
Antony;

You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient? Will you  
stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it,  
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do  
fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable  
men!

*Cit.* The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers:  
The will! read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read  
the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend? And will you give me  
leave?

*Cit.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from  
the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble  
Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand  
far off.

*Cit.* Stand back! room! bear back!

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed  
them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent:  
That day he overcame the Nervii:—

Look! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger  
through,

See, what a rent the envious Casca made:  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus  
stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his curs'd steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's an-  
gel:

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd  
him?

This was the most unkindest cut of all:  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors'  
arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty  
heart;

And in his mantle muffling up his face,  
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar  
fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!  
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.  
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but  
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you  
here,  
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with  
traitors.

\* \*

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honour-  
able;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know  
not,

That made them do't; they are wise and  
honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your  
hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt  
man,

That love my friend; and that they know  
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of  
speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
I tell you that, which you yourselves do  
know;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor,  
poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I  
Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a  
tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move,  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

\* \*

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and newly-planted or-  
chards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever, common pleas-  
ures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such an-  
other?

*J. C.*, III: 2. 1339.

#### —Of Brutus, a Defence of Assassination.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me  
for my cause; and be silent that you may  
hear: believe me for mine honour; and  
have respect to mine honour, that you may  
believe: censure me in your wisdom; and  
awake your senses, that you may the better  
judge. If there be any in this assembly,  
any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say,  
that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less  
than his. If, then, that friend demand why  
Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my an-  
swer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but  
that I loved Rome more. Had you rather  
Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than  
that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men?  
As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he  
was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was  
valiant, I honour him; but, as he was am-  
bitious, I slew him: there is tears for his  
love; joy for his fortune; honour for his  
valour; and death for his ambition. Who  
is here so base, that would be a bondman?

If any, speak: for him have I offended.  
Who is here so rude, that would not be a  
Roman? If any, speak, for him have I of-  
fended. Who is here so vile, that will not  
love his country? If any, speak: for him  
have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Citizens.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I  
have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall  
do to Brutus. The question of his death is  
enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not ex-  
tenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his  
offences enforced, for which he suffered  
death. Here comes his body, mourned by  
Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand  
in his death, shall receive the benefit of his  
dying, a place in the commonwealth; as  
which of you shall not? With this I de-  
part,—that, as I slew my best lover for  
the good of Rome, I have the same dagger  
for myself, when it shall please my country  
to need my death.

*J. C.*, III: 2. 1339.

#### —Of the King of Denmark's Ghost.

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulter-  
ate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous  
gifts,

(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the  
power

So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:  
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were  
poor

To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of  
heaven;

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.

But soft! methinks, I scent the morning's  
air:

Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine or-  
chard,

My custom always in the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,



That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it  
mine;

And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome  
crust,

All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,  
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once de-  
spatched;

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul con-  
trive

Against thy mother aught; leave her to  
heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at  
once!

The glow worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:  
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet! remember me.

*H.*, I: 5. 1399.

#### — Outspoken.

*Cor.* What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon 't! I cannot  
bring

My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir;—  
my wounds;—

I got them in my country's service, when  
Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and  
ran

From the noise of our own drums.

*C.*, II: 3. 1165.

#### —Power of Woman's.

*K. Hen.* Her sight did ravish; but her  
grace in speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me, from wandering, fall to weeping  
joys;

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—  
Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my  
love.

*H.* VI., 2 pt., I: 1. 907.

#### —Smooth, not natural to War- riors.

*Men.* Consider this:—He has been bred  
i' the wars

Since he could draw a sword, and is ill  
school'd

In bouted language; meal and bran to-  
gether

He throws without distinction.

*C.*, III: 1. 1173.

#### —Tangled, but not impaired.

*The.* His speech was like a tangled  
chain; nothing impaired, but all disor-  
dered.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 343.

#### —Treasured.

*Vio.* \* \* I would be loth to cast away  
my speech: for, besides that it is excel-  
lently well penned, I have taken great  
pains to con it.

*T. N.*, I: 5. 545.

#### SPIRIT.—An undaunted.

*Bed.* Not to be gone from hence; for  
once I read,

That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,  
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:  
Methinks I should revive the soldiers'  
hearts,

Because I ever found them as myself.

*Tal.* Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!  
Then, be it so:—heavens keep old Bedford  
safe!—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,  
But gather we our forces out of hand,  
And set upon our boasting enemy.

*H.* VI., 1 pt., III: 2. 881.

#### —Promise to Raise a.

*Hume.* This they have promised,—to  
show your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,  
That shall make answer to such questions,  
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

*H.* VI., 2 pt., I: 2. 911.

**SPIRITS.—Calling for.**

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any man:  
But will they come, when you call for them?

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 745.

**—Light, Lengthen Life.**

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, sad,  
and heavy;  
And so she died: had she been light, like  
you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,  
She might a' been a grandam ere she died:  
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 293.

**—Wild.**

*Hero.* \* \*

I know, her spirits are as coy and wild  
As haggards of the rock.

*M. A.*, III: 1. 238.

**SPITE.—Defied.**

*Otho.* Let him do his spite:  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet  
to know,  
(Which, when I know that boasting is an  
honour,  
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege; and my demerits  
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune

As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth.

*O.*, I: 2. 1493.

**SPOILIATION.—In a Conquered City.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,  
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
As send precepts to the Leviathan  
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of  
Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of  
grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.

If not, why, in a moment, look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul  
hand

Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking  
daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
And their most reverend heads dash'd to  
the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;

Whiles the mad mothers with their howls  
confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of  
Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

*H. V.*, III: 3. 833.

**—Inculcated.**

*K. John.* Cousin, away for England;  
haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the  
bags

Of hoarding abbots; angels imprisoned

Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force.

*K. J.*, III: 3. 661.

**SPONGE.—Men Used as a.**

*Ros.* Take you for a sponge, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's  
countenance, his rewards, his authorities.  
But such officers do the king best service  
in the end: he keeps them, like an ape doth  
nuts, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed,  
to be last swallowed: when he needs what  
you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you,  
and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech  
sleeps in a foolish ear.

*H.*, IV: 2. 1421.

**SPORT.—An Index to the Wise.**

*Nest.* \* \*

Though 't be a sportful combat,  
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute  
With their fin'st palate :

\* \* For the success,  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general.

*T. C., I: 3. 1111.*

—Of gods, to Kill Men.

*Glo. \* \**

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the  
gods,—  
They kill us for their sport.

*K. L., IV: 1. 1471.*

—Overthrown by Sport.

*Prin. \* \**

There 's no such sport as sport by sport  
o'erthrown;  
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our  
own:  
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;  
And they, well mock'd, depart away with  
shame.

*L. L., V: 2. 295.*

—The best.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-  
rule you now :

That sport best pleases that doth least know  
how :

Where zeal strives to content, and the con-  
tents

Die in the zeal of that which it presents,  
The form confounded makes most form in  
mirth,

When great things labouring perish in their  
birth.

*Biron.* A right description of our sport,  
my lord.

*L. L., V: 2. 300.*

—With a Lady Denounced.

*Hel. \* \**

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,  
But you must join in souls to mock me too?  
If you were men, as men you are in show,  
You would not use a gentle lady so;  
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my  
parts,  
When I am sure you hate me with your  
hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena :  
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,  
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes  
With your derision! none of noble sort  
Would so offend a virgin, and extort  
A poor soul's patience, all to make you  
sport.

*M. N., III: 2. 334.*

SPORTS.—Ill-timed.

*Cæs. \* \** If he fill'd

His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him for 't; but, to confound such  
time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks  
as loud

As his own state, and ours,—'t is to be  
chid,

As we rate boys; who, being mature in  
knowledge,

Pawn their experience to their present  
pleasure,

And so rebel to judgment.

*A. C., I: 4. 1545.*

SPRING.—Flowers of.

*Per. \* \**

For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou  
let'st fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and  
take

The winds of March with beauty; violets,  
dim,

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady

Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and

The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,

The flower-de-luce being one.

*W. T., IV: 3. 602.*

—Picture of.

*Arm. \* \**

When daisies pied, and violets blue,

And lady smocks all silver white,

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,

To paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mocks married men, for thus sings he:

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear!

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he:

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,  
Unpleasing to a married ear!

*L. L.*, V: 2. 304.

—Treads on Winter.

*Cap.* \* \*

When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping winter treads.

*R. J.*, I: 2. 1244.

STABS.—A Breach in Nature.

*Macb.* \* \* \* His gash'd stabs look'd  
like a breach in nature,  
For ruin's wasteful entrance.

*M.*, II: 3. 1367.

STAGE.—All the World a.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely play-  
ers:

They have their exits, and their entrances;  
And one man in his time plays many parts,—  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the in-  
fant,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:  
Then the whining schoolboy, with his  
satchel,  
And shining morning face, creeping like  
snail

Unwillingly to school: and then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a sol-  
dier,

Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the  
pard,

Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in  
quarrel,

Seeking the bubble Reputation

Even in the cannon's mouth: and then the  
justice,

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part: The sixth age  
shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons;

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,  
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too  
wide

For his shrunk shank; and his big manly  
voice

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of  
all,

That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—  
everything.

*A. Y.*, II: 7. 419.

—The World a.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world,  
Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.

STAINS.—That never Wash out.

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is 't with me, when every noise appals  
me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out  
mine eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this  
blood

Clean from my hand? No; this my hand  
will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,  
Making the green—one red.

*M.*, II: 2. 1365.

STARS.—Golden Fire.

*Ham.* \* \* \* This brave o'erhanging fir-  
manent, this majestic roof fretted with  
golden fire.

*H.*, II: 2. 1406.

*Kent.* It is the stars,  
The stars above us, govern our conditions;  
Else one self mate and mate could not beget  
Such different issues.

*K. L.*, IV: 3. 1473.

STATION.—High.

*Q. Mar.* \* \*

They that stand high, have many blasts to  
shake them.

*R. III.*, I: 3. 1009.



**STATUE.—A perfect.**

*Paul.* \* \* Prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death.

*W. T., V: 3. 616.*

**STAY-AT-HOMES.—Dishonored.**

*Par.* \* \*  
He wears his honour in a box unseen  
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home;  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high  
curvet  
Of Mars's fiery steed.

*A. W., II: 3. 508.*

**STEALING.—By Line and Level.**

*Ste.* I thank thee for that jest: here's a  
garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded  
while I am king of this country. "Steal by  
line and level" is an excellent pass of pate;  
there's another garment for 't.

*T., IV: 1. 29.*

**—By Proxy.**

*P. Hen.* I have procured thee, Jack, a  
charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would, it had been of horse.  
Where shall I find one that can steal well?  
O for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-  
twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously un-  
provided. Well, God be thanked for these  
rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I  
land them, I praise them.

*H. IV., 1 pt., III: 3. 751.*

**—How made sinless.**

*Lucio.* Thou conclud'st like the sancti-  
monious pirate, that went to sea with the  
ten commandments, but scrap'd one out of  
the table.

*2 Gent.* Thou shall not steal?

*Lucio.* Ay, that he raz'd.

*M. M., I: 2. 144.*

**STEPMOTHER.—A kind.**

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find  
me, daughter,  
After the slander of most step-mothers,  
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner,  
but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint.

*Cym., I: 2. 1590.*

**STOIC.—A.**

*Lucio.* \* \* Upon his place,  
And with full line of his authority,  
Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood  
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
The wanton stings and motions of the  
sense,  
But doth rebate and blunt his natural  
edge  
With profits of the mind, study and fast.

*M. M., I: 4. 147.*

**STORM.—A Clown's Description of.**

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea,  
and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a  
sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firm-  
ament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's  
point.

*Shep.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clo.* I would you did but see how it  
chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the  
shore! but that's not to the point: O, the  
most piteous cry of the poor souls! some-  
times to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now  
the ship boring the moon with her main-  
mast; and anon swallowed with yest and  
froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogs-  
head. And then for the land-service,—To  
see how the bear tore out his shoulder-  
bone; how he cried to me for help, and  
said his name was Antigonus, a noble-  
man:—But to make an end of the ship;—  
to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but,  
first, how the poor souls roared, and the  
sea mock'd them;—and how the poor gen-  
tlemen roared, and the bear mock'd him,  
both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.

*W. T., III: 3. 597.*

**—At Sea, rebuked.**

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke  
these surges,  
Which wash both heaven and hell; and  
thou, that hast  
Upon the winds command, bind them in  
brass,  
Having call'd them from the deep! O still  
thy deaf'ning,  
Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy  
nimble,  
Sulphureous flashes!—O how, Lychorida,  
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou!  
venomously  
Wilt thou spit all thyself?

*P., III: 1. 1655.*

**STORY.—Of a Life.**

*Alon.* I long  
To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*T.*, V: 1. 34.

**STOUTNESS.—A Woman's excessive.**

*Dro. S.* No longer from head to foot,  
than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a  
globe. I could find out countries in her.

*C. E.*, III: 1. 202.

**STRATAGEM.—Inexplicable.**

*Aar.* He, that had wit, would think that  
I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit it.  
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,  
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,  
That have their alms out of the empress'  
chest.

*Tit. And.*, II: 3. 1209.

**—To Secure the Death of a Foe.**

*King.* \* \* I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but  
fall:  
And for his death no wind of blame shall  
breathe;  
But even his mother shall uncharge the  
practice,  
And call it accident.

*H.*, IV: 7. 1427.

**STRATEGY.—Before Battle.**

*Richm.* \* \*  
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—  
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small power.

*R. III.*, V: 3. 1042.

**STRIFE.—Grief at Occasioning.**

*Arth.* \* \*  
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;  
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

*K. J.*, II: 1. 651.

**STROKES.—Arbitrate the Advance of War.**

*Siv.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we  
owe.

Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate:  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate,

Towards which, advance the war.

*M.*, V: 4. 1383.

**STRUGGLE.—Vain.**

*Clif.* Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock  
with the gin.

*North.* So doth the coney struggle in the  
net.

*York.* So triumph thieves upon their  
conquer'd booty;  
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-  
match'd.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 960.

**STUBBORNNESS.—Injurious.**

*Mar.* Thanks.—What's the matter, you  
dissentious rogues,  
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs.

*C.*, I: 1. 1151.

**—Terrible as Storms.**

*Wol.* \* \*  
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it; but, to stubborn  
spirits,  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

*H. VIII.*, III: 1. 1076.

**STUDY.—Excessive, foolish.**

*Biron.* So study evermore is over-shot;  
While it doth study to have what it would,  
It doth forget to do the thing it should:  
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,  
'T is won, as towns with fire; so won, so  
lost.

*L. L.*, I: 1. 273.

**—Its Object.**

*Biron.* By yea and nay, sir, then I  
swore in jest.  
What is the end of study? let me know.  
*King.* Why, that to know, which else  
we should not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?

*King.* Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

*L. L., I: 1. 272.*

—May be unreasonable.

*King.* Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

*Biron.* Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,  
Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?  
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;

But like of each thing that in season grows.  
So you, to study, now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

*L. L., I: 1. 272.*

—Regulated by Desire

*Tra.* *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,  
I am in all affected as yourself;  
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,  
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.  
Only, good master, while we do admire  
This virtue, and this moral discipline,  
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;  
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd:  
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:  
Music and poesy use to quicken you;  
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,  
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves;  
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

*T. S., I: 1. 455.*

—Stops that Hinder it.

*Biron.* Come on, then; I will swear to study so,  
To know the thing I am forbid to know:  
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,  
When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,  
When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,  
Study to break it, and not break my troth.  
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,  
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

*King.* These be the stops that hinder study quite,

And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,  
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book  
To seek the light of truth: while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look:  
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile;

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,  
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;  
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,  
And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks:

Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their shining nights  
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;

And every godfather can give a name.

*King.* How well he's read, to reason against reading!

*L. L., I: 1. 272.*

STUMBLING.—A bad Omen.

*Glo.* The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not this;

For many men, that stumble at the threshold,  
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

*K. Edw.* Tush, man! abodements must  
not now affright us :  
By fair or foul means we must enter in,  
For hither will our friends repair to us.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV : 7. 984.

#### STUPIDITY.—Blind.

*Leon.* \* \* Or your eye-glass  
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn.

*W. T.*, I : 2. 584.

#### STYLE.—And Purse do not Agree.

*Glo.* Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we  
can ;  
But now it is impossible we should :  
Suffolk, the new made duke that rules the  
roast,  
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and  
Maine  
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large  
style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I : 1. 908.

#### SUBJECTION.—A Woman's, perfect.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so  
bright.

*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so  
bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that  
's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,  
Or ere I journey to your father's house :  
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.  
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd : nothing but  
cross'd !

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never  
go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have  
come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you  
please :

And if you please to call it a rush candle,  
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is the moon.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed  
sun.

*Kath.* Then, God be bless'd, it is the  
blessed sun :

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;

And the moon changes even as your mind.  
What you will have it nam'd, even that it  
is ;

And so it shall be so for Katharine.

*Hor.* Petrucio, go thy ways ; the field is  
won.

*Pet.* Well, forward, forward : thus the  
bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft ! Company is coming here.

Good morrow, gentle mistress : Where  
away ?

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,  
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman ?  
Such war of white and red within her  
cheeks ?

What stars do spangle heaven with such  
beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly  
face ?

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to  
thee :

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's  
sake.

*Hor.* 'A will make the man mad, to  
make a woman of him.

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and  
fresh, and sweet,

Whither away ? or where is thy abode ?

Happy the parents of so fair a child ;

Happier the man, whom favorable stars  
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow !

*Pet.* Why, how now Kate ! I hope thou  
art not mad :

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, with-  
er'd,

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking  
eyes,

They have been so bedazzled with the  
sun,

That everything I look on seemeth green :

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father ;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistak-  
ing.

*T. S.*, IV : 5. 478.

#### SUBMISSION.—A Matter of Time.

*D. Pedro.* Well, as time shall try :

"In time the savage bull doth bear the  
yoke."

*M. A.*, I : 2. 228.



## —Complete.

*Rum.* \* \* My office is  
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth  
fell

Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., Ind.: 773.

## —Death better than.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I  
did in honour,  
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;  
And never shall you see, that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.—  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., V: 2. 806.

## —Easiest Gained by a Smile.

*2 Sen.* What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

*1 Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall  
ope;  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

*2 Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine honour else,  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
And not as our confusion, all thy powers  
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

*T. A.*, V: 5. 1316.

## —Graceful.

*Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton,  
heaven give thee joy!  
What cannot be eschew'd must be em-  
brac'd.

*M. W.*, V: 5. 120.

## —Its Meaning not known.

*Lucy.* Submission, Dauphin? 't is a  
mere French word;  
We English warriors wot not what it  
means?

I come to know what prisoners thou hast  
ta'en,  
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

## —Perfect.

*Men.* \* \* Go, you that banish'd him,  
A mile before his tent fall down, and  
kneel

The way into his mercy.

*C.*, V: 1. 1186.

## —True Wisdom.

*Ami.* \* \* Happy is your grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fort-  
une

Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*A. Y.*, II: 1. 414.

## SUBSTITUTE.—His Duty.

*Duke.* No more evasion:  
We have with a leaven'd and prepared  
choice;

Proceeded to you: therefore take your  
honours.

Our haste from hence is of so quick con-  
dition,  
That it prefers itself, and leaves unques-  
tion'd

Matters of needful value. We shall write  
to you,

As time and our concernings shall impor-  
tune,

How it goes with us; and do look to  
know

What doth befall you here. So, fare you  
well:

To th' hopeful execution do I leave you  
Of your commissions.

*M. M.*, I: 1. 144.

## SUBSTITUTES.—Of no Importance.

*Ner.* When the moon shone, we did not  
see the candle.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the  
less:

A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters.

*M. V.*, V: 1. 389.

## SUCCESS.—Aimed at.

*Bast.* \* \* Near or far off, well won is  
still well shot.

*K. J.*, I: 1. 648.

## —From God.

*Win.* He was a king, bless'd of the King  
of kings.  
Unto the French the dreadful judgment  
day  
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight.  
The battles of the Lord of Hosts he  
fought:  
The church's prayers made him so prosper-  
ous.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 1. 864.*

## —Independent of Allies.

*Hot.* You strain too far.  
I, rather, of his absence make this use;—  
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the earl were here: for men must  
think,  
If we, without his help, can make a head  
To push against the kingdom; with his  
help,  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 752.*

## —Invoked.

*Gaunt.* Heaven in thy good cause make  
thee prosperous!  
Be swift like lightning in the execution;  
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,  
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque  
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:  
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and  
live.

*R. II., I: 3. 688.*

## —Measured by our Desires.

*Com.* Breathe you, my friends; well  
fought: we are come off  
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,  
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,  
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have  
struck,  
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have  
heard  
The charges of our friends:—The Roman  
gods,  
Lead their successes as we wish our own;  
That both our powers, with smiling fronts  
encountering.

*C., I: 6. 1156.*

## —Modest, Foregoes Promotion.

*Ven.* \* \*  
Who does in the wars more than his captain  
can,  
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of  
loss,  
Than gain, which darkens him.

*A. C., III: 1. 1557.*

## —No great, without Scars.

*York.* \* \*  
I rather would have lost my life betimes,  
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,  
By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
Shew me one star character'd on thy  
skin;  
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom  
win.

*H. IV., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.*

## —Rewarded.

*Hor.* \* \* He that runs fastest gets the  
ring.

*T. S., I: 1. 456.*

## —Worshiped.

*York.* Then, as I said, the duke, great  
Bolingbroke,—  
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,  
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—  
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his  
course,  
While all tongues cried—God save thee,  
Bolingbroke!  
You would have thought the very windows  
spake,  
So many greedy looks of young and old  
Through casements darted their desiring  
eyes  
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,  
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—  
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!  
Whilst he, from one side to the other turn-  
ing,  
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's  
neck,  
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, coun-  
trymen:  
And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

*R. II., V: 2. 712.*

**SUFFERING.—As great as Death.**

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.

*Cym.*, I: 2. 1591.

**—Begets Sympathy.**

*Lear.* Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine  
own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more. — But I'll  
go in:

In, boy; go first. — You houseless poverty,  
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll  
sleep.

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed  
sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these? O, I have  
ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;  
That thou may'st shake the superflux to  
them,

And show the heavens more just.

*K. L.*, III: 4. 1465.

**SUFFICIENCY.—Enough.**

*Mer.* No, t' is not so deep as a well, nor  
so wide as a church door.

*R. J.*, III: 1. 1259.

**SUICIDE.—(See Soliloquy.) A Sin.**

*Cleo.* \* \* Then, is it sin  
To rush into the secret house of death,  
Ere death dare come to us?

*A. C.*, IV: 13. 1576.

**—A Weakness.**

*Rod.* It is silliness to live, when to live  
is a torment: and then have we a prescription  
to die, when death is our physician.

*Iago.* O villanous! I have looked upon  
the world for four times seven years! and  
since I could distinguish between a benefit  
and an injury, I never found a man that  
knew how to love himself. Ere I would  
say, I would drown myself for the love of a  
Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity  
with a baboon.

*O.*, I: 3. 1498.

**—Antony's Intended.**

*Ant.* Thrice nobler than myself!  
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
I should, and thou could'st not. My queen  
and Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon  
me

A nobleness in record: But I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't  
As to a lover's bed. Come then; and,  
Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus  
I learn'd of thee. How; not yet dead? not  
dead?—

The guard! — ho! — despatch me.

*A. C.*, IV: 12. 1574.

**—At the Tomb of a Lover.**

*Rom.* \* \* Ah, dear Juliet,  
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe  
That unsubstantial death is amorous;  
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps  
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For fear of that, I still will stay with thee;  
And never from this palace of dim night  
Depart again; here, here will I remain  
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O,  
here

Will I set up my everlasting rest;  
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars  
From this world-wearied flesh. — Eyes, look  
your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O  
you

The doors of breath, seal with a righteous  
kiss

A dateless bargain to engrossing death! —  
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury  
guide!

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on  
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!  
Here 's to my love! — O, true apothecary!  
Thy drugs are quick. — Thus with a kiss I  
die.

*R. J.*, V: 3. 1275.

**—Cowardly and vile.**

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,

By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself: — I know not  
how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The term of life:—arming myself with patience,

To stay the providence of those high powers,  
That govern us below.

*J. C., V: 1. 1349.*

—**Defies Prohibition.**

*Imo.* \* \* Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine,  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's  
my heart;

Something 's afore 't:—Soft, soft; we 'll no  
defence;

Obedient as the scabbard.

*Cym., III: 4. 1609.*

—**Denied funeral Rites.**

1. *Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far  
enlarg'd

As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the  
order,

She should in ground unsanctified have  
lodg'd

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,  
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown  
on her,

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing  
home

Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,  
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth;—  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish  
priest,

A ministering angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

*H., V: 1. 1431.*

—**Extolled.**

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years  
of life,  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*J. C., III: 1. 1336.*

*Cleo.* \* \* And it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up  
change.

*A. C., V: 2. 1577.*

—**In our Power.**

*Ant.* \* \*

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros; there is left  
us

Ourselves to end ourselves.

*A. C., IV: 12. 1573.*

—**News of Antony's.**

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by a public minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did  
lend it,

Splitted the heart. This is his sword;  
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.

*A. C., V: 1. 1576.*

—**Of Brutus.**

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is  
the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. —  
(*whispers.*)

*Cl.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all  
the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cl.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius! (*whispers.*)

*Dar.* I do such a deed?

*Cl.* O, Dardanius!

*Dar.* O, Clitus!

*Cl.* What ill request did Brutus make  
to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

*Cl.* Now is that noble vessel full of  
grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius; list  
a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:  
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me



Two several times by night : at Sardis, once ;  
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.  
I know my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it  
goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit :  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volum-  
nius,  
Thou know'st, that we two went to school  
together ;  
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on  
it.

*Vol.* That 's not an office for a friend,  
my lord.

*Cl.* Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tar-  
rying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you ;—and you ;—  
and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Country-  
men,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,  
I found no man, but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus'  
tongue

Hath almost ended his life's history :  
Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones  
would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

(*Cry within.*) Fly, fly, fly.

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly !

*Bru.* Hence ; I will follow thee.

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in  
it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy  
face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

*Str.* Give me your hand first : Fare  
you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar,  
now be still :

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

*J. C., V : 5. 1351.*

#### —Of Cassius.

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my  
face !

Come hither, sirrah :  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep  
thine oath !

Now be a freeman ; and, with this good  
sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search  
this bosom.

Stand not to answer : Here, take thou the  
hilts ;

And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art  
reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

*J. C., V : 3. 1350.*

#### —Of Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* \* \* Come, thou mortal wretch,  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie ; poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou  
speak !

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass  
Unpoliced !

*Ehar.* O eastern star !

*Eleo.* Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep ?

*Ehar.* O, break ! O, break !

*Eleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as  
gentle,—

O Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—  
What should I stay—

*Ehar.* In this wild world?—So, fare  
thee well.

*A. C., V : 2. 1581.*

#### —Of Lady Macbeth.

*Mal.* \* \*

Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like  
queen ;

Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent  
hands

Took off her life :

*M., V : 7. 1386.*

## —Of Goneril.

*Kent.* Alack, why thus?

*Edm.* Yet Edmund was below'd;  
The one the other poison'd for my sake,  
And after slew herself.

*K. L., V: 3. 1484.*

## —Portia's, by Swallowing Fire.

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence;  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark  
Antony  
Have made themselves so strong;—for  
with her death  
That tidings came:—With this she fell  
distract,

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*J. C., IV: 3. 1346.*

## —Prohibition Regretted.

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh  
would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

*H., I: 2. 1395.*

## —The Play of Fools.

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman  
fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the  
gashes  
Do better upon them.

*M., V: 7. 1385.*

## —Things better than.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood,  
and a permission of the will. Come, be a  
man: Drown thyself? drown cats, and blind  
puppies. I have professed me thy friend,  
and I confess me knit to thy deserving with  
cables of perdurable toughness; I could  
never better stead thee than now. Put  
money in thy purse; follow these wars; de-  
feat thy favour with an usurped beard; I  
say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be,  
that Desdemona should long continue her  
love to the Moor,—put money in thy  
purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent  
commencement, and thou shalt see an an-  
swerable sequestration;—put but money  
in thy purse.—These Moors are change-

able in their wills;—fill thy purse with  
money: the food that to him now is as  
luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly  
as bitter as coloquintida. She must change  
for youth: when she is sated with his body,  
she will find the error of her choice. She  
must have change, she must: therefore put  
money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs  
damn thyself, do it a more delicate way  
than drowning. Make all the money thou  
canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, be-  
twixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle  
Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and  
all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her;  
therefore make money. A pox of drowning  
thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek  
thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy  
joy, than to be drowned and go without  
her.

*O., I: 3. 1499.*

## SUIT.—Argued.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;  
'T is as I should entreat you wear your  
gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you  
warm;  
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit  
To your own person: Nay, when I have a  
suit,  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*O., III: 3. 1510.*

## SUITORS.—Variety in.

*Por.* I pray thee, overname them; and  
as thou namest them, I will describe them;  
and according to my description, level at  
my affection.

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan  
prince.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he  
doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he  
makes it a great appropriation to his own  
good parts that he can shoe him himself.

\* \*

*Ner.* Then is there the county Palatine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as  
who should say, "An you will not have  
me, choose." He hears merry tales, and  
smiles not: I fear he will prove the weep-  
ing philosopher when he grows old, being  
so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth.  
I had rather to be married to a death's head

with a bone in his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker. But he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a cap'ring; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him I should marry twenty husbands: If he would despise me I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture. But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony's nephew!

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

*M. V., I: 1. 363.*

#### SUMMONS.—A loud one Invoked.

*Agam.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,  
Anticipating time with starting courage.  
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,  
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air  
May pierce the head of the great combatant,  
And hale him hither.

*Ajax.* Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.  
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:

Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek  
Out-swell the cholic of puff'd Aquilon:  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes  
spout blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector.

*T. C., IV: 5. 1131.*

#### SUN.—Impartial.

*Per.* \* \*

The self-same sun that shines upon his court

Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
Looks on alike.

*W. T., IV: 3. 606.*

#### SUN.—The Source of Light.

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,  
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

*R. III., V: 3. 1042.*

#### SUNRISE.—On Ocean.

*Obe.* But we are spirits of another sort:  
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;

And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.

*M. N., III: 2. 337.*

#### —A rainy.

*Sal.* \* \*

Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west.

*R. II., II: 4. 699.*

#### —Fiery.

*Vio.* \* \*

As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night.

*T. N., V: 1. 568.*

#### SUPEREXCELLENCE.—Profession of, Suspicious.

*Duke.* \* \*

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go;  
More nor less to others paying,  
Than by self-offences weighing.



Shame to him, whose cruel striking  
 Kills for faults of his own liking!  
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!  
 O, what may man within him hide,  
 Though angel on the outward side!  
 How may likeness wade in crimes,  
 Making practice on the times,  
 To draw with idle spiders' strings  
 Most ponderous and substantial things.

*M. M.*, IV: 4. 162.

**SUPERLATIVE.—In Character.**

*Vol.* Now, pray, sir, get you gone:  
 You have done a brave deed. Ere you go,  
 hear this:—  
 As far as doth the Capitol exceed  
 The meanest house in Rome; so far, my  
 son,  
 (This lady's husband here, this, do you see)  
 Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you  
 all.

*C.*, IV: 2. 1178.

**SUPERSERVICEABLENESS.—Not Cared for.**

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of  
 highways  
 In summer, when the ways are fair enough.

*M. V.*, V: 1. 391.

**SUPERSTITION.—A Sailor's.**

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard;  
 the sea works high, the wind is loud, and  
 will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the  
 dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it  
 hath been still observed; and we are strong  
 in, earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for  
 she must overboard straight.

*P.*, III: 1. 1656.

**—Creates Suspicion.**

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
 Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:  
 For he is superstitious grown of late;  
 Quite from the main opinion he held once  
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:  
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
 And the persuasion of his augurers,  
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*J. C.*, II: 1. 1331.

**—Fears it Excites.**

*Suf.* Look on my George, I am a gentle-  
 man;  
 Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be  
 paid.  
*Whit.* And so am I; my name is—  
 Walter Whitmore.  
 How now? why start'st thou? what, doth  
 death affright?  
*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose  
 sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,  
 And told me that by "Water" I should  
 die:  
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;  
 Thy name is—"Gualtier," being rightly  
 sounded.

*Whit.* "Gualtier," or "Walter," which  
 it is, I care not;  
 Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,  
 But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;  
 Therefore, when merchant-like I sell re-  
 venge,  
 Broke be my sword, my arms torn and de-  
 fac'd,  
 And I proclaim'd a coward through the  
 world!

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., IV: 1. 932.

**—Ruled by Trifles.**

*Clar.* Yea, Richard, when I know; for,  
 I protest,  
 As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,  
 He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;  
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
 And says—a wizard told him, that by G,  
 His issue disinherited should be;  
 And, for my name of George begins with G,  
 It follows in his thought, that I am he:  
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as  
 these,  
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me  
 now.

*R. III.*, I: 1. 1001.

**SUPPLICATION.—Unavailing.**

*Pro.* \* \*  
 A sea of melting pearl, which some call  
 tears:  
 Those at her father's churlish feet she ten-  
 der'd;  
 With them, upon her knees, her humble self;



Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,  
As if but now they waxed pale for woe :  
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,  
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,  
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

*T. G.*, III: 1. 62.

#### SUPREMACY.—Of Affection.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,  
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*A. C.*, III: 9. 1564.

#### SURFEIT.—Leads to Loathing.

*Lys.* \* \*

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;  
Or, as the heresies that men do leave  
Are hated most of those they did deceive;  
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,  
Of all be hated; but the most of me.

*M. N.*, II: 2. 330.

#### SURGE.—The murmuring.

*Edg.* \* \* The murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes.

*K. L.*, IV: 6. 1475.

#### SURRENDER.—Abject.

*Boling.* Are you contented to resign the crown?

*K. Rich.* Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.  
Now mark me how I will undo myself:—  
I give this heavy weight from off my head,  
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,  
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;  
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,  
With mine own hands I give away my crown,  
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,  
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths;

All pomp and majesty I do forswear;  
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;  
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:  
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!  
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd;

And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd,

Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!

God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sunshine days!—

What more remains?

*R. II.*, IV: 1. 709.

#### —Unnatural.

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus

Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek

Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me, that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The lord of Stafford, dear to-day  
hath bought

Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, king Harry,

This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;

And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 3. 759.

#### SURROUNDINGS.—Give a Character.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect;

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended; and, I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
When every goose is cackling, would be  
thought

No better a musician than the wren.  
How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise, and true perfection!

*M. V., V: 1. 389.*

—Based on Circumstance.

*Bass.* Believe me, queen, your swarth  
Cimmerian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequestered from all your train?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly  
steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your  
sport,

Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness: I pray you let us hence,  
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Tit. And., II: 3. 1210.*

**SUSPICION.—Death better than.**

*Imo.* \* \* Look!

I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my  
heart:

Fear not; 't is empty of all things, but grief;  
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,  
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause:—  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Cym., III: 4. 1608.*

—Deprecated.

*Q. Mar.* \* \* \*

What know I how the world may deem of  
me?

For it is known, we were but hollow friends;  
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away;  
So shall my name with slander's tongue be  
wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my re-  
proach.

This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!  
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.*

—Easily Gratified.

*Iago.* \* \*

If imputation, and strong circumstances,—  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have  
it.

*O., III: 3. 1514.*

—Freedom from.

*Glo.* \* \*

He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

*R. III., III: 5. 1026.*

—Frivolous, Repelled.

*Oth.* Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in  
doubt,

Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for  
a goat,

When I shall turn the business of my  
soul

To such exsufficate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make  
me jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves  
company,

Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances  
well:

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt:  
For she had eyes, and chose me: No,

Iago;

I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt,  
prove;

And, on the proof, there is no more but  
this,—

Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*O., III: 3. 1511.*

—Full of Eyes.

*Wor.* \* \*

Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes:

For treason is but trusted like the fox;

Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and  
lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

*H. IV., 1 pt., V: 2. 758.*

## —Hard to Excite.

*Iago.* \* \*

Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk.

*O.*, III: 3. 1514.

## —How Fed.

*Shy.* O father Abram! what these Christians are,

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
The thoughts of others!

*M.* V., I: 3. 366.*Leon.* How bless'd am I

In my just censure!—in my true opinion!  
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accurs'd

In being so bless'd!—There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,  
And yet partake no venom: for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge,  
his sides

With violent hefts:—I have drunk, and  
seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—  
There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
All's true that is mistrusted:—that false villain,

Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by  
him:

He has discover'd my design, and I  
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will:—How came the posterns

So easily open?

*W.* T., II: 1. 587.

## —Its ready Tongue.

*North.* \* \*

See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

*H.* IV., 2 pt., I: 1. 774.

## —Leads to Questioning.

*Ban.* \* \*

And when we have our naked frailties hid,  
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples  
shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand; and,  
thence,

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
Of treasonous malice.

*M.*, II: 3. 1367.

## —Makes a Stain.

*Paul.* \* \*

Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain,  
As passes colouring.

*W.* T., II: 2. 590.

## —May Come too late.

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too  
late:

You should have fear'd false times, when  
you did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

*T.* A., IV: 3. 1311.

## —Signs of Well-founded.

*War.* Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,  
But will suspect, 't was he that made the slaughter?

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's  
nest,

But may imagine how the bird was dead,  
Although the kite soar with unbloodied  
beak?

Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

*H.* VI., III: 2. 928.*K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:

So the first harmless sheep doth yield his  
fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's  
knife.

What scene of death hath Roscius now to  
act?

*Glo.* Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind  
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

*K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed  
in a bush,  
With trembling wings misdoubteth every  
bush :

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,  
Have now the fatal object in my eye,  
Where my poor young was lim'd, was  
caught, and kill'd.

*Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool was that  
of Crete,  
That taught his son the office of a fowl !  
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was  
drown'd.

*H. VI., 3 pt., V : 6. 991.*

### SUSPECTED, The.

*Bru.* \* \*  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow  
mischievous ;  
And kill him in the shell.

*J. C., II : 1. 1329.*

### SUSPICIONS.—Worse than Certain- ties.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me :  
'Pray you,  
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts  
more  
Than to be sure they do : For certainties  
Either are past remedies ; or, timely know-  
ing,  
The remedy then born,) discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

*Cym., I : 7. 1597.*

### SUTLER.—For Profit.

*Pist.* For I shall sutler be  
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

*H. V., II : 1. 826.*

### SWAGGERER.—Compelled to Eat the Leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvy,  
lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests,  
and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek ;  
because, look you, you do not love it, nor  
your affections, and your appetites, and  
your digestions, does not agree with it, I  
would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader, and all his  
goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you. Will  
you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it ?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave,  
when Got's will is : I will desire you to live  
in the mean time, and eat your victuals ;  
come, there is sauce for it. You called me  
yesterday, mountain-squire ; but I will  
make you to-day a squire of low degree. I  
pray you, fall to : if you can mock a leek,  
you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain ; you have as-  
tonish'd him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some  
part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four  
days :—Pite, I pray you ; it is goot for  
your green wound, and your bloody cox-  
comb.

*Pist.* Must I bite ?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly ; and out of doubt,  
and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly  
revenge ; I eat, and eke I swear—

*Flu.* Eat, I pray you : Will you have  
some more sauce to your leek ? there is not  
enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see,  
I eat.

\* \*

To England will I steal, and there I 'll  
steal :

And patches will I get unto these scars,  
And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars.

*H. V., V : 1. 852.*

### SWAGGERING.—Never Thrives.

*Cleo.* \* \*

By swaggering could I never thrive.

*T. N., V : 1. 570.*

### SWEARING.—False, Inspires Confi- dence.

*Cleo.* Why should I think you can be  
mine, and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned  
gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous  
madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made  
vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing.

*A. C., I : 3. 1544.*



## —Like a Comfit-maker.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart,  
you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not  
you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live;  
and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure  
as day:

And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy  
oaths,

As if thou never walk'dst further than  
Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave in  
sooth,

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,  
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 747.

## SWEETNESS.—Female.

*Gre.* \* \*

For she is sweeter than perfume itself.

*T. S.*, I: 2. 459.

*Pet.* \* \* Sweet as spring-time flowers.

*T. S.*, II: 1. 464.

SWIFTNESS.—A rhetorical Quality  
of Lead.

*Moth.* As swift as lead, sir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?  
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull and slow?

*Moth.* *Minime*, honest master; or rather,  
master, no.

*Arm.* I say, lead is slow.

*Moth.* You are too swift, sir, to say so:  
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

*Arm.* Sweet smoke of rhetoric!

*L. L.*, III: 1. 281.

## SWIMMER.—Sure of Life.

*Fran.* Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the  
water,

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swoln that met him; his  
bold head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and  
oar'd

Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis  
bowed,

As stooping to relieve him; I not doubt,  
He came alive to land.

*T.*, II: 1. 16.

## SWIMMING.—A Proficient in.

*Cap.* True, madam; and to comfort you  
with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
When you, and those poor number sav'd  
with you,

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your  
brother,

Most provident in peril, bind himself  
(Courage and hope both teaching him the  
practice)

To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;  
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,  
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,  
So long as I could see.

*T. N.*, I: 2. 541.

## SYCOPHANCY.

*Iago.* \* \*

Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's  
ass,

For nought but provender.

*O.*, I: 1. 1491.

*Poet.* \* \*

Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through  
him

Drink the free air.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1287.

2 *Lord.* The swallow follows not sum-  
mer more willing, than we your lordship.

*T. A.*, III: 6. 1302.

## —Clings to the Skirts of Power.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud, that's  
almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 't is a camel, in-  
deed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or, like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*H.*, III: 2. 1416.

## —Common.

*Clif.* \* \*

The common people swarm like summer  
flies:

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 6. 969.

*Wol.* \* \* O, how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' fa-  
vours!

There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire  
to,

That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women  
have;

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1081.

*Cæs.* \* \* This common body,  
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying  
tide,

To rot itself with motion.

*A. C.*, I: 4. 1545.

— **Its Result.**

*Cleo.* \* \*  
Against the blown rose may they stop their  
nose,

That kneel'd unto the buds.

*A. C.*, III: 11. 1565.

— **Universal.**

*Poet.* I 'll unbolt to you.  
You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon: his large fort-  
une,

Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and  
tendence

All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-  
fac'd flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops  
down

The knee before him, and returns in peace,  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1287.

**SYCOPHANTS.—How Used.**

*Ham.* \* \* But such officers do the  
king best service in the end: He keeps  
them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw;  
first mouthed, to be last swallowed: When  
he needs what you have gleaned, it is but  
squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be  
dry again.

*H.*, IV: 2. 1421.

**SYMPATHY.—(See Pity.) Its Power.**

*North.* Had he been slaughter-man to all  
my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,  
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

— **Tender.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
Weep, wretched man, I 'll aid thee tear for  
tear;

And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil  
war,

Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd  
with grief.

*H. IV.*, 3 pt., II: 5. 968.

— **True.**

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition  
of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*A. Y.*, I: 2. 409.

# T

**TAILOR.—Abused.**

*Pet.* O monstrous arrogance! Thou  
liest, thou thread,

Thou thimble,

Thou yard, three quarters, half-yard, quar-  
ter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket  
thou:

Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of  
thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant,  
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,  
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou  
liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

*T. S.*, IV: 3. 476.

**TALKERS.—Not Doers.**

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate;

Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd  
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

*R. III., I: 3. 1010.*

**TARDINESS.—A Trick.**

*P. John.* Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come :  
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valourous enemy: But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, —I came, saw, and overcame.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 3. 799.*

**TASTE.—Changes.**

*Bene.* \* \* A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age.

*M. A., II: 3. 237.*

**—Very Poor.**

*Ste.* \* \*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral.

*T., II: 2. 19.*

**TATTERDEMALIONS.—Falstaff's.**

*Fal.* \* \* Now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come

from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I 'll not march through Coventry with them, that 's flat: —Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Albans, or the red-nose inkeeper of Daintry. But that 's all one; they 'll find linen enough on every hedge.

\* \*

*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they 'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 2. 753.*

**TATTLER.—Cursed.**

*North.* Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak more

That speaks thy words again to do thee harm.

*R. II., II: 1. 694.*

**TATTLING.—Not the happy Mean.**

*Beat.* He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

*M. A., II: 1. 230.*

**TAUNT.—A bitter.**

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;

The presentation of but what I was,  
The flattering index of a direful pageant,  
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below :  
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;  
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,  
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;  
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says — God save the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?

Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;  
For joyful mother, one that wails the name:  
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues!

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:  
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;  
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.

*R. III., IV: 4. 1035.*

#### TAXATION.—Oppressive.

*Nor.* \* \* For, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner

Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,

And Danger serves among them.

*K. Hen.* Taxation!  
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation?

*H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.*

#### TACT.—In Managing a Lover.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him,  
what he does:—

I did not send you:—If you find him sad,  
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick.

*A. C., I: 3. 1543.*

#### TEACHING.—Easier than Practice.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know  
what were good to do, chapels had been churches,  
and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.  
It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.  
I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done,  
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.

*M. V., I: 2. 363.*

#### TEARS.—A Father's, for his Son.

*Tit.* \* \* \*

For two and twenty sons I never wept,  
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

My heart's deep anguish, and my soul's sad tears.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;  
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,  
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,  
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:

In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;

In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,  
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.  
O, reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!  
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death:  
And let me say, that never wept before,  
My tears are now prevailing orators.

*Tit. And., III: 1. 1214.*

#### —An old Man's.

*Ari.* \* \* "The good old lord, Gonzalo;"

His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

From eaves of reeds.

*T., V: 1. 30.*

#### —Befitting a Boy.

*Mar.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

*Tit. And., III: 2. 1218.*

#### —Belong to Woe.

*Exe.* \* \* \*

But all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

*H. V., IV: 6. 847.*

*Fri.* \* \* \*

Nature's tears are reason's merriment.

*R. J., IV: 5. 1272.*



*King.* \* \*

Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep;  
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee.

*L. L.*, IV: 3. 287.

*Jul.* \* \*

Back, foolish tears, back to your native  
spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.

*R. J.*, III: 3. 1262.

—**Bribe Heaven.**

*Const.* \* \*

Draw those heaven-moving peals from his  
poor eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;  
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall  
be brib'd  
To do him justice.

*K. J.*, II: 1. 651.

—**Excite Inquiry.**

*Count.* \* \* What's the matter,  
That this distemper'd messenger of wet,  
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

*A. W.*, I: 3. 500.

—**Holy Water.**

*Gent.* \* \* There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And clamour moisten'd: then away she  
started  
To deal with grief alone.

*K. L.*, IV: 3. 1473.

—**Impossible.**

*Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's  
moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burn-  
ing heart:  
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great  
burden;  
For self-same wind, that I should speak  
withal,  
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,  
And burn me up with flames, that tears  
would quench.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 963.

—**Impotent.**

*K. Rich.* \* \* Nay, dry your eyes;  
Tears show their love, but want their rem-  
edies.

*R. II.*, III: 3. 705.

—**Joyous.**

*3 Gent.* \* \* Their joy waded in tears.  
*W. T.*, V: 2. 614.

—**Lacking.**

*Don.* \* \* Let's away: our tears  
Are not yet brew'd.  
*M.*, II: 3. 1367.

—**Launce's Dog Lacking.**

*Launce.* \* \* I think Crab my dog be  
the sourest-natured dog that lives: my  
mother weeping, my father wailing, my sis-  
ter crying, our maid howling, our cat  
wringing her hands, and all our house in a  
great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-  
hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a  
very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in  
him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to  
have seen our parting; why, my grandam,  
having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind  
at my parting. \* \* Now come I to my  
father: "Father, your blessing;" now  
should not the shoe speak a word for  
weeping; now should I kiss my father;  
well, he weeps on. Now come I to my  
mother, (O, that she should speak now like  
an old woman;) — well, I kiss her; — why,  
there 't is; here's my mother's breath up  
and down. Now come I to my sister;  
mark the moan she makes: now the dog all  
this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a  
word; but see how I lay the dust with my  
tears.

*T. G.*, II: 3. 54.

—**Like Honey-Dew.**

*Tit.* \* \*

Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on  
her!  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh  
tears  
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey  
dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1215.

—**Maidens'.**

*Count.* 'T is the best brine a maiden can  
season her praise in.

*A. W.*, I: 1. 495.

—**Make Women of Us.**

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep? — Come  
nearer; — then I love thee,  
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind, whose eyes do never give,

But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's  
sleeping:  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not  
with weeping!

*T. A., IV: 3. 1311.*

—Manly.

*Lew. \* \**

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation:  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the  
soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more  
amaz'd

Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
Lift up thy brow, renown'd Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this  
storm:

Commend these waters to those baby eyes,  
That never saw the giant world enrag'd.

*K. J., V: 2. 672.*

—Modest.

*Obe. \* \**

And that same dew, which sometime on the  
buds  
Was wont to swell like round and orient  
pearls,  
Stood now within the pretty flow'rets' eyes,  
Like tears that did their own disgrace be-  
wail.

*M. N., IV: 1. 333.*

—Moved to.

*Glo. \* \**

That all the standers-by had wet their  
cheeks,  
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad  
time,  
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear.

*R. III., I: 2. 1005.*

—Of Hypocrisy.

*Ham. \* \**

With which she followed my poor father's  
body.  
Like Niobe, all tears.

*H., I: 2. 1395.*

*Aum.* 'Faith none by me: except the  
north-east wind,  
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,  
Awak'd the sleeping rheum: and so, by  
chance,

Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

*R. II., I: 4. 691.*

*Eno. \* \** The tears live in an onion,  
that should water this sorrow.

*A. C., I: 2. 1543.*

—Of Joy.

*Leon.* Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.* In great measure.

*Leon.* A kind overflow of kindness.  
There are no faces truer than those that  
are so wash'd. How much better is it to  
weep at joy, than to joy at weeping.

*M. A., I: 1. 225.*

—Powerless.

*Anne. \* \**

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.

*R. III., I: 2. 1003.*

—Protest against.

*Lear. \* \**

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks.

*K. L., II: 4. 1462.*

—Shed by Villains.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters or  
his eyes,

For villany is not without such rheum.

*K. J., IV: 3. 670.*

—Showers of.

*Fath. \* \**

Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers  
arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and  
heart.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 2. 963.*

—Sorrow Written with.

*K. Rich. \* \**

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

*R. II., III: 1. 702.*

## —Suppressed.

*K. Rich.* \* \*

Now is this golden crown like a deep well,  
That owes two buckets filling one another;  
The emptier ever dancing in the air,  
The other down, unseen, and full of water;  
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,  
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on  
high.

*R. II., IV: 1. 709.*

## —Sympathizing.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for  
tear;  
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,  
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd  
with grief.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 5. 968.*

## —Their Abundance.

*K. Hen.* \* \* To drain

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 928**Const.* \* \*

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

*K. J., III: 1. 656.*

*R. Rich.* \* \* To drop them still upon  
one place,

Till they have fretted us a pair of graves.

*R. II., III: 3. 705.*

*Laun.* Lose the ti'd, and the voyage,  
and the master, and the service, and the  
tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I  
am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind  
were down, I could drive the boat with my  
sighs.

*T. G., II: 3. 54.*

## —Their Power.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

For she's a woman to be pitied much:  
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;  
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;  
The tiger will be mild, while she doth  
mourn;  
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,  
To hear, and see, her complaints, her brinish  
tears.

*H. VI., 3 pt., III: 1. 971.*

## —Too copious.

*Lew.* \* \*

Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tear,  
Being an ordinary inundation.

*K. J., V: 2. 672.**Cap.* \* \*

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?  
Evermore showering? In one little body  
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:  
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,  
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy  
body is,  
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy  
sighs.

*R. J., III: 5. 1266.*

## —Turned to Sparks of Fire.

*Q. Kath.* Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a queen, (or long have dreamed so,)  
certain

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*H. VIII., II: 4. 1072.*

## —Unavailing.

*Tit.* \* \*

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with  
me;

And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

*Tit. And., III: 1. 1214.**Pro.* \* \*

A sea of melting pearl, which some call  
tears:

Those at her father's churlish feet she ten-  
der'd;

With them, upon her knees, her humble self;  
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so  
became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe:

But neither bended knees, pure hands held  
up,

Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding  
tears

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire.

*T. G., III: 1. 62.*

## —Unbecoming a Soldier.

*Reig.* Suffolk, what remedy?  
I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,  
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt. V: 3. 894.

## —Unhelpful.

*K. Hen.* \* \* \*  
Sad unhelpful tears.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt. III: 1. 924.

## —Woman's, Crocodile.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!  
If that the earth could teem with woman's  
tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a croco-  
dile:—  
Out of my sight!

*O.*, IV: 1. 1521.

## —Woman's, their Power.

*Auf.* \* \* \*  
At a few drops of women's rheum, which  
are  
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and la-  
bour  
Of our great action.

*C.*, V: 5. 1192.

**TEDIOUSNESS.—(See Brevity.) A  
Play, ten Words long.**

*Philost.* A play there is, my lord, some  
ten words long;  
Which is as brief as I have known a play;  
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,  
Which makes it tedious: for in all the play  
There is not one word apt, one player  
fitted.

*M. N.*, V: 1. 342.

## —Disgust at.

*Tro.* \* \* \* As tediously as hell.

*T. C.*, IV: 2. 1128.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in  
Russia,  
When nights are longest there: I'll take  
my leave,  
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;  
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them  
all.

*M. M.*, II: 1. 149.

## —Of long Titles.

*Puc.* Here is a silly stately style indeed!  
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms  
hath,  
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—  
Him, that thou magnifiest with all these  
titles,  
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our  
feet.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV: 7. 890.

**TELEGRAPH.—Puck's Promise.**

*Puck.* I'll put a girdle round about the  
earth  
In forty minutes.

*M. N.*, II: 1. 327.

**TEMPER.—Diversities of.**

*Salar.* \* \* \* Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her  
time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their  
eyes,  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;  
And other of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of  
smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 361.

**TEMPERANCE.—Makes Age lusty.**

*Adam.* \* \* \*  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and  
lusty:  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly.

*A. Y.*, II: 3. 415.

## —Practiced.

*Pet.* \* \* \*  
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.

*T. S.*, II: 1. 465.

## —Suggested by Danger.

*Apem.* \* \* \*  
Great men should drink with harness on  
their throats.

*T. A.*, I: 2. 1290.



**TEMPEST.—Furious.**

*Clo.* I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*W. T.*, III: 3. 597.

**TEMPORIZER.—A hovering.**

*Leon.* It is; you lie, you lie: I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee; Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;  
Or else a hovering temporizer, that Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,  
Inclining to them both.

*W. T.*, I: 2. 584.

**TEMPTATION.—Does not Imply Fall.**

*Ang.* 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,—  
Another thing to fall.

*M. M.*, II: 1. 148.

**—Hopeful.**

*Claud.* Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

*M. A.*, II: 3. 236.

**—Opportunity, a Source of.**

*K. John.* \* \* \*  
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes ill deeds done.

*K. J.*, IV: 2. 668.

**—Self.**

*Per.* \* \* \*  
But I must tell you,—now my thoughts revolt,  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

*P.*, I: 1. 1643.

**—Self-induced.**

*Oth.* \* \* \*  
It is hypocrisy against the devil:  
They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,  
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

*O.*, IV: 1. 1518.

**—Self-originated.**

*Tro.* \* \* \*  
But I can tell, that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,  
That tempts most cunningly; but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Do you think, I will?

*Tro.* No.  
But something may be done, that we will not:  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.

*T. C.*, IV: 4. 1130.

**—To be Avoided.**

*Sir To.* \* \* \* What, man; it is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan.

*T. N.*, III: 4. 559.

**TEMPTED.—Self.**

*Ang.* \* \* \* Most dangerous  
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on  
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,  
With her all double vigour, art, and nature,  
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
Subdues me quite:—Ever till now,  
When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 153.

**TEMPTER.—His Cunning.**

*Ang.* \* \* \*  
O cunning enemy, that to catch a saint,  
With saints dost bait thy hook.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 153.

**TERMAGANT.—An intolerable One.**

*Bene.* \* \* \* I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: She would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. \* \* \* Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a

hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any  
embassage to the Pigmies,—rather than  
hold three words' conference with this  
harp.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 232.

**TERMS.—Fair, deceitful.**

*Bass.* I like not fair terms, and a vil-  
lain's mind.

*M. V.*, I: 3. 366.

**TERRITORY.—Dearly-bought.**

*Glo.* Brave peers of England, pillars of  
the state,  
To you duke Humphrey must unload his  
grief,  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his  
youth,  
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?  
Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold, and summer's parching  
heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 908.

**—Indignation at the Surrender of.**

*War.* \* \*

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them  
both;  
Those provinces, these arms of mine did  
conquer;  
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
Mort Dieu!

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 908.

**TERROR.**

*Queen.* Forth at your eyes your spirits  
wildly peep;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end.

*H. III.*, 4: 1409.

**—Its Effects.**

*Buck.* Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as  
the rest?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord; and no man in  
the presence,  
But this red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

*R. III.*, II: 1. 1015.

**TERRORS.—Shadows Inspire.**

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—  
*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid  
of shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows  
to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Rich-  
ard,

Than can the substance of ten thousand sol-  
diers,

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Rich-  
mond.

*R. III.*, V: 3. 1045.

**TEST.—Of Character Invited.**

*Ang.* Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my  
metal  
Before so noble and so great a figure  
Be stamp'd upon it.

*M. M.*, I: 1. 143.

**THANKS.—Choicely Expressed.**

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's  
all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift  
small.

*P.*, III: 4. 1658.

**—Empty.**

*Bene.* \* \* Any pains that I take for  
you is as easy as thanks.

*M. A.*, II: 2. 237.

**—Poor in.**

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor  
in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear  
friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-  
penny.

*H.*, II: 2. 1406.

**—Sufficient.**

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
But honour thee, and will do till I die;  
My faction if thou strengthen with thy  
friends,  
I will most thankful be: and thanks to  
men  
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

*Til. And.*, I: 2. 1203.

## —Tendered.

*Anne.* \* \* 'Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obe-  
dience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his high-  
ness;  
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.

*H. VIII.*, II: 3. 1070.

## —The Poor's Exchequer.

*Boling.* Evermore thanks, the exchequer  
of the poor.

*R. II.*, II: 3. 698.

**THEFT.—Euphemism for.**

*Pist.* Convey, the wise it call: Steal!  
foh; a fico for the phrase.

*M. W.*, I: 3. 92.

## —Universal.

*Tim.* \* \* There is boundless theft  
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,  
Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of  
the grape,  
Till the high fever seethe your blood to  
froth,  
And so 'scape hanging: trust not the phy-  
sician;  
His antidotes are poison, and he slays  
More than you rob: take wealth and lives  
together;  
Do villainy, do, since you profess to do 't,  
Like workmen. I 'll example you with  
thievery:  
The sun's a thief, and with his great at-  
traction  
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant  
thief,  
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:  
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge re-  
solves  
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,  
That feeds and breeds by a composture  
stolen  
From general excrement: each thing's a  
thief;

\* \*

All that you meet are thieves. To Athens  
go,  
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,  
But thieves do lose it.

*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1310.

## —Untimely.

*Fal.* I am glad I am so acquit of this  
tinder-box; his thefts were too open; his  
filching was like an unskilful singer,—he  
kept not time.

*M. W.*, I: 3. 92.

**THEFTS.—That Impoverish.**

*Tro.* \* \* O theft most base:

That we have stolen what we do fear to  
keep!

But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,  
That in their country did them that disgrace,  
We fear to warrant in our native place!

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1114.

**THIEF.—Qualifications of an Expert.**

*Aut.* \* \* To have an open ear, a  
quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary  
for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite  
also, to smell out work for th' other senses.  
I see this is the time that the unjust man  
doth thrive.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 608.

## —Unscrupulous.

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits  
your thief.

*Clo.* If it be too little for your thief,  
your true man thinks it big enough; if it be  
too big for your thief, your thief thinks it  
little enough: so every true man's apparel  
fits your thief.

*M. M.*, IV: 2. 164.

**THIEVES.—Some against their Will**

*Aut.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see  
Fortune would not suffer me; she drops  
booties in my mouth. I am courted now  
with a double occasion; \* \* let him  
call me rogue for being so far officious;  
for I am proof against that title, and what  
shame else belongs to 't.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 610.

## —Varieties of.

*Shy.* \* \* There be land-rats and  
water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves;  
I mean pirates.

*M. V.*, I: 3. 365.

**THOUGHT.—A Slave.**

*Hot.* \* \*  
Thought's the slave of life, and time's fool.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., 4. 761.

## —Fleetness of.

*York.* \* \*

Faster than spring-time showers, comes  
thought on thought.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.*

## —Gives Character.

*Ham.* \* \* For there is nothing either  
good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

*H., II: 2. 1406.*

## —Its Forge.

*Chor.* In the quick forge and working-  
house of thought.

*H. V., V: Chorus. 851.***THOUGHTS.—Easy to Some.***Nath.* \* \*

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee  
like osiers bow'd.

*L. L., IV: 2. 286.*

## —Love's Heralds.

*Jul.* \* \*

Love's heralds should be thoughts,  
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's  
beams,  
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills.

*R. J., II: 5. 1256.*

## —Our Own.

*P. King.* \* \*

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of  
our own.

*H., III: 2. 1414.*

## —Slave's Right in.

*Iago.* \* \*

I am not bound to that all slaves are free  
to.

Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are  
vile and false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul  
things

Sometimes intrude not?

*O., III: 3. 1511.*

## —Winged.

*Chor.* Heave him away upon your winged  
thoughts.

*H. V., V: Chorus. 851.***THREATENING.—The Consequences of.**

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye,  
I can tell who should down.

*A. Y., I: 2. 411.**Shy.* \* \*

Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a  
cause:

But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.

*M. V., III: 3. 380.***THREE.—One too Many.**

*Aar.* The empress, the midwife, and  
yourself:

Two may keep counsel when the third's  
away:

Go to the empress, tell her this I said:

Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the  
spit.

*Tit. And., IV: 2. 1222.***THRIFT.—Jacob's, Recommended.**

*Shy.* \* \* Mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compro-  
mis'd

That all the eanlings which were streak'd  
and pied

Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, be-  
ing rank,

In end of autumn turned to the rams:

And when the work of generation was

Between these woolly breeders in the act,

The skilful shepherd pill'd me certain  
wands,

And, in the doing of the deed of kind,

He stuck them up before the fulsome  
ewes;

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning-time

Fall particolour'd lambs, and those were  
Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was  
bless'd;

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

*M. V., I: 3. 365.***TICKLING.—Trout Caught by.**

*Mar.* \* \* For here comes the trout  
that must be caught with tickling.

*T. N., II: 5. 552.*



**TIDINGS.—Evil, Demand Attention.**

*Men.* Cannot be!  
 We have record, that very well it can;  
 And three examples of the like have been  
 Within my age. But reason with the fel-  
 low,  
 Before you punish him, where he heard  
 this:  
 Lest you shall chance to whip your infor-  
 mation,  
 And beat the messenger who bids beware  
 Of what is to be dreaded.

*C., IV: 6. 1183.*

**—Ill, like a Frost.**

*Doug.* That 's the worst tidings that I  
 hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a  
 frosty sound.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 1. 753.*

**—Light of Foot.**

*Queen.* Nimble mischance, that art so  
 light of foot,

Doth not thy embassy belong to me,  
 And am I last that knows it? O, thou  
 think'st

To serve me last, that I may longest keep  
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies,  
 go,

To meet at London London's king in woe. —  
 What, was I born to this! that my sad  
 look

Should grace the triumph of great Boling-  
 broke? —

Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,  
 I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never  
 grow.

*R. II., III: 4. 706.*

**TIME.—A bald Sexton.**

*Bast.* Old time the clock-setter, that  
 bald sexton time.

*K. J., III: 1. 660.*

**—A great Healer.**

*Tit.* \* \*

I have been troubled in my sleep this  
 night.

But dawning day new comfort hath in-  
 spir'd.

*Tit. And., II: 2. 1209.*

**—A Thief.**

*Adr.* As if Time were in debt! how  
 fondly dost thou reason!

*Dro. S.* Time is a very bankrupt, and  
 owes more than he 's worth to season.  
 Nay, he 's a thief too: Have you not heard  
 men say,  
 That Time comes stealing on by night and  
 day?

*C. E., IV: 2. 205.*

**—Bad.**

*Glo.* 'Tis the times' plague, when mad-  
 men lead the blind.

*K. L., IV: 1. 1471.*

**—Bears Fruit.**

*Lucio.* \* \* As blossoming time,  
 That from the seedness the bare fallow  
 brings  
 To teeming foison.

*M. M., I: 4. 147.*

**—Brings Issues.**

*Pan.* \* \* Well, the gods are above;  
 Time must friend, or end.

*T. C., I: 2. 1105.*

**—Brings Its Revenge.**

*Clo.* \* \* And thus the whirligig of  
 time brings in his revenges.

*T. N., V: 1. 569.*

**—Changes all Things.**

*Ulyss.* \* \* O, let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was:  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in ser-  
 vice,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.

*T. C., III: 3. 1125.*

**—Its Changes Bemoaned.**

*Æge.* Not know my voice! O, time's  
 extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitt'd my poor  
 tongue,

In seven short years, that here my only son  
 Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?  
 Though now this grained face of mine be hid  
 In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,  
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up.

*C. E., V: 1. 213.*

## —Its Deliverance sure.

*Iago.* \* \*

There are many events in the womb of time,  
Which will be delivered.

*O.*, I: 3. 1499

## —Its Flight.

*Hel.* \* \*

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring  
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;  
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp  
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy  
lamp:  
Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass  
Hath told the thievish minutes how they  
pass.

*A. W.*, II: 1. 504.

## —Its Sycophancy.

*Ulyss.* \* \*

Time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by  
the hand;  
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he  
would fly,  
Grasps in the comer.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.

## —Its Waste.

*Oli.* \* \*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of  
time.

*T. N.*, III: 1. 555.

## —Lost, Atoned for.

*King.* All is whole;

Not one word more of the consumed time.  
Let's take the instant by the forward top;  
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees  
Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time  
Steals, ere we can effect them.

*A. W.*, V: 3. 526.

## —Moves differently.

*Ros.* \* \* Time travels in divers paces  
with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time  
ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who  
Time gallops withal, and who he stands still  
withal.

*Orl.* I prithee who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young  
maid, between the contract of her marriage  
and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim

be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard  
that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and  
a rich man that hath not the gout: for the  
one sleeps easily, because he cannot study;  
the other lives merrily, because he feels no  
pain: the one lacking the burthen of lean  
and wasteful learning; the other knowing  
no burthen of heavy tedious penury: These  
Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows: for  
though he go as softly as foot can fall, he  
thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation: for  
they sleep between term and term, and then  
they perceive not how time moves.

*A. Y.*, III: 2. 423.

## —Out of Joint.

*Ham.* \* \*

The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite!  
That ever I was born to set it right!

*H.*, I: 5. 1401.

## —Recompenses Men.

*Per.* \* \*

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,  
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they  
crave.

*P.*, II: 3. 1651.

## —Source of all Good.

*Pro.* Time is the nurse and breeder of  
all good.

*T. G.*, III: 1. 62.

## —Test of all Things.

*Hect.* \* \* The end crowns all;  
And that old common arbitrator, time,  
Will one day end it.

*T. C.*, IV: 5. 1134.

## —Uninterrupted.

*Macb.* Come what come may; time and  
the hour runs through the roughest day.

*M.*, I: 3. 1360.

## —Upright.

*Pro.* \* \* Time

Goes upright with his carriage.

*T.*, V: 1. 30.

## —Wasted.

*K. Rich.* \* \*

I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

*R. II.*, V: 5. 716.**TIMES.—Changes of.***2 Sen.* At all times alikeMen are not still the same: 'T was time,  
and griefs,That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer  
hand,Offering the fortunes of his former days,  
The former man may make him.*T. A.*, V: 2. 1313.**TIME-SERVER.—A Summer-bird.***K. Hen.* O Westmoreland, thou art a  
summer-bird,Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day.*H. IV.*, 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.**TIME-SERVERS.—Fly.***2 Lord.* The swallow follows not sum-  
mer more willing, than we your lordship.*Tim.* Nor more willingly leaves winter:  
such summer-birds are men.*T. A.*, III: 6. 1302.

## —Ready for Anything.

*Ant.* \* \* For all the rest,They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour.*T.*, II: 1. 18.**TITLE.—Hanging loose.***Ang.* \* \* Now does he feel his title  
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.*M.*, V: 2. 1382.**TITLES.—Abuse of.***Dol.* Captain! thou abominable \* \*  
cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called  
—captain? If captains were of my mind,  
they would truncheon you out, for taking  
their names upon you before you have  
earned them. You a captain, you slave!  
for what? \* \* He a captain! Hang him,  
rogue! He lives upon mouldy stewed prunes,  
and dried cakes. A captain! these villains  
will make the word captain as odious as the  
word occupy, which was an excellent good  
word before it was ill sorted; therefore  
captains had need look to it.*H. IV.*, 2 pt., II: 4. 786.

## —Bombastic Use of.

*Shal.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I  
will make a Star-chamber matter of it; if  
he were twenty sir John Falstuffs, he shall  
not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.*Slen.* In the county of Gloster, justice  
of peace and *coram*.*Shal.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-*  
*alorum*.*Slen.* Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a  
gentleman born, master parson; who writes  
himself *armigero*; in any bill, warrant,  
quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.*Shal.* Ay, that I do; and have done any  
time these three hundred years.*Slen.* All his successors, gone before  
him, have done 't; and all his ancestors,  
that come after him, may.*M. W.*, I: 1. 88.

## —Refused till Won.

*Com.* Yet one time he did call me by  
my name:I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops  
That we have bled together. Coriolanus  
He would not answer to: forbade all names;  
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
'Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
Of burning Rome.*C.*, V: 1. 1186.**TITTLE-TATTLING.—A Maid's Vice.***Clo.* Is there no manners left among  
maids? will they wear their plackets, where  
they should bare their faces? Is there not  
milking time, when you are going to bed,  
or kill-hole, to whistle off these secrets;  
but you must be tittle-tattling before all our  
guests? 'T is well they are whisp'ring:  
charm your tongues, and not a word more.*W. T.*, IV. 3. 603.**TOKEN.—Pure Heart, the best.***Suf.* \* \*But, madam, I must trouble you again—  
No loving token to his majesty?*Mar.* Yes, my good lord, a pure un-  
spotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., V: 3. 894.**TOMB.—Consigning the Brave to the.***Tit.* \* \*Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
Half of the number that king Priam had,  
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!

These, that survive, let Rome reward with  
love;

These, that I bring unto their latest home,  
With burial amongst their ancestors.  
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath  
my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
To hover on the dreadful shores of Styx?  
Make way to lay them by their brethren.  
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's  
wars?

*Tit. And.*, I: 2. 1202.

### —Horrors of a living.

*Jul.* \* \*

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,  
I wake before the time that Romeo  
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!  
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air  
breathes in,  
And there die strangled ere my Romeo  
comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,  
The horrible conceit of death and night,  
Together with the terror of the place,—  
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,  
Where, for these many hundred years, the  
bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;  
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in  
earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they  
say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—  
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,  
So early waking,—what with loathsome  
smells;

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the  
earth,

That living mortals hearing them, run mad;  
O! If I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
Environed with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?  
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his  
shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kins-  
man's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

*R. J.*, IV: 3. 1270.

### —Illuminated.

*Rom.* \* \* Here lies Juliet, and her  
beauty makes

This vault a feasting presence full of light.  
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.  
How oft when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry? which their keepers  
call

A lightning before death.

*R. J.*, V: 3. 1275.

### TO-MORROW.—Creeps in.

*Macb.* \* \*

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time.

*M.*, V: 5. 1383.

### —Its Uncertainty.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent: Here will I  
lie to-night;

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one  
for that.

*R. III.*, V: 3. 1042.

### TONGUE.—A lost, Extolled.

*Mar.* Oh, that delightful engine of her  
thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-  
quence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,  
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

*Tit. And.*, III: 1. 1215.

### —A Woman's, quick.

*Bene.* I would my horse had the speed  
of your tongue, and so good a continuer.

*M. A.*, I: 1. 226.

### —Lady, Loved not.

*Bene.* O God, sir, here's a dish I love  
not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

*M. A.*, II: 1. 233.

### Native, Love of.

*Nor.* \* \*

My native English, now I must forego:

And now my tongue's use is to me no more  
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;

Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,

Or, being open, put into his hands

That knows no touch to tune the harmony.

*R. II.*, I: 3. 689.



## —Sufficient.

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much  
of her lips,  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*O.*, II: 1. 1501.

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues  
in this belly of mine.

*H.* IV., 2 pt., IV: 3. 799.

## —Sweet, its Power and Danger.

*Mort.* \* \* For thy tongue  
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly  
penn'd,  
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
With ravishing division, to her lute.

*H.* IV., 1 pt., III: 1. 746.

## —Woman's, a Bar to Matrimony.

*Luc.* Be not thy tongue thy own shame's  
orator.

*C.* E., III: 2. 201.

*K. Hen.* \* \* these fellows of infinite  
tongue, that can rhyme themselves into la-  
dies' favours, they do always reason them-  
selves out again.

*H.* V., V: 2. 852.

## —Woman's, a Bar to Matrimony.

*Inn.* By my troth, niece, thou wilt never  
get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of  
thy tongue.

*M.* A., II: 1. 230.

## —Woman's, courageous.

*Paul.* \* \*  
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the  
office  
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon  
me:  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue  
blister;  
And never to my red-look'd anger be  
The trumpet any more.

*W.* T., II: 2. 590.

## —Woman's, irrepressible.

*Ros.* \* \* You shall never take her  
without her answer, unless you take her  
without her tongue.

*A.* Y., IV: 2. 430.

## —Woman's, no Terror in a.

*Pet.* Why came I hither, but to that  
intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine  
ears?

Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with  
winds,

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with  
sweat?

Have I not heard great ordnance in the  
field,

And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?

Have I not in a pitched battle heard

Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trump-  
ets' clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,  
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

*T.* S., I: 2. 460.

## —Woman's, with a Tang.

*Ste.* \* \*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,  
The gunner, and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
But none of us car'd for Kate:  
For she had a tongue with a tang,  
Would cry to a sailor, "Go hang."

*T.*, II: 2. 19.

## TONGUES.—Women's, Keeness of.

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches  
are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen,—

Above the sense of sense: so sensible  
Seemeth their conference; their conceits  
have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,  
swifter things.

*L.* L., V: 2. 296.

## TOOL.—Used and Spurned.

*Boling.* They love not poison that do  
poison need,

Nor do I urge thee; though I did wish him  
dead,

I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy la-  
bour,

But neither my good word, nor princely favour;  
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,  
And never show thy head by day nornight.

*R. II., V: 6. 718.*

—Protest against Being a

*Ham.* 'T is as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

*H., III: 2. 1416.*

**TOOTHACHE.—Defies Philosophy.**

*Leon.* I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;  
For there was never yet philosopher  
That could endure the toothache patiently,  
However they have writ the style of gods,  
And made a push at chance and sufferance.

*M. A., V: 1. 249.*

**TOWNS.—Their Dangers.**

*Ant. S.* \* \*  
They say this town is full of cozenage;  
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,  
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many such like liberties of sin.

*C. E., I: 2. 195.*

**TRAINING.—For a Warrior.**

*Aar.* \* \*  
Come on, you thick-lipp'd-slave, I'll bear you hence;  
For it is you that puts us to our shifts;

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up  
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

*Tit. And., IV: 2. 1222.*

—Princely, Invoked.

*Per.* \* \* My babe Marina (whom,  
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so)  
here

I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may  
Be manner'd as she is born.

*P., III: 3. 1658.*

**TRAITOR.—A harmless.**

*Laf.* \* \*  
A traitor you do look like; but such traitors  
His majesty seldom fears.

*A. W., II: 1. 503.*

**TRAITORS.—Imprecation on.**

*K. Rich.* O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!  
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!  
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!  
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!  
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war  
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

*R. II., III: 2. 702.*

—Not to be Redeemed.

*K. Hen.* \* \* Shall our coffers then  
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?  
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,  
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 3. 731.*

—Numerous.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?  
*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.  
*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors, that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hanged.

*Son.* And must they all be hanged, that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why, the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

*M.*, IV: 2. 1377.

—Protest their Innocence.

*Duke F.* Thus do all traitors.

If their purgation did consist in words,  
They are as innocent as grace itself.

*A. Y.*, I: 3. 413.

—Rebuked.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,  
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,  
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?  
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.

Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;  
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.

Thou balful messenger, out of my sight!  
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny  
Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.  
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.

*H.* VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.

—Smooth.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosom sat,  
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

*H.* V., II: 2. 826.

TRAMPS.—Affinity for.

*Lucio.* \* \* The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so.

*M.* M., III: 2. 161.

TRANSFORMATION.—Result of beastly.

*Tim.* \* \* If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation.

*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1309.

TRANSMIGRATION.—From a Wolf.

*Gra.* Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men; thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*M.* V., IV: 1. 384.

TRAPS.—Not Set for poor Birds.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird: thou 'dst never fear the net, nor lime,  
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.

*M.*, IV: 2. 1377.

TRAVEL.—Cure for mental Ills.

*King.* There's something in his soul,  
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,  
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,

Will be some danger: Which for to prevent,

I have, in quick determination,  
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to  
England,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
With variable objects, shall expel  
This something-settled matter in his heart.

*H.*, III: 1. 1412.

—**Needed by the Young.**

*Val.* \* \*

Home-keeping youth have ever homely  
wits:

Were 't not affection chains thy tender  
days

To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,  
I would rather entreat thy company,  
To see the wonders of the world abroad,  
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.

*T. G.*, I: 1. 47.

—**Needed for Youth.**

*Pan.* He wonder'd that your lordship  
Would suffer him to spend his youth at  
home;

While other men, of slender reputation,  
Put forth their sons to seek perferment out:  
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune  
there;

Some, to discover islands far away;  
Some, to the studious universities.  
For any, or for all these exercises,  
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet:  
And did request me to importune you,  
To let him spend his time no more at home,  
Which would be great impeachment to his  
age,

In having known no travel in his youth.

*T. G.*, I: 3. 50.

**TRAVELER.—A foolish, worthless.**

*Laf.* I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass: yet the scarfs and the banners about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou 'rt scarce worth.

*A. W.*, II: 3. 507.

—**A, Reason to be sad.**

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad; I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gain'd by experience.

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 428.

—**Must Assume Airs.**

*Ros.* Farewell, monsieur traveller. Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

*A. Y.*, IV: 1. 429.

**TRAVELERS.—Curious.**

*Ant. S.* \* \* I will go lose myself,  
And wander up and down, to view the city.

*C. E.*, I: 2. 194.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I! when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

*A. Y.*, II: 4. 416

—**(See Honour.) Never Lie.**

*Ant.* \* \* Travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn them.

*T.*, III: 3. 25.

—**Sight-seeing.**

*Seb.* What's to do?  
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?  
\* \*

I pray you let us satisfy our eyes,  
With the memorials, and the things of fame,  
That do renown this city.

*T. N.*, III: 3. 557.

—**Their Recreations.**

*Ant. S.* \* \*  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:  
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.

*C. E.*, I: 2. 194.

—**Their Stories.**

*Seb.* A living drollery: Now I will believe

That there are unicorns; that in Arabia



There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one  
phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

*Ant.* I'll believe both;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 't is true: Travellers  
ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn them.

*T.*, III: 3. 24.

*Gon.* Faith, sir, you need not fear:  
When we were boys,  
Who would believe that there were mount-  
aineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had  
hanging at them  
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such  
men,  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which  
now we find,  
Each putter-out at five for one will bring us  
Good warrant of.

*T.*, III: 3. 25.

#### **TREACHERY.—A Release.**

*Mel.* \* \*  
What in the world should make me now  
deceive,  
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
Why should I then be false; since it is true  
That I must die here, and live hence by  
truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
Behold another day break in the east:  
But even this night, — whose black conta-  
gious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest  
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, —  
Even this ill night, your breathing shall ex-  
pire;

Paying the fine of rated treachery,  
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

*K. J.*, V: 4. 674.

#### **—Countess of Auvergne's.**

*Count.* The plot is laid: if all things fall  
out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,  
As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.

\* \*

*Mess.* Madam,  
According as your ladyship desir'd,

By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.  
*Count.* And he is welcome. What! is  
this the man?

\* \*

*Tal.* Madam, I have been bold to trouble  
you:

But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,  
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

*Count.* What means he now? — Go ask  
him whither he goes.

*Mess.* Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady  
craves

To know the cause of your abrupt depart-  
ure.

*Tal.* Marry, for that she's in a wrong  
belief,

I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

*Count.* If thou be he, then art thou  
prisoner.

*H.* VI., 1 pt., II: 3. 874.

#### **—Excusing itself.**

*Pro.* My gracious lord, that which I  
would discover,  
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:  
But, when I call to mind your gracious fa-  
vours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,  
My duty pricks me on to utter that  
Which else no worldly good should draw  
from me.

\* \*

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose  
To cross my friend in his intended drift,  
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head  
A pack of sorrows, which would press you  
down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

*T. G.*, III: 1. 59.

#### **—Its own Punishment.**

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to my own  
springe, Osric;  
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*H.*, V: 2. 1436.

#### **—Its Signs Betray.**

*York.* What seal is that, that hangs with-  
out thy bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writ-  
ing.

*Aum.* My lord, 't is nothing.

*York.* No matter then who sees it :  
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech your grace to pardon me ;

It is a matter of small consequence,  
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

*York.* Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.

I fear, I fear. —

*Duch.* What should you fear?  
'T is nothing but some bond that he is enter'd into

For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

*York.* Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool. —

Boy, let me see the writing.

*Aum.* I do beseech you, pardon me ; I may not show it.

*York.* I will be satisfied ; let me see it, I say.

Treason! foul treason! — villain! traitor! slave!

*R. II., V : 2. 713.*

#### —Its Subterfuges.

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?

*P. John.* I pawn'd thee none :  
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,

Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,

I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels, — look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. —

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;

Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.

Some guard these traitors to the block of death :

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV : 2. 798.*

#### —Of Friends, a Punishment.

*Buck.* \* \* God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,  
And most assured that he is a friend,  
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,  
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.

*R. III., II : 1. 1014.*

#### —Uses Pit-falls.

*Aar.* \* \*

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you ; were 't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

*Quin.* What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this!

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars ;

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me : —

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

*Mart.* O, brother, with the dismallest object

That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

*Aar.* Now will I fetch the king to find them here ;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother.

*Tit. And., II : 4. 1211.*

#### —Unmasked.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost might'st have coin'd me into  
gold,  
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy  
use?

May it be possible, that foreign hire  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,  
That might annoy my finger? 't is so  
strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as  
gross

As black from white, my eye will scarcely  
see it.

Treason, and murder, ever kept together,  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's pur-  
pose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause,  
That admiration did not whoop at them:  
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring  
in

Wonder, to wait on treason, and on mur-  
der:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,  
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
H' ath got the voice in hell for excellence:  
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
Do botch and bungle up damnation  
With patches, colours, and with forms be-  
ing fetch'd

From glistening semblances of piety;  
But he, that temper'd thee, bade thee stand  
up,

Gave thee no instance why thou should'st  
do treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
If that same dæmon that hath gull'd thee  
thus,

Should with his lion gait walk the whole  
world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
And tell the legions—I can never win  
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.

*H. V., II: 2. 827.*

### TREASON.--Boldly Charged.

*Suf. \* \**

Smooth runs the water, where the brook is  
deep;

And in his simple show he harbours trea-  
son.

The fox barks not, when he would steal the  
lamb.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 922.*

*Boling. \* \**

Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,  
And mark my greeting well; for what I  
speak,

My body shall make good upon this earth,  
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.

Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;  
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;  
Since, the more fair and crystal is the  
sky,

The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.

Once more, the more to aggravate the  
note,

With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;  
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I  
move,

What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn  
sword may prove.

*R. II., I: 1. 684.*

*Buck. \* \** Now this follows,

(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason.)

*H. VIII., I: 1. 1059.*

### —How Made successful.

*York.* We thank you, lords. But I am  
not your king

Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be  
stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancas-  
ter:

And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;  
But with advice, and silent secrecy.

*War.* My heart assures me that the earl  
of Warwick

Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

*York.* And, Nevil, this I do assure my-  
self,—

Richard shall live to make the earl of War-  
wick

The greatest man in England but the king.

*H. VI., 2 pt., II: 2. 919.*

### —Its just Punishment.

*K. Hen. \* \**

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;  
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her  
laws

We do deliver you. Get you therefore  
hence,

Poor miserable wretches, to your death :  
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give  
you

Patience to endure, and true repentance  
Of all your dear offences !—Bear them  
hence.

*H. V., II: 2. 828.*

—Its Tools.

*Glo. \* \**

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's  
malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;  
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his  
tongue

The envious load that lies upon his heart ;  
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd  
back,

By false accuse doth level at my life :—  
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,  
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head ;  
And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd  
up

My liefest liege to be mine enemy :—  
Ay, all of you have laid your heads to-  
gether :

Myself had notice of your conventicles.  
I shall not want false witness to condemn  
me,

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;  
The ancient proverb will be well affected,—  
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 923.*

—Its Tools ignorant and cruel.

*York. \* \** For a minister of my intent,  
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,  
John Cade of Ashford,  
To make commotion, as full well he can,  
Under the title of John Mortimer.  
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade  
Oppose himself against a troop of Kernes ;  
And fought so long, till that his thighs with  
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcu-  
pine :

And, in the end being rescued, I have seen  
him

Caper upright like a wild Morisco,  
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kerne,  
Hath he conversed with the enemy ;  
And undiscover'd come to me again,  
And given me notice of their villainies.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 926.*

—Mercenary.

*Boling.* Look, what I speak my life shall  
prove it true ;—

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand  
nobles,

In name of lendings for your highness' sol-  
diers ;

The which he hath detain'd for lewd employ-  
ments,

Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.

*R. II., I: 1. 685.*

—Murder, its Tool.

*Suf. \* \** Do not stand on quillets,  
how to slay him :

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,  
Sleeping, or waking, 't is no matter how,  
So he be dead ; for that is good deceit  
Which mates him first, that first intends de-  
ceit.

*Q. Mar.* Thrice-noble Suffolk, 't is res-  
olutely spoke.

*Suf.* Not resolute, except so much were  
done ;

For things are often spoke, and seldom  
meant :

But that my heart accordeth with my  
tongue, —

Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
And to preserve my sovereign from his foe, —  
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

*Car.* But I would have him dead, my  
lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest :  
Say, you consent, and censure well the  
deed,

And I'll provide his executioner,

I tender so the safety of my liege.

*Suf.* Here is my hand, the deed is worthy  
doing.

*Q. Mar.* And so say I.

*York.* And I : and now we three have  
spoke it,

It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.*



## —Not Inherited.

*Ros.* \* \*

Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
 What 's that to me? my father was no traitor:  
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
 To think my poverty is treacherous.

*A. Y., I: 3. 413.*

## —Often fearless.

*Fork.* Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the  
 mean-born man,  
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.  
 Faster than spring-time showers, comes  
 thought on thought;  
 And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.  
 My brain, more busy than the labouring  
 spider,  
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.  
 Well, nobles, well, 't is politicly done,  
 To send me packing with an host of men:  
 I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,  
 Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting  
 your hearts.  
 'T was men I lack'd, and you will give  
 them me:  
 I take it kindly: yet, be well assur'd  
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's  
 hands.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 1. 925.*

## —Successful, Gloried in.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years  
 of life,  
 Cuts off so many years of fearing death.  
*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a  
 benefit:  
 So are we Cæsar's friends, that have  
 abridg'd  
 His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans,  
 stoop,  
 And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's  
 blood  
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-  
 place;  
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our  
 heads,  
 Let 's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liber-  
 ty!

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.—How  
 many ages hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
 In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar  
 bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
 No worthier than the dust?

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
 So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
 The men that gave our country liberty.

*J. C., III: 1. 1336.*

## TRIBUTE.—Britain's Protest against.

*Clo.* Come, there 's no more tribute to  
 be paid: Our kingdom is stronger than it  
 was at that time; and, as I said, there is no  
 more such Cæsars: other of them may have  
 crooked noses; but, to own such straight  
 arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can  
 gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say,  
 I am one; but I have a hand.—Why trib-  
 ute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar  
 can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or  
 put the moon in his pocket, we will pay  
 him tribute for light: else, sir, no more  
 tribute, pray you now.

*Cym., I: 1. 1605.*

## —Britons will never Pay.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,  
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
 A world by itself; and wē will nothing pay  
 For wearing our own noses.

*Cym., III: 1. 1604.*

## TRICKERY.—Outwitted.

*Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more  
 forecast  
 But, whiles he thought to steal the single  
 ten,  
 The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!  
 You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,  
 And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the  
 Tower.

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 1. 987.*

## TRIFLES.—A Snapper-up of.

*Aut.* \* \* My father nam'd me Autoly-  
 cus; who, being as I am, litter'd under Mer-  
 cury, was likewise a snapper-up of uncon-  
 sidered trifles.

*W. T., IV: 2. 599.*

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the  
water has,  
And these are of them.

*M.*, I: 3. 1359.

**TRIMMER.—An excessive.**

*Fool* \* \* Thou hast pared thy wit o'  
both sides, and left nothing in the middle.  
Here comes one o' the parings.

*K. L.*, I: 4. 1451.

**TRIUMPH.—Boastful and unseemly.**

*Achil.* The dragon wing of, night o'er-  
spreads the earth,  
And, stickler like, the armies separate.  
My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would  
have fed,  
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to  
bed.—

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;  
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

*T. C.*, V: 9. 1143.

**—Its Sweets.**

*K. Edw.* \* \*

And now what rests, but that we spend the  
time

With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?  
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell,  
sour annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

*H. V.*, 3 pt., VI: 7. 993.

**TROOPS.—Unserviceable.**

*Par.* Five or six thousand; but very  
weak, and unserviceable: the troops are  
all scattered, and the commanders very  
poor rogues. \* \* so that the muster-  
file, rotten and sound, upon my life,  
amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half  
of the which dare not shake the snow from  
off their cassocks, lest they shake them-  
selves to pieces.

*A. W.*, IV: 3. 520.

**TROUBLE.—World full of.**

*Ros.* \* \*

O, how full of briars is this working-day  
world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown  
upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not  
in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will  
catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat;  
these burs are in my heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*A. Y.*, I: 3. 412.

**TRUCKLING.—The Scorn of the No-  
ble.**

*Cor.* \* \*

Why did you wish me milder? Would you  
have me

False to my nature? Rather say I play  
The man I am.

*Vol.* O, sir, sir, sir,

I would have had you put your power well  
on,

Before you had worn it out.

*Cor.* Let go.

*Vol.* You might have been enough the  
man you are,

With striving less to be so: Lesser had been  
The thwartings of your dispositions, if  
You had not show'd them how you were dis-  
pos'd

Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

*Cor.* Let them hang.

*Vol.* Ay, and burn too.

*C.*, III: 2. 1173.

**TRUST.—Misplaced.**

*Glo.* \* \* For you, Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this in-  
stant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours;  
Natures of such deep trust we shall much  
need;

You we first seize on.

*K. L.*, II: 1. 1455.

*Fool.* He's mad, that trusts in the tame-  
ness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's  
love, or a whore's oath.

*K. L.*, III: 6. 1467.

**TRUTH.—Always Truth.**

*Isab.* \* \*

Truth is truth

To th' end of reck'ning.

*M. M.*, V: 1. 170.

**—Confounds Falsehood.**

*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on  
four; you bound them, and were masters of  
their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a  
tale shall put you down.—Then did we two

set on you four : and, with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimble, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*H. IV., 1 pt., II: 4. 740.*

—Eternal.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd;

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As 't were retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

*R. III., III: 1. 1020.*

—Hated.

*Fool.* Truth 's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipped out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stink.

*K. L., I: 4. 1450.*

—Killing itself.

*Hel. \* \**

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!

*M. N., III: 2. 334.*

—Seems like Lies.

*Mar.* Should I tell you my history  
'T would seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*P., V: 1. 1668.*

—Sense in.

*Mari. \* \**

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue.

*M. M., V: 1. 172.*

—Simplicity of.

*Tro. \* \**

I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,  
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit  
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

*T. C., IV: 4. 1131.*

—The best-speaking.

*Leon.*

Thou didst speak but well,  
When most the truth.

*W. T., III: 2. 596.*

—The Devil's Relation to the.

*Ban.* What, can the devil speak true?

*M., I: 3. 1359.*

—The Ground of Pity.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, 't is true: 'tis true, 't is pity;

And pity 't is, 't is true: a foolish figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

*H., II: 2. 1404.*

—Transparent.

*Som. \* \**

So clear, so shining, and so evident,  
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

*H. VI., 1 pt., II: 4. 875.*

TRUTHS.—Told Us to Betray.

*Ban. \* \** But 't is strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
In deepest consequence.

*M., I: 3. 1359.*

TWINS.—Their Resemblance.

*Dro. E.* Methinks, you are my glass,  
and not my brother:

I see, by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.  
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

*Dro. S.* Not I, sir; you are my elder.

*Dro. E.* That 's a question: how shall we try it?

*Dro. S.* We'll draw cuts for the senior;  
till then lead thou first.

*Dro. E.* Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let 's go hand in hand, not one before another.

*C. E., V: 1. 214.*

TWITTING.—Unbecoming.

*Tal. \* \**

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

*H. VI., 1 pt., III: 2. 881.*

**TYRANNY.—A Father's, abusive.**

*Cap.* How now! how now, chop-logic!  
What is this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank  
you not;—

And yet not proud;—Mistress minion,  
you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no  
prouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday  
next,

To go with Paris to St. Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you  
baggage!

You tallow face!

\* \*

Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient  
wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'  
Thursday,

Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought  
us bless'd,

That God had sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

\* \*

God's bread! it makes me mad: Day,  
night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,

Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath  
been

To have her match'd: and having now pro-  
vided

A gentleman of princely parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly  
train'd,

Stuff'd (as they say,) with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd as one's heart could wish a  
man,—

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer—"I'll not wed,—I cannot

love,

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon  
me;"—

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:  
Graze where you will, you shall not house  
with me;

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.  
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, ad-  
vise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the  
streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge  
thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.

*R. J., III: 5. 1266.*

**—Cruel.**

*Richm.* \* \*

The reckless, bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoiled your summer fields, and fruitful  
vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and  
makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine

Lies now even in the centre of this isle,

Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:

From Tamworth thither, is but one day's  
march.

*R. III., V: 2. 1042.*

**—Murderous.**

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.*

**—Of new Rulers.**

*Glo.* \* \* I begin to find an idle and  
fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyr-  
anny; who sways, not as it hath power, but  
as it is suffered.

*K. L., I: 2. 1447.*

*Claud.* \* \*

And the new deputy now for the duke,—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of new-  
ness;

Or whether that the body public be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the  
spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in:—But this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung  
by th' wall



So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,  
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me:—'t is surely for a name.

*M. M.*, I: 2. 146.

—Shaken off by Daggers.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then,  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:

\* \*  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure.

*Casca.* So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*J. C.*, I: 3. 1327.

**TYRANT.—A powerful One.**

*Men.* \* \* What he bids be done, is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

*C.*, V: 5. 1191.

*Bru.* \* \*

They have chose a consul, that will from them take  
Their liberties; make them of no more voice

Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,  
As therefore to do so.

*C.*, II: 3. 1167.

**TYRANTS.—Made by the People.**

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?

Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:

He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome.

*J. C.*, I: 3. 1323.

—Their Agreement alarming.

*Per.* \* \*

'T is time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.

*P.*, I: 2. 1645.

—Their Fears Grow fast.

*Per.* \* \*

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears  
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years.

*P.*, I: 2. 1645.

## U

**UGLINESS.—In Body and Mind.**

*Adr.* I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,  
Ill-fac'd, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;  
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind,

*C. E.*, IV: 2. 205.

—In Looks.

*Flu.* \* \* His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

*H. V.*, III: 6. 836.

**UNBORN.—To be Protected.**

*Q. Mar.* \* \* I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,  
And bear with mildness my misfortune's  
cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,  
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,  
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or  
drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the En-  
glish crown.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 4. 981.

#### UNCERTAINTY.—Easily Moved.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart,  
nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue; the swan's  
down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at th' full of  
tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*A. C.*, III: 2. 1558.

#### —Its painfulness.

*Oth.* By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is  
not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou  
art not:  
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was  
as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and  
black  
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or  
knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satis-  
fied.

*O.*, III: 3. 1514.

#### —Perplexing.

*Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father  
scap'd;  
Or whether he be 'scaped away, or no,  
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pur-  
suit;  
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard  
the news;  
Had he been slain, we should have heard  
the news;  
Or, had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have  
heard  
The happy tidings of his good escape.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

#### —Seeks Confirmation.

*Bass.* \* \*

I come by note, to give and to receive.  
Like one of two contending in a prize,  
That thinks he hath done well in people's  
eyes,  
Hearing applause and universal shout,  
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
Whether those peals of praise be his or no.

*M. V.*, III: 2. 378.

#### UNCLEANLINESS.—Personal.

*Art.* \* \* I left them

I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul  
lake  
O'erstunk their feet.

*T.*, IV: 1. 28.

#### UNCONCERN.—Dangerous.

*North.* \* \*

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,  
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:  
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 695.

#### —Dull.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat  
weed,  
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Would'st thou not stir in this.

*H.*, I: 5. 1399.

#### UNDERMINING.—Its Sweetness.

*Ham.* \* \*

But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the moon; O, 'tis most  
sweet,  
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

*H.*, III: 4. 1420.

#### UNDERSTANDING.—A private.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the  
cardinal?

*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of  
France;

Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's  
love,  
Is much more general than these lines im-  
port.

*K. J.*, IV: 3. 669.

**UNFAITHFULNESS.—In Men.**

*Nurse.* There 's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.

*R. J.*, III: 2. 1261.

**UNFORTUNATE.—Not to be Loaded.**

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are  
a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp; men so  
noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,  
To load a falling man.

*H. VIII.*, V: 2. 1091.

**—Wedded to Calamity.**

*Fri.* Romeo, come forth: come forth,  
thou fearful man;  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,  
And thou art wedded to calamity.

*R. J.*, III: 3. 1262.

**UNHAPPINESS.—Universal.**

*Duke S.* Thou seest, we are not all  
alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the  
scene  
Wherein we play in.

*A. Y.*, II: 7. 419.

**UNION.—Gives Strength.**

*Adr.* \* \*  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger  
state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communi-  
cate:  
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss:  
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

*C. E.*, II: 2. 198.

**—Inseparable.**

*Adr.* \* \* As easy mayst thou fall  
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,  
And take unmingled thence that drop again,  
Without addition or diminishing,  
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

*C. E.*, II: 2. 198.

**—Perfect.**

*War.* \* \*  
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV: 6. 983.

*Hel.* \* \*

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:  
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,  
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,  
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 335.

**UNITY.—In Partition.**

*Hel.* \* \*  
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one  
flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;  
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and  
minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grew to-  
gether,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
But yet an union in partition.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 334.

**UNKINDNESS.—Bitterness of a Child's.**

*Lear.* \* \* Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister 's naught: O Regan, she hath tied  
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture,  
here,—  
I can scarce speak to thee; thou 'lt not be-  
lieve,  
Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

*K. L.*, II: 4. 1460.

**—Buried in Wine.**

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. — Give me  
a bowl of wine: —  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.  
*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble  
pledge: —  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup:  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

*J. C.*, IV: 3. 1346.

**—Cannot Destroy Love.**

*Des.* \* \* Unkindness may do much;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love.

*O.*, IV: 2. 1524.

## —Triumphed o'er.

*Cam.* \* \*

'Twixt thy unkindness and his kindness; th'  
one

He chides to hell, and bids the other grow  
Faster than thought or time.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 607.**UNSUSPECTING.—The, suddenly Destroyed.**

*K. Hen.* So flies the reckless shepherd  
from the wolf:

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his  
fleece,  
And next his throat unto the butcher's  
knife.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 6. 991.**UPBRAIDINGS.—A Queen's persistent.**

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, mad-  
am; that is past.

*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I, till  
heart-strings break.

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my gar-  
ter, and my crown, —

*Q. Eliz.* Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the  
third usurp'd.

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1038.**USE.—Its Power.***Ham.* \* \*

For use almost can change the stamp of  
nature.

*H.*, III: 4. 1420.**USEFULNESS.—Outliving, Deplored.**

*King.* \* \* "Let me not live," quoth he  
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff  
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive  
senses

All but new things disdain; whose judg-  
ments are

Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-  
stancies

Expire before their fashions: "—— This he  
wish'd:

I, after him, do after him wish too,  
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,  
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,  
To give some labourers room.

*A. W.*, I: 2. 498.**USURPATION.—Complete.***Wor.* \* \*

And, being fed by us, you us'd us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,  
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near  
your sight,  
For fear of swallowing.

*H. IV.*, V: 1. 757.

## —Denounced.

*K. Rich.* \* \* Gentle Northumberland,  
If thy offences were upon record,  
Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,  
To read a lecture of them? If thou would'st,  
There should'st thou find one heinous ar-  
ticle, —

Containing the deposing of a king,  
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath.  
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of  
heaven: —

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon  
me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my-  
self, —

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash  
your hands,

Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates  
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

*R. II.*, IV: 1. 709.

## —Disturbed by Fears.

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my  
prisoners;

And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd  
pale;

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

## —Imprudent.

*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit  
in my throne?

*York.* It must and shall be so. Con-  
tent thyself.

*War.* Be duke of Lancaster, let him be  
king.

*West.* He is both king and duke of Lan-  
caster;



And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

*War.* And Warwick shall disprove it.  
You forget,  
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,  
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread  
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;  
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

*H. VI., 3 pt., I: 1. 955.*

—**Insatiable.**

*K. Rich.* Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal  
The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—  
The time shall not be many hours of age  
More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,  
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,  
It is too little, helping him to all.

*R. II., V: 1. 711.*

—**Insidious and ungrateful.**

*Hot.* \* \*  
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;  
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:  
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
Over his country's wrongs: and, by this face,  
This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
The heart of all that he did angle for.  
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads  
Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.  
My father gave him welcome to the shore:  
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,  
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery, and beg his peace;  
With tears of innocence, and terms of zeal,  
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,

Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm,

Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
The more and less came in with cap and knee;

Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;  
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,

Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,  
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
Steps me a little higher than his vow  
Made to my father, while his blood was poor  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated my uncle from the council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:

And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and, withal to pry  
Into his title, the which we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*H. IV., 1 pt., IV: 3. 755.*

—**Involves life-long Strife.**

*K. Hen.* \* \* Heaven knows, my son,  
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
I met this crown; and I myself know well,  
How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;

And I had many living, to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances;  
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,

Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,

Thou see'st, with peril I have answered:  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument; and now my death  
Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 804.*

—Popish.

*K. John.* \* \* No Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under God are supreme head,  
So, under him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without assistance of a mortal hand.  
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,  
To him and his usurp'd authority.

*K. J., III: 1. 658.*

*K. John.* \* \*

Though you, and all the kings of Christen-  
dom  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy  
out;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross,  
dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from him-  
self:  
Though you, and all the rest so grossly  
led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue  
cherish;  
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my  
foes.

*K. J., III: 1. 658.*

**USURER.—Hates Liberty.**

*Shy.* How like a fawning publican he  
looks!  
I hate him for he is a Christian:  
But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
He lends out money gratis, and brings  
down  
The rate of usance here with us in Ven-  
ice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear  
him.  
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do con-  
gregate,  
On me, my bargains, and my well-won  
thrift,  
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my  
tribe  
If I forgive him!

*M. V., I: 3. 365.*

**USURPER.—A Thing of Shreds.**

*Ham.* A murderer and a villain:  
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe  
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:  
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;  
That from a shelf the precious diadem  
stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

*H., III: 5. 1419.*

**UTOPIA.—A Dream of.**

*Gon.* I' the commonwealth I would by  
contraries  
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known: riches, pov-  
erty,  
And use of service, none; contract, suc-  
cession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:  
No occupation; all men idle, all,—  
And women too; but innocent and pure:  
No sovereignty:—

*Seb.* Yet he would be king on't.  
*Ant.* The latter end of his common-  
wealth forgets the beginning.

*Gon.* All things in common nature  
should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, fel-  
ony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any  
engine,  
Would I not have; but nature should bring  
forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

*T., II: 1. 16.*

**UTTERANCES.—Obscurity of Dying.**

*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath  
breath'd his last;  
And to the latest gasp, cried out for War-  
wick,  
And said—Commend me to my valiant  
brother.  
And more he would have said; and more he  
spoke,  
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,  
That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last,  
I well might hear deliver'd, with a groan,—  
O, farewell, Warwick!

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 2. 988.*

## V

**VACILLATION.—Result of Fear.**

*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my  
person yours,  
And tell me how you would bestow your-  
self.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd to-  
gether

With all religious strength of sacred vows;  
The latest breath that gave the sound of  
words

Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true  
love,

Between our kingdoms, and our royal  
selves;

And even before this truce, but new before,  
No longer than we well could wash our  
hands,

To clap this royal bargain up of peace, —  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and  
over-stain'd

With slaughter's pencil! where revenge did  
paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings;  
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of  
blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with  
heaven

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage  
bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so:  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order; and then we shall be  
bless'd

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

*K. J., III: 1. 659.*

**VAGABOND.—Not Worth a Word.**

*Laf.* Go to, sir; you were beaten in  
Italy for picking a kernel out of a pome-  
granate; you are a vagabond, and no true  
traveller: you are more saucy with lords  
and honourable personages, than the condi-  
tion of your birth and virtue gives you her-  
aldry. You are not worth another word,  
else I'd call you knave.

*A. W., II: 3. 508.*

**VALOR.—A Virtue.**

*Com.* \* \* It is held,  
That valour is the chieftest virtue, and  
Most dignifies the haver.

*C., II: 2. 1164.*

**—An Aid in Love.**

*Sir. To.* Why, then, build me thy fortunes  
upon the basis of valour. Challenge me  
the count's youth to fight with him; hurt  
him in eleven places; my niece shall take  
note of it: and assure thyself, there is no  
love-broker in the world can more prevail  
in man's commendation with woman, than  
report of valour.

*T. N., III: 2. 556.*

**—Ancient, Incentive to.**

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these val-  
iant dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their  
feats:

You are their heir, you sit upon their  
throne;

The blood and courage, that renowned  
them,

Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puis-  
sant liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.

*Exe.* Your brother kings and monarchs  
of the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse your-  
self,

As did the former lions of your blood.

*H. V., I: 2. 822.*

## —And Discretion.

*Lys.* This lion is a very fox for his valour.

*The.* True; and a goose for his discretion.

*Dem.* Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

*The.* His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox.

*M. N., V: 1. 344.*

## —Applauded.

*Ant.* \* \* To-morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we 'll spill the blood

That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all:  
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought

Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been

Each man's like mine; you have shown all  
Hectors.

Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears

Wash the congealment from your wounds,  
and kiss

The honoured gashes whole.

*A C., IV: 8. 1571.*

## —Boasting of, suspicious.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate.

*H. V., III: 7. 838.*

## —Destruction, Waiting for.

*Gen.* \* \*

Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:

This is the latest glory of thy praise,

That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;

For ere the glass, that now begins to run,  
Finish the process of his sandy hour,  
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,  
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

*H. VI., 1 pt., IV: 2. 887.*

## —Developed in Storms.

*Nest.* With due observance of thy god-like seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply  
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail  
Upon her patient breast, making their way  
With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage  
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold  
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,

Bounding between the two moist elements,  
Like Perseus' horse? Where's then the saucy boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,  
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so  
Doth valour's show, and valour's worth divide

In storms of fortune.

*T. C., I: 3. 1107.*

## —Its inglorious End.

*3 Mess.* \* \*

Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,  
By three and twenty thousand of the French  
Was round encompassed and set upon;  
No leisure had he to enrank his men;  
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;  
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out  
of hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly,  
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.  
More than three hours the fight continued;  
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,  
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.  
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst  
stand him;

Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he  
slew:

The French exclaim'd, The devil was in  
arms;



All the whole army stood agaz'd on him :  
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,  
A Talbot ! a Talbot ! cried out amain,  
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.  
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,  
If sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward ;

He being in the vaward, (plac'd behind,  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 1. 865.

#### —Its Nobility.

*York.* Old Salisbury, who can report of him ;  
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets  
Aged contusions and all brush of time ;  
And, like a gallant in the bloom of youth,  
Repairs him with occasion ?

\* \*

*Rich.* My noble father,  
Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,  
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,  
Persuaded him from any further act :  
But still, where danger was, still there I met him,  
And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., V: 3. 945.

#### —Makes Men immortal.

*Prince.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;  
With what his valour did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down to make his valour live :  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

*R. III.*, III: 1. 1020.

#### —Misbegotten and True.

1 *Sen.* \* \*

Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd  
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling  
Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,  
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world  
When sects and factions were newly born ;  
He 's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer.

*T. A.*, III: 5. 1301.

#### —Not a just Cause of Praise.

*Pri.* Paris, you speak  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights :  
You have the honey still, but these the gall ;  
So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1115.

#### —Questionable.

*Flu.* \* \* As valiant as Mark Antony.

*H. V.*, III: 6. 835.

#### —Rough, Plea for.

*Men.* Consider further,  
That when he speaks not like a citizen,  
You find him like a soldier : Do not take  
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,  
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,  
Rather than envy you.

*C.*, III: 3. 1176.

#### —Skilful.

*Tro.* The Greeks are strong, and skilful  
to their strength,  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.

*T. C.*, I: 1. 1102.

#### VALUE.—Differently Fixed.

*Tim.* A mere satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd,  
It would unclew me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 't is rated  
As those, which sell, would give : But you well know  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters ; believe 't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

*T. A.*, I: 1. 1288.

#### —Set too high.

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost  
The holding.

*Tro.* What is aught, but as 't is valued ?

*Hect.* But value dwells not in particular will ;

It holds his estimate and dignity  
As well wherein 't is precious of itself  
As in the prizer.

*T. C.*, II: 2. 1114.

**VANITY.—Boasts of its Titles.**

*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother,—  
 Basilisco-like:  
 What! I am dubb'd: I have it on my  
 shoulder.

*K. J.*, I: 1. 649.

**—Despised.**

*Mor.* \* \*

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.  
*M. V.*, II: 8. 372.

**—In Dress.**

*Laf.* \* \*

The soul of this man is his clothes.  
*A. W.*, II: 5. 510.

**—Of human Hopes.**

*Wol.* \* \*

This is the state of man: To-day he puts  
 forth  
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blos-  
 soms,  
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon  
 him:  
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;  
 And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full  
 surely  
 His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,  
 And then he falls, as I do.

*H. VIII.*, III: 2. 1081.

**—Rustic.**

*Rich.* \* \*

Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his  
 love.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 1. 962.

**—Self-consuming.**

*Gaunt.* \* \*

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,  
 Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 692.

**VARIETY.—In Men and Dogs.**

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue ye go for  
 men;  
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels,  
 spaniels, curs,  
 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are  
 cleped  
 All by the name of dogs: the valued file  
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,

The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
 According to the gift which bounteous nat-  
 ure

Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does re-  
 ceive

Particular addition, from the bill  
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.

*M.*, III: 1. 1369.

**VEHEMENCE.—Wanting Voice.**

*Const.* \* \*

O, that my tongue were in the thunder's  
 mouth!

Then with a passion would I shake the  
 world.

*K. J.*, III: 4. 662.

**VENGEANCE.—A Soldier's.**

*Alcib.* \* \*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the  
 time

With all licentious measure, making your  
 wills

The scope of justice; till now, myself, and  
 such

As slept within the shadow of your power,  
 Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and  
 breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is  
 flush,

When crouching marrow, in the bearer  
 strong,

Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless  
 wrong

Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of  
 ease;

And pury insolence shall break his wind,  
 With fear, and horrid flight.

*T. A.*, V: 5. 1315.

**—Excited to Extremities.**

*Y. Clif.* \* \* Even at this sight,  
 My heart is turned to stone: and, while 't  
 is mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men  
 spares;

No more will I their babes: tears virginal  
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;  
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,  
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.  
 Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity:

Meet I an infant of the house of York,  
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,  
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:  
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

*H. VI., 2 pt., V: 2. 945.*

—**Heavenly, Invoked.**

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven,  
 But what serve for the thunder?—Precious  
 villain.

*O., V: 2. 1531.*

—**Impending.**

*Men.* \* \* Now he's coming;  
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head,  
 Which will not prove a whip.

*C., IV: 6. 1184.*

—**Invoked.**

*Cal.* As wicked dew as e'er my mother  
 brush'd  
 With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,  
 Drop on you both!

*T., I: 2. 12.*

*Oth.* \* \* Arise, black vengeance, from  
 thy hollow cell! [throne,  
 Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted  
 To tyrannous hate!

*O., III: 3. 1515.*

*Anne.* \* \*

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the  
 murderer dead,  
 Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him  
 quick;  
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's  
 blood,  
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered.

*R. III., I: 2. 1004.*

—**Makes Men great.**

*Com.* \* \* Coriolanus  
 He would not answer to: forbad all names;  
 He was a kind of nothing, titleless,  
 Till he had forg'd himself a name i' the fire  
 Of burning Rome.

*C., V: 1. 1186.*

—**Mocks.**

*Glo.* \* \*

See, how my sword weeps for the poorking's  
 death!  
 O, may such purple tears be always shed  
 From those that wish the downfall of our  
 house!

*H. VI., 3 pt., V: 6. 992.*

—**Not Measured by the Offence.**

*Post.* \* \* Gods! if you

Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults,  
 I never

Had liv'd to put on this; so had you sav'd  
 The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
 Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance.

But, alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults;  
 that's love,

To have them fall no more: you some per-  
 mit

To second ills with ills, each later worse;  
 And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.  
 But Imogen is your own: Do your best  
 wills,

And make me bless'd to obey!

*Cym., V: 1. 1621.*

—**Prayed for.**

*Vol.* Take my prayers with you.

I would the gods had nothing else to do,  
 But to confirm my curses! Could I meet  
 them

But once a day, it would unclog my heart  
 Of what lies heavy to 't.

*C., IV: 2. 1178.*

—**Remorseless.**

*Q. Eliz.* \* \*

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and  
 blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
 To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief  
 tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my  
 boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine  
 eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
 Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling

reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*R. III., IV: 4. 1037.*

—**Stronger than Love.**

*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your  
 desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,

My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?

My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,  
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll  
To do some fatal execution?  
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;  
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my  
hand,  
Blood and revenge are hammering in my  
head.

*Tit. And.*, II: 3. 1209.

—Stunning.

*Tro.* \* \*

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful  
spout,  
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,  
Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,  
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's  
ear,  
In his descent, than shall my prompted  
sword  
Falling on Diomed.

*T. C.*, V: 2. 1138.

—The, Due to Slander.

*Leon.* \* \*

If they wrong her honour,  
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of  
mine,  
Nor age so eat up my invention,  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,  
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,  
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,  
Ability in means, and choice of friends,  
To quit me of them throughly.

*M. A.*, IV: 1. 246.

—Threatened.

*Tit.* \* \*

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to  
dust,  
And with your blood and it, I'll make a  
paste;  
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,  
And make two pasties of your shameful  
heads:  
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.  
This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on.

*Tit. And.*, V: 2. 1229.

*Tro.* \* \*

No space of earth shall sunder our two  
hates;  
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience  
still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy  
thoughts.

*T. C.*, V: 11. 1143.

*Ant.* \* \* But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a  
tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should  
move  
The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny.

*J. C.*, III: 2. 1341.

*Cleo.* \* \* Pr'ythee, go hence;  
Or I shall show the cinders of my spirit  
Through the ashes of mischance.

*A. C.*, V: 2. 1580.

*Pro.* If thou murmur'st, I will rend an  
oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

*T.*, I: 2. 11.

*Caius.* By gar, de herring is no dead so  
as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack;  
I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

*M. W.*, II: 3. 101.

*Pro.* \* \* Thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots,  
and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled.

*T.*, I: 2. 14.

*Suf.* I wear no knife, \* \*  
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with  
ease,  
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 2. 928.

—Timing it.

*Ham.* \* \* Or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in't:  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at  
heaven:  
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and  
black,  
As hell, whereto it goes.

*H.*, III: 3. 1418.



*Tim.* \* \* Swear against objects;  
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids,  
nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleed-  
ing,  
Shall pierce a jot.

*T. A., IV: 3. 1306.*

—**Too hot for Tears.**

*Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's  
moisture  
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burn-  
ing heart:  
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great  
burden;  
For self-same wind, that I should speak  
withal,  
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,  
And burn me up with flames, that tears  
would quench.  
To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:  
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge,  
for me! —  
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy  
death,  
Or die renowned by attempting it.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 1. 963.*

—**Vows of United.**

*Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why hast thou with-  
drawn thyself?  
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath  
drunk,  
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's  
lance:  
And, in the very pangs of death, he cried, —  
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far, —  
“Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my  
death!”  
So underneath the belly of their steeds,  
That stained their fetlocks in his smoking  
blood,  
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.  
*War.* Then let the earth be drunken  
with our blood;  
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.  
Why stand we like soft-hearted women  
here,  
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth  
rage;  
And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting act-  
ors?

Here on my knee I vow to God above,  
I'll never pause again, never stand still,  
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of  
mine,  
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

*Edw.* O Warwick, I do bend my knee  
with thine;

And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.  
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's  
cold face,  
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to  
Thee,

Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!  
Beseeching Thee, — if with Thy will it  
stands,

That to my foes this body must be prey, —  
Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may  
ope,

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 3. 967.*

—**Winged.**

*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel  
nails  
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce  
sister  
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.  
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endur'd, would have  
buoy'd up,  
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor  
old heart,  
He help the heavens to rain.  
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern  
time,  
Thou should'st have said, “Good porter,  
turn the key;”  
All cruels else subscrib'd: — But I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such chil-  
dren.

*K. L., III: 7. 1469.*

—**Wordy.**

*Rug.* 'T is past the hour, sir, that sir  
Hugh promis'd to meet.

*Caius.* By gar, he has save his soul, dat  
he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell,  
dat he is no come; by gar, Jack Rugby, he  
is dead already if he be come.

*Rug.* He is wise, sir; he knew your  
worship would kill him, if he came.

*M. W., II: 3. 101.*

**VENTURES.—A Merchant's.**

*Shy.* \* \* His means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squander'd abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient;—three thousand ducats;—I think I may take his bond.

*M. V., I: 3. 365.*

**—Control our Thoughts.**

*Salari.* My wind, cooling my broth, Would blow me to an ague, when I thought What harm a wind too great might do at sea. I should not see the sandy hour-glass run, But I should think of shallows and of flats, And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand, Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs, To kiss her burial. Should I go to church, And see the holy edifice of stone, And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,

Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side, Would scatter all her spices on the stream; Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks; And, in a word, but even now worth this, And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought

To think on this, and shall I lack the thought That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad?

But tell not me; I know Antonio Is sad, to think upon his merchandise.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,

My ventures are not in one bottom trusted, Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate Upon the fortune of this present year: Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

*Salari.* Why, then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Salari.* Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad Because you are not merry: and 't were as easy

For you to laugh, and leap, and say you are merry,

Because you are not sad.

*M. V., I: 1. 361.*

**—Some, safe.**

*Ulyss.* \* \* But, hit or miss, Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,— Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

*T. C., I: 3. 1111.*

**—Wisely repeated.**

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft, I shot his fellow of the self-same flight The self-same way, with more advised watch

To find the other forth; and, by adventuring both,

I oft found both.

*M. V., I: 1. 362.*

**VENUS.—Smiles not.**

*Par.* \* \*

For Venus smiles not in a house of tears. Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous, That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,

And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage, To stop the inundation of her tears.

*R. J., IV: 1. 1268.*

**VERBOSITY.—All Chaff.**

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

*M. V., I: 1. 362.*

**VETERAN.—Recognition by a**

*Nest.* I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed, Despising many forfeits and subduements, When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd; That I have said to some my standers-by, "Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,

When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd  
 thee in,  
 Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I  
 seen;  
 But this thy countenance, still lock'd in  
 steel,  
 I never saw till now. I knew thy grand-  
 sire,  
 And once fought with him: he was a soldier  
 good;  
 But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,  
 Never like thee: Let an old man embrace  
 thee;  
 And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

*T. C.*, IV: 5. 1133.

#### VICE.—Destroys itself.

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever:—  
 But when we in our viciousness grow  
 hard,  
 (O misery on't!) the wise gods seel our  
 eyes;  
 In our own filth drop our clear judgments;  
 make us  
 Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we  
 strut  
 To our confusion.

*A. C.*, III: 11. 1566.

#### —Its Face of Fire.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll  
 amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou  
 bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 't is  
 in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of  
 the burning lamp.

*Bard.* Why, sir John, my face does you  
 no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good  
 use of it as many a man doth of a death's  
 head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy  
 face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives  
 that lived in purple; for there he is in his  
 robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any  
 way given to virtue, I would swear by thy  
 face; my oath should be, By this fire: but  
 thou art altogether given over: and wert in-  
 deed, but for the light in thy face, the son  
 of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up  
 Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if  
 I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fat-*  
*uus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no pur-  
 chase in money. O, thou art a perpetual  
 triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light!  
 Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in  
 links and torches, walking with thee in the  
 night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the

sack that thou hast drunk me, would have  
 bought me lights as good cheap, at the  
 dearest chandler's in Europe. I have main-  
 tained that salamander of yours with fire,  
 any time this two-and-thirty years: Heaven  
 reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in  
 your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure  
 to be heart-burned.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 3. 749.

#### —Its Pretences.

*P. Hen.* Do thou stand for my father,  
 and examine me upon the particulars of my  
 life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content:—This chair shall  
 be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this  
 cushion my crown.

*P. Hen.* Thy state is taken for a joint-  
 stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dag-  
 ger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitif-  
 ul bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite  
 out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—  
 Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes  
 look red, that it may be thought I have  
 wept; for I must speak in passion, and I  
 will do it in king Cambyeses' vein.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

#### —Its Relation to Virtue.

*Duke.* \* \*

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so ex-  
 tended,  
 That for the fault's love is th' offender  
 friended.

*M. N.*, IV: 2. 165.

#### —Lustful, Finds Fuel enough.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance

In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
 The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
 And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
 To take upon you what is yours: you  
 may

Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
 And yet seem cold, the time you may so  
 hoodwink.

We have willing dames enough; there can-  
 not be

That vulture in you, to devour so many  
 As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
 Finding it so inclin'd.

*M.*, IV: 3. 1378.

**VICES.—Bolder, impudent.**

*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet,  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,  
Than to perform it first.

*W. T.*, III: 2. 594.

—**Make their own Scourges.**

*Edg.* \* \*  
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices  
Make instruments to scourge us:  
The dark and vicious place where thee he  
got,  
Cost him his eyes.

*K. L.*, V: 3. 1483.

**VICTOR.—Entitled to Prize.**

*Ant.* \* \* Win and wear me.

*M. A.*, V: 1. 250.

**VICTORS.—Their Approach.**

*E. Her.* \* \* Like a jolly troop of  
huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:  
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*K. J.*, II: 2. 653.

**VICTORY.—Enhanced by Difficulty.**

*K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater  
victory;  
My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 1. 987.

—**Not dependent on Numbers.**

*York.* Five men to twenty!—though  
the odds be great,  
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.  
Many a battle have I won in France,  
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;  
Why should I not now have the like success?

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 2. 959.

—**Twice glorious.**

*Leon.* A victory is twice itself when the  
achiever brings home full numbers.

*M. A.*, I: 1. 225.

**VIGILANCE.—Unslumbering.**

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant  
as a cat to steal cream.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., IV: 2. 754.

**VILE.—The, Think Goodness vile.**

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile,  
seem vile;  
Filths savour but themselves.

*K. L.*, IV: 2. 1472.

**VILLAIN.—A smiling.**

*Ham.* \* \*  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it  
down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a  
villain;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

*H.*, I: 5. 1400.

—**Describing himself.**

*Fal.* A good portly man, i' faith, and a  
corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing  
eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I  
think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining  
to threescore; and now I remember  
me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should  
be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for,  
Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then  
the tree may be known by the fruit, as the  
fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak  
it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep  
with, the rest banish.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

**VILLAINY.—Aggregated.**

*Cas.* \* \* You shall find there  
A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
That all men follow.

*A. C.*, I: 4. 1545.

—**Black, Gloried in.**

*Aar.* \* \*  
Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I  
think,  
Few come within the compass of my curse,) Wherein I did not some notorious ill:  
As kill a man, or else devise his death;  
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;  
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;  
Set deadly enmity between two friends;  
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;  
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the  
night,  
And bid the owners quench them with their  
tears:  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye, —



Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,  
As willingly as one would kill a fly;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Tit. And.*, V: 1. 1226.

—Defiant.

*Glo.* \* \*

And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 3. 974.

—Different from Amorousness.

*Iach.* \* \* Well may you, sir,

Remember me at court, where I was taught  
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
'Twixt amorous and villanous.

*Cym.*, V: 5. 1628.

—Easily Punished.

*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest  
thread

That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou  
drown thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up. —  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*K. J.*, IV: 3. 670.

—Finds ready Tools.

*Glo.* What! think you we are Turks, or  
infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England, and our persons'  
safety,

Enforc'd us to this execution?

*May.* Now, fair befall you, he deserv'd  
his death;

And your good graces both have well pro-  
ceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like at-  
tempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,  
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

*R. III.*, III: 5. 1026.

—How to be Punished.

*Emil.* \* \*

O, heaven, that such companions thou 'dst  
unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascal naked through the world,  
Even from the east to the west!

*O.*, IV: 2. 1523.

—Its Price.

*Con.* Is it possible that any villainy  
should be so dear?

*Bora.* Thou shouldst rather ask, if it  
were possible any villainy should be so  
rich; for when rich villains have need of  
poor ones, poor ones may make what price  
they will.

*M. A.*, III: 3. 241.

—Its Punishment.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,  
Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;  
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd  
in brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

*A. C.*, II: 5. 1552.

—Makes a Plea for itself.

*Fal.* \* \* If sack and sugar be a fault,  
God help the wicked! If to be old and mer-  
ry be a sin, then many an old host that I  
know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated,  
then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved.  
No, my good lord; Banish Peto, banish  
Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack  
Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Fal-  
staff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore  
more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Fal-  
staff, banish not him thy Harry's company;  
banish plump Jack, and banish all the  
world.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 742.

—Never Ends well.

*York.* \* \*

If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
Call in the letters patents that he hath

By his attornies-general to sue

His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,

You pluck a thousand dangers on your  
head,

You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,

And prick my tender patience to those  
thoughts

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

*K. Rich.* Think what you will; we seize  
into our hands  
His plate, his goods, his money, and his  
lands.

*York.* I 'll not be by, the while: My  
liege, farewell:  
What will ensue hereof, there 's none can  
tell;  
But by bad courses may be understood,  
That their events can never fall out good.

*R. II., II: 1. 694.*

—Overreached by Revenge.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets  
of Rome;  
And when thou find'st a man that 's like  
thyself,  
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.—  
Go thou with them; and when it is thy hap,  
To find another that is like to thee,  
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.—  
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's  
court  
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;  
Well may'st thou know her by thy own  
proportion,  
For up and down she doth resemble thee;  
I pray thee, do on them some violent  
death.

*Tit. And., V: 2. 1228.*

—Superlative.

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus: and for thy  
hand,  
Look by and by to have thy sons with  
thee:—  
Their heads, I mean.—O, how this vil-  
lany  
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for  
grace.  
Aaron will have his soul black like his  
face.

*Tit. And., III: 1. 1216.*

—The basest.

*Glo.* If you thrive well bring them to  
Baynard's castle;  
Where you shall find me well accompanied  
With reverend fathers, and well-learned  
bishops.

*R. III., III: 5. 1026.*

—Wordy, not popular.

*Buck.* \* \* Withal, I did infer your  
lineaments,—  
Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your pur-  
pose,  
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.  
And, when my oratory grew to an end,  
I bade them, that did love their country's  
good,  
Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal  
king!"

*Glo.* And did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake  
not a word;  
But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,  
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.  
Which when I saw, I reprehended them;  
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful  
silence:  
His answer was,—the people were not us'd  
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.  
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—  
"Thus said the duke, thus hath the duke  
infern'd;"

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine  
own,  
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried, "God save king  
Richard!"

And thus I took the vantage of those few,  
"Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,"  
quoth I;  
"This general applause, and cheerful shout,  
Argues your wisdom, and your love to  
Richard:"

And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glo.* What tongueless blocks were they!  
Would they not speak?

*R. III., III: 7. 1027*

VINDICTIVENESS.—Cruel.

*Bru.* \* \*  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;  
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;  
For Antony is but a limb of Caesar.

*J. C., II: 1. 1330.*

## —Woman's.

*Q. Mar.* \* \*

What! was it you, that would be England's king?

Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,

And made a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?  
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,  
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pry'thee, grieve, to make me merry,  
York;

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

Why art thou patient, then? thou should'st

be mad;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.

A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,  
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O, 't is a fault, too, too unpardonable!—

Off with the crown; and, with the crown,  
his head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

*H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.*

**VIRAGO.—A desperate.**

\* *Bene.* \* \* I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary.

*M. A., II: 1. 232.*

**VIRGIN.—Born, to Die a**

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,

An aged princess; many days shall see her,

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

'Would I had known no more! but she must die,

(She must, the saints must have her;) yet a virgin,

A most unspotted lily shall she pass

To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*H. VIII., V: 3. 1094.*

**VIRGINITY.—Lacks Adaptation.**

*Par.* \* \* Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now.

*A. W., I: 1. 497.*

## —Old.

*Par.* \* \* Your old virginity is like one of our French wither'd pears; it looks ill, it eats drily.

*A. W., I: 1. 497.*

—Perpetual.

*Her.* \* \* \*

But I beseech your grace that I may know  
The worst that may befall me in this case,  
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

*The.* Either to die the death, or to abjure  
For ever the society of men.

Therefore, fair Hermia, question your de-  
sires,

Know of your youth, examine well your  
blood,

Whether, if you yield not to your father's  
choice,

You can endure the livery of a nun;

For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,

To live a barren sister all your life,

Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless  
moon.

Thrice blessed they that master so their  
blood,

To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,

Than that which, withering on the virgin  
thorn,

Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 322.

—Self-destructive.

*Count.* This young gentlewoman had a  
father, (O, that *had!* how sad a passage 't  
is!) whose skill was almost as great as his  
honesty; had it stretch'd so far, would have  
made nature immortal, and death should  
have play for lack of work.

*A. W.*, II: 1. 495.

**VIRTUE.—Dearer than Life.**

*Isab.* O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover

In princely guards! Dost thou think, Clau-  
dio,

If I would yield him my virginity,

Thou might'st be freed?

*Claud.* O, heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give 't thee, from  
this rank offence,

So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,

Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do 't.

*Isab.* O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*M. M.*, III: 1. 157.

—Demands its Rites.

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine: if  
you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,

Into the chantry by; there, before him,

And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith;

That my most jealous and too doubtful soul

May live at peace.

*T. N.*, IV: 3. 565.

—Depends on Circumstances.

*Fri.* Virtue itself turns vice, being mis-  
applied.

*R. J.*, II: 3. 1253.

—In a Fool.

*Wol.* \* \* He was a fool,

For he would needs be-virtuous: That good  
fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this,

brother,

We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

*H. VIII.*, II: 2. 1069.

—Its Effect on Woman.

*York.* \* \* \*

'T is virtue, that doth make them most ad-  
mir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

—Makes Blacks fair.

*Duke.* \* \* \*

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*O.*, I: 3. 1495.

—Not unmixed.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a  
mingled yarn, good and ill together: our  
virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd  
them not; and our crimes would despair, if  
they were not cherish'd by our virtues.

*A. W.*, IV: 3. 520.

—Of More Value than Life.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his  
life,

(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,

But in the case of question,) that you, his  
sister,



Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great  
place,  
Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-binding law; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your  
body

To this supposed, or else to let him suffer;  
What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother as  
myself:

That is, were I under the terms of death,  
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as  
rubies,

And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That long I have been sick for, ere I'd  
yield

My body up to shame.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 155.

—Outraged, revenged.

*Tit.* \* \* Die, die, Lavinia, and thy  
shame with thee;

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow  
die!

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural,  
and unkind?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have  
made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was:

And have a thousand times more cause than  
he

To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd? tell, who  
did the deed.

*Tit.* Will't please you eat? will't please  
your highness feed?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only  
daughter thus?

*Tit.* Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this  
wrong.

*Sat.* Go, fetch them hither to us pres-  
ently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in  
that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's  
sharp point.

*Sat.* Die, frantic wretch, for this ac-  
cursed deed.

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father  
bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly  
deed.

*Tit. And.*, V: 3. 1230.

—Public, remorseless.

*Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard

For his private friends: His answer to me  
was,

He could not stay to pick them in a pile  
Of noisome, musty chaff: He said, 'twas  
folly,

For one poor grain or two, to leave un-  
burnt,

And still to nose the offence.

*C.*, V: 1. 1186.

—That Transgresses, patched.

*Clo.* Anything that 's mended, is but  
patched: virtue that transgresses is but  
patched with sin; and sin that amends is  
but patched with virtue.

*T. N.*, I: 5. 544.

—Untasted.

*Agam.* \* \* Yet all his virtues,—

Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—

Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss;

Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome  
dish,

Are like to rot untasted.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1117.

VIRTUES.—Men's, Written in Water.

*Grif.* Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virt-  
ues

We write in water.

*H. VIII.*, IV: 2. 1085.

—Nameless, near to Vice.

*Speed.* Item, "She hath many name-  
less virtues."

*Laun.* That's as much as to say, bas-  
tard virtues; that, indeed, know not their  
fathers, and therefore have no names.

*Speed.* Here follow her vices.

*Laun.* Close at the heels of her virtues.

*T. G.*, III: 1. 62.

## —Not to be hidden.

*Duke.* \* \* Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do;  
Not light them for themselves: for if our  
virtues

Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely  
touch'd

But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use.

*M. M.*, I: 1. 143.

## —Stuffed with them.

*Mess.* \* \* Stuffed with all honourable  
virtues.

*M. A.*, I: 1. 225.

## VISIONS.—Appalling.

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of  
Banquo; down!

The crown does sear mine eye-balls:—  
And thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the  
first:—

A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—  
Start, eyes!

What! will the line stretch out to the crack  
of doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no  
more:—

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a  
glass,

Which shows me many more; and some I  
see,

That two-fold balls and treble sceptres  
carry:

Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 't is true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon  
me,

And points at them for his.

[*M.*, IV: 1. 1376.

## —Preceding Death.

*Kath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a  
blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promis'd me eternal happiness;  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I  
feel

I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,  
Assuredly.

*H. VIII.*, IV: 2. 1085.

## VIXEN.—A young.

*Hel.* O, when she's angry, she is keen  
and shrewd:

She was a vixen when she went to school;  
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

*M. N.*, III: 2. 336.

## VOCABULARY.—A Copious.

*Val.* \* \* You have an exchequer of  
words.

*T. G.*, II: 4. 55.

## VOICE.—A bad.

*Balth.* O, good my lord, tax not so bad  
a voice

To slander music any more than once.

*M. A.*, II: 3. 235.

## —A soft.

*Lear.* \* \* Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

*K. L.*, V: 3. 1485.

## —A womanlike.

*Duke.* \* \* Thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.

*T. N.*, I: 4. 543.

## —Fascination of a Woman's.

*Flo.* \* \* When you speak, sweet,  
I'd have you do it ever; when you sing,  
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;  
Pray so; and, for the ord'ring your affairs,  
To sing them too.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 602.

## —Low, its Power.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? Is she  
shrill-tongu'd, or low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak: she  
is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good.

*A. C.*, III: 3. 1559.

**VOLUBILITY.—Suspicious.**

*Iago.* A knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none.

*O., II: 1. 1503.*

**VOLUPTUOUSNESS.—Description of.**

*Eno.* \* \* For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description: she did lie  
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold and tissue,)  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,  
The fancy out-work nature: on each side  
her,  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.

\* \* From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her; And Antony,  
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

*A. C., II: 2. 1550.*

**VOW.—Involving Murder**

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.—  
Witness, you ever-burning lights above  
You elements that clip us round about!  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody work soever.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance  
bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead: 't is done, at  
your request;  
But let her live.

*O., III: 3. 1515.*

**VOWS.—Conflicting.**

*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy  
to faith;

And, like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy  
vow

First made to heaven, first be to heaven  
perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!  
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against  
thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:  
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
Is not amiss when it is truly done;  
And being not done, where doing tends to  
ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it;  
The better act of purposes mistook  
Is, to mistake again; though indirect,  
Yet indirection thereby grows direct.  
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools  
fire,

Within the scorched veins of one new  
burn'd.

It is religion, that doth make vows kept;  
But thou hast sworn against religion;  
By what thou swear'st, against the thing  
thou swear'st;

And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure  
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;  
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?  
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;  
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost  
swear.

*K. J., III: 1. 659.*

**—Hasty, may be broken.**

*Pro.* \* \*  
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken.

*T. G., II: 6. 58.*

**—Men's, Woman's Traitors.**

*Imo.* \* \*  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good  
seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not borne where 't  
grows,  
But worn a bait for ladies.

*Cym., III: 4. 1608.*

**VOX-POPULI.—In Times of Misfortune.**

*Cit.* Tear him to pieces, do it presently.  
He killed my son;—my daughter;—He  
killed my cousin Marcus;—He killed my  
father.

*C.*, V: 5. 1193.

**—Its Contradictions.**

*Sic.* Where is this viper,  
That would depopulate the city, and  
Be every man himself?

*Men.* You worthy tribunes. —

*Sic.* He shall be thrown down the Tar-  
peian rock

With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,  
And therefore law shall scorn him further  
trial

Than the severity of the public power,  
Which he so sets at naught.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,  
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,  
And we their hands.

*C.*, III: 1. 1172.

**—Unreliable.**

*Mar.* Thanks. — What 's the matter,  
you dissentious rogues,  
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

*Mar.* He that will give good words to  
thee, will flatter  
Beneath abhorring. — What would you have,  
you curs,

That like nor peace, nor war? the one af-  
frights you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts  
you,

Where he should find you lions, finds you  
hares;

Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence sub-  
dues him,

And curse that justice did it. Who de-  
serves greatness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most  
that

Which would increase his evil. He that  
depends

Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang  
ye! Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;  
And call him noble, that was now your  
hate,

Him vile, that was your garland. What's  
the matter,

That in these several places of the city  
You cry against the noble senate, who,  
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which  
else

Would feed on one another?

*C.*, I: 1. 1151.

**VULNERABILITY.—Sought for.**

*Achil.* Thou art too brief; I will the  
second time,

As I would by thee, view thee limb by limb.

*Hect.* O, like a book of sport thou 'lt  
read me o'er;

But there 's more in me than thou under-  
stand'st.

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine  
eye?

*Achil.* Tell me, you heavens, in which  
part of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there,  
or there?

That I may give the local wound a name;  
And make distinct the very breach, where-  
out

Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me,  
heavens!

*T. C.*, IV: 5. 1134.



## W

**WAITING.—Patient.**

*Tro.* \* \* I stalk about her door,  
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian  
banks  
Staying for waftage.

*T. C., III: 2. 1121.*

**—Persistent.**

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,  
Thou know'st no less but all: I have un-  
clasp'd  
To thee the book even of my secret soul:  
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait un-  
to her;  
Be not deny'd access; stand at her doors,  
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall  
grow,  
Till thou have audience.

*T. N., I: 4. 543.*

**WALL.—A speaking.**

*Wall.* In this same interlude, it doth befall,  
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:  
And such a wall as I would have you think,  
That had in it a cranny'd hole, or chink,  
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisbe,  
Did whisper often very secretly.  
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show  
That I am that same wall; the truth is so:  
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,  
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

*The.* Would you desire lime and hair to  
speak better?

*Dem.* It is the wittiest partition that ever  
I heard discourse, my lord.

*M. W., V: 1. 343.*

**WANT.—Of Gold bemoaned.**

*Alcib.* \* \*  
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,  
The want whereof doth daily make revolt  
In my penurious band: I have heard, and  
griev'd,  
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth

\* \*  
*Tim.* I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and  
get thee gone.

*T. A., IV: 3. 1306.*

**—Unnecessary.**

*Tim.* Why should you want? Behold,  
the earth hath roots;  
Within this mile break forth a hundred  
springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;  
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each  
bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? why  
want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on  
berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the  
birds and fishes;

You must eat men.

*T. A., IV: 3. 1310*

**WANTONNESS.—Childlike.**

*Biron.* \* \*  
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain.

*L. L., V: 2. 303.*

**—Device, to Punish.**

*Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device;  
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,  
Disguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on  
his head.

*Page.* Well, let it not be doubted but  
he'll come,  
And in this shape: When you have brought  
him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your  
plot?

*Mrs. Page.* That likewise have we  
thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,  
And three or four more of their growth,  
we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and  
white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,  
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,  
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,  
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once

With some diffused song; upon their sight,  
We two in great amazedness will fly:  
Then let them all encircle him about,  
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;  
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,  
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread,  
In shape profane.

*Mrs. Ford.* And till he tell the truth,  
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,  
And burn him with their tapers.

*Mrs. Page.* The truth being known,  
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,  
And mock him home to Windsor.

*M. W.*, IV: 5. 114.

#### —How betrayed.

*Ulyss.*

There's language in her eye, her cheek,  
her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits  
look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.  
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their  
thoughts  
To every ticklish reader!

*T. C.*, IV: 5. 1132.

#### —Of Women, Hinders Marriage.

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings  
too, well enough; God hath given you one  
face, and you make yourselves another:  
you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-  
name God's creatures, and make your wan-  
tonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no  
more of 't; it hath made me mad. I say,  
we will have no more marriages.

*H.*, III: 1. 1411.

#### WANTS.—To be Made known.

*Cle.* \* \*

Who wanteth food, and will not say he  
wants it,  
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?  
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our  
woes  
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs  
Fetch breath that may proclaim them  
louder; that,  
If heaven slumber, while their creatures  
want,

They may awake their helpers to comfort  
them.

I'll then discourse our woes felt several  
years,

And, wanting breath to speak, help me with  
tears.

*P.*, I: 4. 1646.

#### WAR.—A just.

*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs,  
that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

*K. J.*, II: 1. 649.

#### —A last Resort.

*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow  
of this?

*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and  
bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and  
blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer  
France.

*K. J.*, I: 1. 646.

#### —Beastly.

*Tim.* \* \*

Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war.

*T. A.*, V: 2. 1314.

#### —Between Christians, unnatural.

*K. Hen.* \* \* I always thought,  
It was both impious and unnatural,  
That such immanity and bloody strife  
Should reign among professors of one faith.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., V: 1. 891.

#### —Cause of domestic Sorrow.

*F. Her.* \* \* This day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English  
mother,

Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding  
ground:

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth.

*K. J.*, II: 2. 653.

#### —Civil.

*Car.* \* \*

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., III: 1. 925.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,  
That gnaws the bowels of the common-  
wealth.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

*Bast.* \* \* And vast confusion waits  
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast.)

*K. J.*, IV: 3. 670.

*Chorus.* \* \* And, at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine,  
sword, and fire,  
Crouch for employment.

*H. V.*, Chorus. 819.

— **Civil, its Horrors.**

*Son.* \* \* O God! it is my father's face,  
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.  
O heavy times, begetting such events!  
From London by the king was I press'd  
forth;  
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,  
Came on the part of York, press'd by his  
master;  
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,  
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.

*Fath.* \* \*

But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?  
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—  
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,  
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers  
arise,  
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,  
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and  
heart!  
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—  
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,  
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,  
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!

\* \*

*K. Hen.* Woe above woe! grief more  
than common grief!  
O, that my death would stay these ruthless  
deeds!—  
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—  
The red rose and the white are on his face,  
The fatal colours of our striving houses;  
The one, his purple blood right well re-  
sembles;  
The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, pre-  
sent:  
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!  
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither!

*H. IV.*, 3 pt., II: 5. 968.

— **Civil, Thanks for its Cessation.**

*Richm.* \* \*

We will unite the white rose with the red:  
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!  
What traitor hears me, and says not,—  
amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd  
herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the  
sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided, in their dire division. —

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!  
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd  
peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous  
days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce these bloody days again,  
And make poor England weep in streams of  
blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase  
That would with treason wound this fair  
land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives  
again;

That she may long live here, God say —  
Amen!

*R. III.*, V: 4. 1047.

— **Closet.**

*Ulyss.* The still and mental parts, —  
That do contrive how many hands shall  
strike,  
When fitness call them on; and know, by  
measure  
Of their observant toil, the enemy's weight, —  
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;  
They call this — bed-work, mappery, closet-  
war:  
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,  
For the great swing and rudeness of his  
poize,  
They place before his hand that made the  
engine.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1109.

—**Defensive.***Bast.* \* \*

No : Know the gallant monarch is in arms ;  
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,  
To souse annoyance that comes near his  
nest.

*K. J.*, V : 2. 673.—**Dust Laid by its Blood.***Boling.* \* \*

And lay the summer's dust with showers of  
blood,  
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd En-  
glishmen.

*R. II.*, III : 3. 703.—**Evils of, Deplored.***Pucel.* \* \*

O, turn thy edged sword another way ;  
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those  
that help !  
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's  
bosom,  
Should grieve thee more than streams of  
foreign gore ;  
Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,  
And wash away thy country's stained spots !

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III : 4. 883.—**For unworthy Causes.***Bast.* \* \*

Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest.

*K. J.*, IV : 3. 670.—**Foreign, a Remedy.***Mar.* Nay, let them follow :

The Volscians have much corn ; take these  
rats thither,  
To gnaw their garners.

*C.*, I : 1. 1152.—**Foreign, a Relief.**

*K. Hen.* So shaken as we are, so wan  
with care,

Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new  
broils

To be commenc'd in stronds afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrails of this soil  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's  
blood ;

No more shall trenching war channel her  
fields,

Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armed  
hoofs

Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,  
Which, — like the meteors of a troubled  
heaven,

All of one nature, of one substance bred, —  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,  
March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I : 1. 727.—**Foreshadowed.***Ind.* \* \*

Whilst the big year, swoll'n with some other  
grief,

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war.

*H. IV.*, 2 pt., I : 1. 773.—**Great.**

*Oth.* \* \* The big wars,  
That make ambition virtue !

*O.*, III : 3. 1514.—**Hated.***K. Rich.* \* \*

And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect  
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neigh-  
bours' swords.

*R. II.*, I : 3. 689.—**Its End.***Glo.* \* \*

Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled  
front.

*R. III.*, I : 1. 1001.—**Its purple Testament.***K. Rich.* \* \* He is come to ope

The purple testament of bleeding war ;  
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,  
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers'  
sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's  
face ;

Change the complexion of her maid-pale  
peace

To scarlet indignation, and bedew  
Her pastures' grass with faithful English  
blood.

*R. II.*, III : 3. 704.



—Its three Attendants.

*Tal.* \* \* If you frown upon this prof-  
fer'd peace,  
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,  
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing  
fire;  
Who, in a moment, even with the earth  
Shall lay your stately and air-braving  
towers,  
If you forsake the offer of their love.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., IV: 2. 886.

—Its Uncertainty.

*K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the  
morning's war,  
When dying clouds contend with growing  
light;  
What time the shepherd, blowing off his nails,  
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night,  
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,  
Fore'd by the tide to combat with the wind;  
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea  
Fore'd to retire by the fury of the wind;  
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the  
wind;  
Now, one the better; then, another best;  
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,  
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:  
So is the equal poise of this fell war.  
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.  
To whom God will, there be the victory.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., II: 4. 967.

—Leaders in.

*K. John.* \* \*  
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there.

*K. J.*, I: 1. 646.

—Not always to be Suppressed.

*Lew.* \* \*  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of  
wars  
Between this chastis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this  
fire;  
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled  
it.  
You taught me how to look the face of  
right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,

Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
And come you now to tell me, John hath  
made

His peace with Rome? What is that peace  
to me?

I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for  
mine;

And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,  
Because that John hath made his peace with  
Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath  
Rome borne,

What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action? is 't not I,  
That undergo this charge? Who else but I,  
And such as to my claim are liable,  
Sweat in this business, and maintain this  
war?

*K. J.*, V: 2. 672.

—Paints in Blood.

*K. Phi.* \* \*  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and  
over-stain'd  
With slaughter's pencil! where revenge  
did paint  
The fearful difference of incensed kings.

*K. J.*, III: 1. 659.

—Preparation for.

*Alex.* \* \*  
And, like as there were husbandry in war,  
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,  
And to the field goes he; where every flow-  
er  
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw  
In Hector's wrath.

*T. C.*, I: 2. 1104.

—Quarrels Lead to.

*Plan.* \* \*  
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., II: 4. 876.

—Relentless.

*K. Hen.* \* \*  
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,  
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes  
me best,)  
If I begin the battery once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,  
Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;  
And the flesh'd soldier—rough and hard of  
heart—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range  
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like  
grass  
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering  
infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,—  
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of  
fiends,—

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell  
feats  
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

*H. V., III: 3. 833.*

—Savage.

*Pand. \* \**

And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*K. J., V: 2. 672.*

—Swords.

*York. \* \** Why have they dar'd to  
march  
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;  
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war.

*R. II., II: 3. 698.*

—Takes all Vantages.

*North. \* \**

It is war's prize to take all vantages:  
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

*H. VI., 3 pt., I: 4. 960.*

*Pand. \* \** Pick strong matter of re-  
volt, and wrath,  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

*K. J., III: 4. 663.*

—Things worse.

*Ber. \* \** War is no strife  
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

*A. W., II: 3. 508.*

—Threatened.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*K. J., II: 2. 654.*

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;

If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:  
And so, success of mischief shall be born;  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel  
up,

Whiles England shall have generation.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 2. 797.*

—Unprofitable.

*Boult.* What would you have me? go to  
the wars, would you? where a man may  
serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and  
have not money enough in the end to buy  
him a wooden one?

*P., IV: 6. 1666.*

—Uncertain.

*Ant. \* \**

Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war.

*J. C., III: 1. 1338.*

—Who Assume its Consequences

*Exe. \* \** On your head

Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans'  
cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens'  
groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.

*H. V., II: 4. 830.*

WARNING.—Cæsar's, against Brutus.

*Art.* Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of  
Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to  
Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus  
Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast  
wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in  
all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou  
be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives  
way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!  
Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

*J. C., II: 2. 1334.*

—Not Heeding a

*L. Macd.*

Whither should I fly?  
I have done no harm. But I remember  
now

I am in this earthly world, where to do  
harm

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime  
Accounted dangerous folly: why then,  
alas!

Do I put up that womanly defence,  
To say I have done no harm? What are  
these faces!

*Mur.* Where is your husband?

*L. Macd.* I hope, in no place so unsanctified,

Where such as thou may'st find him.

*Mur.* He's a traitor.

*Son.* Thou li'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

*Mur.* What, you egg?

Young fry of treachery?

*Son.* He has killed me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

*M.*, IV: 2. 1377.

### WARS.—Cleave the World.

*Octa.* \* \*

Wars 'twixt you twain would be

As if the world should cleave, and that  
slain men

Should solder up the rift.

*A. C.*, III: 4. 1560.

### WART.—"Thereby Hangs a Tale."

*Quick.* \* \* Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

*Fent.* Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

*Quick.* Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread;—We had an hour's talk of that wart.

*M. W.*, I: 4. 94.

### WATCHFULNESS.—Warlike.

*Grand.* \* \*

Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,  
With torch-staves in each hand.

*H. V.*, IV: 2. 844.

### WATCHMEN.—Dogberry's Idea of.

*Dogb.* \* \* You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

*2 Watch.* How if 'a will not stand?

*Dogb.* Why, then take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

*Verg.* If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

*Dogb.* True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects:—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

*2 Watch.* We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

*Dogb.* Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stol'n:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

*2 Watch.* How if they will not?

*Dogb.* Why, then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

*2 Watch.* Well, sir.

*Dogb.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

*2 Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

*Dogb.* Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

*Verg.* You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

*Dogb.* Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

*Verg.* If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

*2 Watch.* How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

*Dogb.* Why, then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when it bleats.

*Verg.* 'Tis very true.

*Dogb.* This is the end of the charge.

*M. A.*, III: 3. 240.

### WATER.—Weak, but honest.

*Apem.* \* \* \*

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner, Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire.

*T. A.*, I: 2. 1290.

### WEAKNESS.—A Woman's.

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise? Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit, That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint.

*J. C.*, II: 4. 1335.

## —Extreme.

*Tro.* \* \*

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,  
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;  
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,  
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

*T. C.*, I: 1. 1102.

## —Fits for Death.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*M. V.*, IV: 1. 383.

## —No Right to Rule.

*York.* \* \* Thou art not king;  
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,  
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a  
traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a  
crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,  
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.  
That gold must round engirt these brows of  
mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles'  
spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.

Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,  
And with the same to act controlling laws.

Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no  
more

O'er him, whom heaven created for thy  
ruler.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., V: 1. 943.

## —Strength in.

*Ulyss.* \* \* To end a tale of length,  
Troy in her weakness stands, not in her  
strength.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1109.

## WEALTH.—An Imposthume.

*Ham.* \* \*

This is the imposthume of much wealth and  
peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause  
without

Why the man dies.

*H.*, IV: 4. 1423.

## —Some, all in Blood.

*Bass.* \* \* Gentle lady,

When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins,—I was a gentleman;  
And then I told you true.

*M. V.*, III: 2. 379

## —The Burden of a Wooing.

*Pet.* Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such  
friends as we

Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou  
know

One rich enough to be Petrucio's wife,  
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing  
dance)

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,  
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd  
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse,  
She moves me not, or not removes, at  
least,

Affection's edge in me. Were she as  
rough

As are the swelling Adriatic seas;  
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;  
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

*T. S.*, I: 2. 458.

## WEARINESS.—An Impediment.

*Gon.* By 'r lakin, I can go no further,  
sir;

My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod,  
indeed,

Through forth-rights and meanders! by  
your patience,

I needs must rest me.

*Alon.* Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,  
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down and  
rest.

*T.*, III: 3. 24.

## —Can Snore upon Flint.

*Bel.* \* \* Come; our stomachs

Will make what's homely, savoury: Weari-  
ness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive  
sloth

Finds the down pillow hard.

*Cym.*, III: 6. 1612.



**WEEDS.—Robbers of the Soil.***Gard.* \* \*

You thus employ'd, I will go root away  
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck  
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

*R. II., III: 4. 706.***WEEPING.—Folly of.**

*Adr.* Come, come, no longer will I be  
a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,  
Whilst man and master laugh my woes to  
scorn.

*C. E., II: 2. 199.***WELCOME.—A general.**

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from  
his grace

Salutes ye all: This night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you: none here, he  
hopes,

In all this noble bevy, has brought with her  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As first-good company, good wine, good  
welcome

Can make good people.

*H. VIII., I: 4. 1063.***—An impotent.***Arth.* \* \*

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love.

*K. J., II: 1. 649.***—Contrasted with Farewell.**

*Ulyss.* \* \* Welcome ever smiles,

And farewell goes out sighing.

*T. C., III: 3. 1125.***—Gives Zest to a Feast.**

*Bal.* I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and  
your welcome dear.

*Ant. E.* O, signior Balthazar, either at  
flesh or fish,

A table full of welcome makes scarce one  
dainty dish.

*Bal.* Good meat, sir, is common; that  
every churl affords.

*Ant. E.* And welcome more common;  
for that's nothing but words.

*Bal.* Small cheer and great welcome  
make a merry feast.

*C. E., III: 1. 199.***—Hearty.**

*Val.* Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress,  
I beseech you

Confirm his welcome with some special fa-  
vour.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his wel-  
come hither.

*T. G., II: 4. 56.***—Nationality should Secure.**

*Tim.* I take no heed of thee; thou art  
an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself  
would have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat  
make thee silent.

*T. A., I: 2. 1290.***—To a Friend, Repeated.**

*Lady M.* \* \* The feast is sold,

That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a  
making,

'T is given with welcome: To feed, were  
best at home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is cere-  
mony,

Meeting were bare without it.

*M., III: 4. 1371.***WHIPPING.—For Jades.***Clo.* \* \*

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his  
jade;

The valiant heart's not whipped out of his  
trade.

*M. M., II: 1. 150.***WIFE.—A Light.***Por.* \* \*

For a light wife doth make a heavy hus-  
band.

*M. V., V: 1. 389.***—A Man's Chattels.***Pet.* \* \*

I will be master of what is mine own:

She is my goods, my chattels; she is my  
house,

My household-stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;

And here she stands, touch her whoever  
dare.

*T. S., III: 2. 470.*

## —A noble, Commended.

*K. Hen.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
That man i' the world, who shall report he  
has

A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,  
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wise-like govern-  
ment,—

Obeys in commanding,—and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee  
out,)

The queen of earthly queens.

*H. VIII., II: 4. 1073.*

## —A, to be Trusted.

*Page.* Ay, marry, does he. If he should  
intend this voyage toward my wife, I would  
turn her loose to him; and what he gets  
more of her than sharp words, let it lie on  
my head.

*M. W., II: 1. 97.*

## —A true.

*Q. Kath.* \* \*

In what have I offended you? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeas-  
ure,

That thus you should proceed to put me  
off,

And take your good grace from me? Heaven  
witness,

I have been to you a true and humble  
wife,

At all times to your will conformable:

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,

Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or  
sorry

As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire,

Or made it not mine too? Or which of your  
friends

Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine

That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I

Continue in my liking, nay, gave notice

He was from thence discharged? Sir, call  
to mind

That I have been your wife in this obedi-  
ence,

Upward of twenty years.

*H. VIII., II: 4. 1071.*

## —Acknowledged.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable  
wife;

As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.

*J. C., II: 1. 1332.*

## —An unequaled.

*Ant.* \* \* As for my wife,

I would you had her spirit in such another:

The third o' the world is yours; which with  
a snaffle

You may pace easy.

*A. C., II: 2. 1548.*

## —Her Influence over Cæsar.

*Cal.* \* \*

Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,

That keeps you in the house, and not your  
own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-  
house;

And he shall say, you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not  
well;

And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

*J. C., II: 2. 1333.*

## —Her Intuitions.

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been  
at peace to-night;

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried  
out,

"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!" Who's  
within?

*J. C., II: 2. 1332.*

## —Her Rights.

*K. Hen.* Arise, and take place by us:—  
Half your suit

Nevername to us; you have half our power:

The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;

Repeat your will, and take it.

*H. VIII., I: 2. 1060.*

## —Her Safety insured.

*K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon  
their frowns:

What danger, or what sorrow can befall  
thee,

So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

Unless they seek for hatred at my hands :  
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,  
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., IV : 1. 979.

#### —How defiled.

*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,

How I have lov'd my king, and common-weal :

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands ;

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard :

Noble she is ; but if she have forgot

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her, my bed, and company ;

And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,

That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., II : 1. 918.

#### —Needs Watching.

*Biron.* \* \*

What ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing ; ever out of frame ;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right ?

*L. L.*, III : 1. 282.

#### —Opposite Duties of a.

*Blanch.* The sun's o'er-cast with blood :  
Fair day, adieu !

Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both : each army hath a hand :

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win ;

Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive ;

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

*Lew.* Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

*Blanch.* There, where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

*K. J.*, III : 1. 660.

#### —Relation to her Husband.

*Kath.* \* \*

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance ; commits his body  
To painful labour, both by sea and land :  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
While thou li'st warm at home, secure and safe ;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,  
But love, fair looks, and true obedience, —  
Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
Even such a woman oweth to her husband :  
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen,  
sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,  
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,  
And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?

I am asham'd, that women are so simple  
To offer war, when they should kneel for  
peace ;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.  
Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and  
smooth,

Unapt to toil, and trouble in the world,  
But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,  
Should well agree with our external parts ?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms !  
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great ; my reason, haply, more,  
To bandy word for word, and frown for  
frown ;

But now, I see our lances are but straws :  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past  
compare, —

That seeming to be most, which we indeed  
least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot,  
And place your hands below your husband's  
foot ;

In token of which duty, if he please,  
My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

*T. S.*, V : 2. 484.

## —Separation from.

2 *Gent.* \* \* Did you not of late days  
hear  
A buzzing, of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;  
For when the king once heard it, out of  
anger

He sent command to the lord mayor, straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now: for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for cer-  
tain,

The king will venture at it. Either the car-  
dinal,

Or some about him near, have, out of  
malice

To the good queen, possessed him with a  
scruple

That will undo her.

*H. VIII.*, II: 1, 1067.

## —Sneered at.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful  
sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to  
take the wife of a man from him, it shows  
to man the tailors of the earth; comforting  
therein, that when old robes are worn out,  
there are members to make new. If there  
were no more women but Fulvia, then had  
you indeed a cut, and the case to be lament-  
ed: this grief is crowned with consolation;  
your old smock brings forth a new petti-  
coat;—and, indeed, the tears live in an  
onion, that should water this sorrow.

*A. C.*, I: 2, 1543.

## —Some have Power to Awe.

*Win.* Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art  
protector;  
And lookest to command the prince and  
realm,  
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in  
awe,  
More than God or religious churchmen  
may.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., I: 1, 864.

## —Unfaithful, Loathed.

*Oth.* \* \*  
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be—to loath her. O curse of mar-  
riage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures  
ours,  
And not their appetites.

*O.*, III: 3, 1513.

## —Younger than her Husband.

*Duke.* \* \* Let still the woman take  
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,  
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

*T. N.*, II: 4, 550.

## WILDNESS.—Youthful, a Disguise.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath  
the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen  
best,  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;  
And so the prince obscur'd his contempla-  
tion

Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by  
night,

Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

*H. V.*, I: 2, 820.

## WILL.—A blunt.

*Mar.* \* \*

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;  
Well fitted in arts, glorious in arms:  
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would  
well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss  
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil)  
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;  
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will  
still wills

It should none spare that come within his  
power.

*L. L.*, II: 1, 277.

## —A wicked Woman's.

*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

*Const.* Ay, who doubts that? a will! a  
wicked will;  
A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

*K. J.*, II: 1, 651.



## —Cæsar's, not to be Questioned.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know  
some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not  
come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

*J. C.*, II: 2. 1333.

## —Guided.

*Tro.* \* \*

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,  
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous  
shores

Of will and judgment.

*A. C.*, II: 2. 1114.

## —Imperative.

*Ant.* My will is something sorted with  
his wish:

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.

*T. G.*, I: 3. 51.

## —In the Old.

*Rick.* \* \*

And like rich hangings in a homely house,  
So was his will in his old feeble body.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., V: 3. 945.

## —Luck of a Resolved.

*Pro.* \* \*

And he wants wit, that wants resolved will  
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for  
better.

*T. G.*, II: 6. 58.

## —Swayed by Reason.

*Lys.* \* \*

The will of man is by his reason sway'd.

*M. N.*, II: 2. 329.

## —The Body's Gardener.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that  
we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gar-  
dens; to the which, our wills are gardeners:  
so that if we will plant nettles, or sow let-  
tuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; sup-  
ply it with one gender of herbs, or distract  
it with many; either to have it steril with  
idleness, or manured with industry; why,  
the power and corrigible authority of this  
lies in our wills.

*O.*, III: 3. 1498.

## WINCHESTER.—His Answer to Gloster.

*Win.* Gloster, I do defy thee. — Lords,  
vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,  
As he will have me, How am I so poor?

Or how haps it, I seek not to advance  
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted call-  
ing?

And for dissension, Who preferreth peace

More than I do, — except I be provok'd?

No, my good lords, it is not that offends;

It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:

It is, because no one should sway but he;

No one, but he, should be about the king;

And that engenders thunder in his breast,

And makes him roar these accusations  
forth.

*H. VI.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 878.

## WIND.—Its Power at Sea.

*Mon.* What from the cape can you dis-  
cern at sea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-  
wrought flood;

I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks, the wind hath spoke  
aloud at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:

If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on  
them,

Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear  
of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish  
fleet:

For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;

The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-  
strous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,

And quench the guards of the ever-fixed  
pole.

*O.*, II: 1. 1500.

## —The sweet Sound.

*Duke.* \* \* Like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing, and giving odour.

*T. N.*, I: 1. 540.

**WINE.—Drunk for the first time.**

*Ste.* He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit.

*T.*, II: 2. 20.

—(See Drunkenness.) "Let us call thee Devil."

*Cas.* \* \* Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustain with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

*O.*, II: 3. 1507.

—Tendered to Provoke a Quarrel.

*Achil.* I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,

Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow. —

Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

*T. C.*, V: 1. 1035.

**WINKING.—In Love.**

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink, and yield; as love is blind, and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning.

*H. V.*, V: 2. 856.

**WINTER.—Mid, its Signs.**

*Arm.* \* \*

When icicles hang by the wall,  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail,  
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
To-who;

Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note.  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 304.

**WISDOM.—Begotten by Antiquity.**

*Ulyss.* Instructed by the antiquary times; He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1118.

—Beyond Praise.

*Ulyss.* \* \* I will not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts.

*T. C.*, II: 3. 1118.

—Disguised, the brightest.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,

When it does tax itself: as these black masks

Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder

Than beauty could, displayed.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 155.

**WISH.—A dubious one.**

*Iago.* He is that he is: I may not breathe my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—

I would to heaven, he were.

*O.*, IV: 1. 1521.

—A malicious.

*Glend.* \* \* His cheek looks pale; and with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

*Hot.* And you in hell, as often as he hears

Owen Glendower spoken of.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 1. 744.

—Fathers Thought.

*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

*H.*, IV: 4. 803.

**WISHERS.—Always Fools.**

*Cleo.* \* \* Had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,

And sit thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—

Wishers were ever fools.

*A. C.*, IV: 13. 1575.

**WISHES.—Good, well Expressed.**

*Count.* Be thou blest, Bertram! and  
succeed thy father  
In manners, as in shape! thy blood, and  
virtue,  
Contend for empire in thee; and thy good-  
ness  
Share with thy birthright! Love all, trust  
a few,  
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy  
Rather in power than use; and keep thy  
friend  
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for  
silence,  
But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven  
more will,  
That thee may furnish, and my prayers  
pluck down,  
Fall on thy head!

*A. W., I: 1. 496.*

**WISHING.—Powerless.**

*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body  
in't,  
Which might be felt: that we, the poorer  
born,  
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,  
Might with effects of them follow our friends,  
And show what we alone must think; which  
never  
Returns us thanks.

*A. W., I: 1. 497.*

**WIT.—A foolish.**

*Clo.* \* \* Those wits that think they  
have thee do very oft prove fools; and I,  
that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a  
wise man: For what says Quinapalus?  
Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

*T. N., I: 5. 544.*

**—A voluble.**

*Ros.* \* \* But a merrier man,  
Within the limit of becoming mirth,  
I never spent an hour's talk withal:  
His eye begets occasion for his wit:  
For every object that the one doth catch,  
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;  
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)  
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,  
That aged ears play truant at his tales,  
And younger hearings are quite ravished,  
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

*L. L., II: 1. 277.*

**—Accommodating.**

*Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheverel, that  
stretches from an inch narrow to an ell  
broad!

*R. J., II: 4. 1255.*

**—Blunt.**

*Marg.* And yours as blunt as the fencer's  
foils, which hit, but hurt not.

*M. A., V: 2. 253.*

**—Cause of in Others.**

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to  
gird at me: The brain of this foolish-com-  
pounded clay, man, is not able to vent any  
thing that tends to laughter, more than I  
invent, or is invented on me: I am not  
only witty in myself, but the cause that  
wit is in other men.

*H. IV., 1 pt., I: 2. 776.*

**—Good.**

*Clo.* \* \* A sentence is but a cheveril  
glove to a good wit.

*T. N., III: 1. 554.*

**—Ignorant.**

*Fri.* \* \*

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,  
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
Is set on fire by thine own ignorance,  
And thou dismember'd with thine own de-  
fence.

*R. J., III: 3. 1264.*

**—Its seamy Side.**

*Emil.* \* \*

That turn'd your wit the seamy side with-  
out.

*O., IV: 2. 1523.*

**—Lesser, Swallowed.**

*Biron.* This jest is dry to me. Gentle  
sweet,  
Your wit makes wise things foolish; when  
we greet,  
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,  
By light we lose light: Your capacity  
Is of that nature, that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things  
but poor.

*L. L., V: 2. 298.*

**—Modest.**

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit, till I break my shins against it.

*A. Y., II: 4. 416.*

**—Profits by Everything.**

*Fal.* \* \* A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity.

*H. IV., 2 pt., I: 2. 778.*

**—Quarrelsome.**

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling; but, gentles, agree.

*L. L., II: 1. 279.*

**—Quick.**

*Bene.* Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

*M. A., V: 2. 253.*

**—Short-lived.**

*Prin.* Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.

*L. L., II: 1. 277.*

*Ther.* \* \* There were wit in this head, an't would out; and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking.

*T. C., III: 3. 1126.*

**—Some Needs Winding up.**

*Seb.* Look; he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

*T., II: 1. 15.*

**—Strength, no Proof of.**

*Ther.* Even so?—a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains.

*T. C., II: 1. 1113.*

**—True.**

*Arm.* Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick vney of wit: snip, snap, quick, and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

*L. L., V: 1. 292.*

**—Turned Fool, surely Caught.**

*Prin.* None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,  
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,  
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school,  
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,

As fool'ry in the wise, when wit doth dote;  
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,  
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*L. L., V: 2. 294.*

**—Women's Irrepressible.**

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*A. Y., IV: 1. 430.*

**—Youthful.**

*York.* \* \*

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;  
Because that I am little, like an ape,  
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,  
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:  
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

*R. III., III: 1. 1021.*

**WITCH.—Cruelty of a.**

*Pro.* This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:

And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,

By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years; within which space she dy'd,  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island

(Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with

A human shape.

*T., I: 2. 11.*



## —The Sailor's Curse.

1 *Witch.* \* \*

A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,  
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:

— "Give me," quoth I:

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon  
cries.

Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o'  
the Tiger:

But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.3 *Witch.* And I another.1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other;

And the very ports they blow,  
All the quarters that they know  
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay:

Sleep shall, neither night nor day,

Hang upon his pent-house lid;

He shall live a man forbid:

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,

Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:

Though his bark cannot be lost,

Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Show me, show me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

*M.*, I: 3. 1358.

## WITCHCRAFT.—Its Power.

*Glo.* \* \*

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine  
arm

Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up.

*R.* III, III: 4 1025.

## WITCHES.—Dealing with

*Buck.* \* \*

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—  
Under the countenance and confederacy  
Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,  
The ringleader and head of all this rout,—  
Have practis'd dangerously against your  
state,

Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:  
Whom we have apprehended in the fact;  
Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

Demanding of king Henry's life and death,  
And other of your highness' privy council,  
As more at large your grace shall under-  
stand.

*H.* VI., 2 pt., II: 1. 917.

## —Prophecies to Macbeth and Banquo.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can;—What are  
you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Glamis!2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee,  
thane of Cawdor!3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt  
be king hereafter.

\* \*

*Ban.* \* \* Speak then to me, who  
neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!2 *Witch.* Hail!3 *Witch.* Hail!1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and  
greater.2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though  
thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1 *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell  
me more:

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of  
Glamis;

But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor  
lives,

A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from  
whence

You owe this strange intelligence?

*M.*, I: 3. 1358.

## —That Meet Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!*All.* Paddock calls:—Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

*M.*, I: 1. 1357.

**WITLING.—A small.**

*Biron.* This fellow picks up wit, as  
pigeons peas,  
And utters it again when Jove doth please.  
He is wit's peddler, and retails his wares  
At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets,  
fairs :  
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth  
know,  
Hath not the grace to grace it with such  
show.

*L. L., V : 2. 297.*

**WIVES.—For what they Hold Sovereignty.**

*Boyet.* Do not curst wives hold that self-  
sovereignty  
Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be  
Lords o'er their lords?

*Prin.* Only for praise: and praise we  
may afford  
To any lady that subdues a lord.

*L. L., IV : 1. 283.*

**—Merry, but honest.**

*Mrs. Page.* \* \*  
We'll leave a proof, by that which we will  
do,  
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

*M. W., IV : 2. 112.*

**WOE.—Death, the supreme.**

*K. Rich.* \* \*  
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst un-  
fold.  
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was my  
care;  
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?  
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?  
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,  
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:  
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;  
They break their faith to God, as well as us:  
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;  
The worst is death, and death will have his  
day.

*R. II., III : 2. 701.*

**—Increased by Delay.**

*K. Rich.* So two, together weeping, make  
one woe.  
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee  
here;

Better far off, than — near, be ne'er the  
near.

Go, count thy way with sighs; I, mine with  
groans.

*Queen.* So longest way shall have the  
longest moans.

*K. Rich.* Twice for one step I'll groan,  
the way being short,  
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.  
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,  
Since, wedding it, there is such length in  
grief.

*R. II., V : 1. 712.*

**—Sympathy, useless.**

*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark! I under-  
stand her signs :  
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she  
say  
That to her brother which I said to thee;  
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this!  
As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

*Tit. And., III : 1. 1215.*

**WOES.—Accumulated.**

*Tit.* \* \*  
This way to death my wretched sons are  
gone;  
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;  
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;  
But that, which gives my soul the greatest  
spurn,  
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul. —  
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
It would have maddened me: What shall I do  
Now I behold thy lively body so?  
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;  
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd  
thee:  
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,  
Thy brothers are condemned, and dead by  
this.

*Tit. And., III : 1. 1215.*

**—Borne patiently.**

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing  
our woes,  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;  
Leaving free things, and happy shows, be-  
hind :

But then the mind much sufferance doth  
o'erskip,  
When grief hath mates, and bearing fel-  
lowship.  
How light and portable my pain seems now,  
When that, which makes me bend, makes  
the king bow.

*K. L.*, III: 6. 1468.

—Clustered.

*York.* \* \*

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,  
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.  
Sirrah,  
Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;  
Bid her send me presently a thousand  
pound:—

Hold, take my ring.

*Serv.* My lord, I had forgot to tell your  
lordship:

To-day, as I came by, I called there;—  
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

*York.* What is it, knave?

*Serv.* An hour before I came, the duch-  
ess died.

*York.* God for his mercy! what a tide of  
woes

Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

*R. II.*, II: 2. 696.

**WOLSEY.—Griffith's Character of.**

*Grif.* This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his  
cradle.

He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuad-  
ing:

Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as  
summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing,  
madam,

He was most princely: Ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in  
you,

Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with  
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,

So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his  
virtue.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little:  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
The man could give him, he died, fearing  
God.

*H. VIII.*, IV: 2. 1085.

—Katharine's Picture of.

*Kath.* So may he rest; his faults lie gen-  
tly on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak  
him,

And yet with charity,— He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by sug-  
gestion

Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair  
play;

His own opinion was his law: i' the pres-  
ence

He would say untruths; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning. He was  
never,

But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*H.*, VIII., IV: 2. 1084.

**WOMAN.—(See Wit.) A bad De-  
scribed.**

*York.* She-wolf of France, but worse  
than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's  
tooth!

\* \*

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee  
blush:

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom  
deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert  
thou not shameless.

\* \*

'T is beauty, that doth oft make women  
proud;

But, God he knows, thy share thereof is  
small:

'T is virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:

'T is government that makes them seem divine;

The want thereof makes thee abominable:

Thou art as opposite to every good,

As the Antipodes are unto us,

Or as the south to the septentrion.

O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!  
How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;

Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., I: 4. 961.

—A chaffless one, found.

*Iach.* \* \* The love I bear him

Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you

Unlike all others, chaffless.

*Cym.*, I: 7. 1598.

—A deservedly Famous.

*Bass.* \* \*

Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued

To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;

For the four winds blow in from every coast

Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

*M. V.*, I: 2. 363.

—A faulty, Incurable.

*Biron.* \* \*

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing; ever out of frame.

*L. L.*, III: 1. 282.

—A perfect.

*Aar.* \* \*

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,

And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.

*Tit. And.*, II: 1. 1207.

—A priceless.

*Val.* \* \* Why, man, she is mine own,

And I as rich in having such a jewel,

As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,

The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

*T. G.*, II: 4. 56.

—A virtuous, timid in Disguise.

*Vio.* I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

*T. N.*, III: 4. 560.

—A weeping, Defeated.

*K. Hen.* \* \*

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more:

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;

And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,

To strengthen and support king Edward's place.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., III: 1. 971.

—An incomparable one.

*Jes.* \* \*

Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,

And on the wager lay two earthly women,

And Portia one, there must be something else

Pawned with the other; for the poor rude world

Hath not her fellow.

*M. V.*, III: 5. 382.

—An ungallant Sneer at.

*Biron.* \* \*

With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes.

*L. L.*, III: 1. 282.

—An unwomanly, Loathed.

*Patr.* \* \*

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man

In time of action.

*T. C.*, III: 3. 1125.



## —At her worst.

*Kath.* \* \* \*

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

*T. S., V: 2. 484.*

## —Chaste and unmoved.

*Puc.* I must not yield to any rites of love,  
For my profession 's sacred from above:  
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,  
Then will I think upon a recompense.

*H. VI., 1 pt., I: 2. 867.*

## —Defending her own Honor.

*Her.* Since what I am to say must be  
but that

Which contradicts my accusation, and  
The testimony on my part no other  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce  
boot me

To say, "Not guilty;" mine integrity,  
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express  
it,

Be so receiv'd. But thus,—If powers di-  
vine

Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush, and tyranny  
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best  
know,  
(Whom least will seem to do so,) my past  
life

Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,  
As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern, though devis'd,  
And played, to take spectators: for behold  
me,—

A fellow of the royal bed, which owe  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's  
daughter,  
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here  
standing,

To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I  
prize it,

As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for  
honour,

'T is a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. I appeal

To your own conscience, sir, before Polix-  
enes

Came to your court, how I was in your  
grace,

How merited to be so; since he came,  
With what encounter so uncurent I  
Have strain'd, t' appear thus: if one jot be-  
yond

The bound of honour; or, in act or will,  
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry Fie! upon my grave!

*W. T., III: 2. 594.*

## —Disappointment of an ambitious.

*Q. Mar.* \* \* \* I stood upon the hatches  
in the storm:

And when the dusky sky began to rob  
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's  
view,

I took a costly jewel from my neck,—  
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—  
And threw it towards thy land; the sea re-  
ceiv'd it;

And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:  
And even with this, I lost fair England's  
view,

And bid mine eyes be packing with my  
heart:

And call'd them blind and dusky specta-  
cles,

For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.  
How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue  
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy,)

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,  
When he to madding Dido, would unfold  
His father's acts, commenc'd in burning  
Troy?

Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not  
false like him?

Ah me, I can no more? Die, Margaret!  
For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so  
long.

*H. VI., 2 pt., III: 2. 927.*

## —Easily deceived.

*Tio.* \* \* \*

How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we.

*T. N., II: 2. 548.*

**—Her changeableness.**

*Ros.* Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her.

*Orl.* For ever, and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever! No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen: more clamorous than a parrot against rain: more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

*A. Y., IV: 1. 430.*

**—Her frailty.**

*Duke.* \* \*

For women are as roses, whose fair flower,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*T. N., II: 4. 551.*

**—Her Pleadings.**

*Cor.* \* \* Ladies, you deserve  
To have a temple built you: all the swords  
In Italy, and her confederate arms,  
Could not have made this peace.

*C., V: 3. 1190.*

**—Heroic Defense of her Honor.**

*Her.* Sir,

You speak a language that I understand  
not:

My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I'll lay down.

\* \*

Sir, spare your threats;  
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.

To me can life be no commodity:  
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,  
But know not how it went: My second joy,  
And first fruits of my body, from his presence

I am barr'd, like one infectious: my third comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,  
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,

Hal'd out to murder: Myself on every post

Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred,

The childbed privilege deny'd, which 'longs  
To women of all fashion: Lastly, hurried  
Here to this place, i' the open air, before  
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,  
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.

But yet hear this; mistake me not;—No life,

I prize it not a straw:—but for mine honour,

(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd

Upon surmises; all proofs sleeping else,  
But what your jealousies awake; I tell you

'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,

I do refer me to the oracle;

Apollo be my judge.

*W. T., III: 2. 594, 595.*

**—Made to be Wooed.**

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won;  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

*Tit. And., II: 1. 1208.*

**—Of infinite Variety.**

*Eno.* Never; he will not;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety: Other women  
Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry,  
Where most she satisfies.

*A. C., II: 2. 1551.*

**—Passions weaker than Man's.**

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate, —  
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much: make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me,  
And that I owe Olivia.

*T. N.*, II: 4. 551.

— **Prized according to Worth.**

*Tro.* Grecian, thou dost not use me  
courteously,  
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,  
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
I charge thee, use her well, even for my  
charge;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost  
not,  
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy  
guard,  
I'll cut thy throat.

*T. C.*, IV: 4. 1131.

— **Shallow and changeable.**

*Clo.* \* \* A woman's fitness comes by  
fits.

*Cym.*, IV: 1. 1614.

— **Shallow and changeable.**

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I be tempted of the devil  
thus?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to  
do good.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I forget myself, to be  
myself?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if your self's remem-  
brance wrong yourself.

*Q. Eliz.* But thou didst kill my chil-  
dren.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb  
I bury them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall  
breed

Selves of themselves, to your recomfort-  
ure.

*Q. Eliz.* Shall I go win my daughter to  
thy will?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the  
deed.

*Q. Eliz.* I go. — Write to me very  
shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her  
mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss,  
and so farewell. [*Exit Q. Eliz.*]  
Relenting fool, and shallow, changing —  
woman!

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1039.

— **Source of all Evil.**

*Post.* \* \* Could I find out  
The woman's part in me! For there's no  
motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving,  
hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, dis-  
dain,  
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell  
knows,  
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:  
For even to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that.

*Cym.*, II: 4. 1604.

— **Tital to, uncertain.**

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours:  
but, you know, strange fowl light upon  
neighbouring ponds. Your right may be  
stolen, too: so, of your brace of unprizable  
estimations, the one is but frail, and the  
other casual.

*Cym.*, I: 5. 1593.

**WOMANLINESS. — Laid aside.**

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,  
(The handmaids of all women, or, more  
truly,  
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish cour-  
age;  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarrellous as the weasel; nay, you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!  
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:  
I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Cym.*, III: 4. 1609.

**WOMEN.—Angels.**

*Cres.* \* \* Women are angels wooing.

*T. C., I: 2. 1107.*

**—Beautiful, must be won.**

*Suf.* How canst thou tell, she will deny  
thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love?

*Mar.* Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

*Suf.* She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd.

She is a woman; therefore to be won.

*H. VI., 1 pt., V: 3. 893.*

**—Falstaff's Opinion of.**

*Nym.* They say, he cried out of sack.

*Quick.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils incarnate.

*Quick.* 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked.

*Boy.* 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

*Quick.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women: but then he was rheumatic; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

*H. V., II: 3. 828.*

**—Fickle.**

*Laf.* This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off' and on at pleasure.

*A. W., V: 3. 529.*

**—Good, their Scarcity.**

*Clo.* One good woman in ten, madam, which is purifying a' the song: 'Would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe woman, if I were the parson: One in ten, quoth a'! an' we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere a' pluck one.

*A. W., I: 3. 499.*

**—How Men are Ruled by.**

*Glo.* Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—

'T is not the king, that sends you to the Tower;

My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 't is she, That tempers him to this extremity.

Was it not she, and that good man of worship,

Antony Woodville, her brother there, That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,

From whence this present day he is deliver'd?

We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

*Clar.* By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.

Heard you not, what an humble suppliant Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

\* \*

We speak no treason, man;—We say, the king

Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous;

We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot, A cherry lip,

A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue; And the queen's kindred are made gentle-

folks:

How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

*R. III., I: 1. 1002.*

**—Iago's Description of.**

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended, Players in your housewifery, and house-

wives in your beds.

*O., II: 1. 1501.*

**—Must Speak what they Think.**

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*A. Y., III: 2. 423.*

**—Should Appear what they are.**

*Ang.* \* \* Be that you are,

That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;

If you be one, (as you are well express'd

By all external warrants,) show it now,

By putting on the destin'd livery.

*M. M., II: 4. 155.*



## —Softness of.

*Isab.* \* \* We are soft as our complexions are.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 155.

## —The rarest of all.

*Gent.* Women will love her, that she is a woman,  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*W. T.*, V: 1. 612.

## —Their frailty.

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

*M. M.*, II: 4. 155.

*Duke.* \* \*

For women are as roses, whose fair flower,  
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*T. N.*, II: 4. 551.

## —Their Power as Pleadere.

*Lucio.* \* \*

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
Men give like gods.

*M. M.*, I: 5. 148.

## —Their power of Raillery.

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,  
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 296.

## —Their Proximity dangerous.

*Biron.*

Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court.

\* \*

A dangerous law against gentility.

*L. L.*, I: 1. 272.

## —Their Vows no Bondage.

*Post.* \* \*

Where there's another man: The vows of women

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—

O, above measure false!

*Cym.*, II: 4. 1603.

## —Warlike.

*Bast.* \* \*

Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change.

*K. J.*, V: 2. 673.

## —Weak, when in Want.

*Cæs.* \* \* Women are not,

In their best fortunes, strong; but want will perjure

The ne'er-touch'd vestal.

*A. C.*, III: 10. 1565.

## WOOING.—A Murderer's, Resented.

*Q. Eliz.* Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1036.

## —By Proxy.

*Suf.* As by your high imperial majesty

I had in charge at my depart for France,

As procurator to your excellence,

To marry princess Margaret for your grace;  
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,—

In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,  
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne,  
and Alençon,

Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—

I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:  
And humbly now upon my bended knee;  
In sight of England and her lordly peers,  
Deliver up my title in the queen.

*H. VI.*, 2 pt., I: 1. 907.

—Directions for.

*Val.* Win her with gifts, if she respect  
not words;

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words, do move a woman's  
mind.

*Duke.* But she did scorn a present that  
I sent her.

*Val.* A woman sometime scorns what  
best contents her:  
Send her another; never give her o'er;  
For scorn at first makes after-love the  
more.

If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,  
But rather to beget more love in you:  
If she do chide, 't is not to have you  
gone;

For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.  
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say:  
For "get you gone," she doth not mean  
"away!"

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their  
graces;

Though ne'er so black, say they have angels'  
faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no  
man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

*T. G.*, III: 1. 60.

—In Haste.

*Kath.* \* \*

To be noted for a merry man,  
He 'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of mar-  
riage,

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the  
banns;

Yet never means to wed where he hath  
woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katha-  
rine,

And say, — "Lo, there is mad Petrucio's  
wife,

If it would please him come and marry  
her."

*T. S.*, III: 2. 467.

—In Rhyme.

*Biron.* \* \* \*

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's  
song.

*L. L.*, V: 2. 298.

—Infamous.

*Glo.* \* \*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her, — but I will not keep her  
long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband, and his  
father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;  
With curses in her mouth, tears in her  
eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;  
With God, her conscience, and these bars  
against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,  
But the plain devil, and dissembling  
looks,

And yet to win her, — all the world to noth-  
ing!

*R. III.*, I: 2. 1006.

—Petruchio's, original.

*Pet.* I will attend her here, —

And woo her with some spirit when she  
comes.

Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her  
plain

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I'll say she looks as  
clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a  
word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her  
thanks

As though she bid me stay by her a week;

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the banns, and when be  
married.

*T. S.*, II: 1. 463.

—Variety in.

*The.* \* \*

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,

And won thy love, doing thee injuries;

But I will wed thee in another key,

With pomp, with triumph, and with revel-  
ling.

*M. N.*, I: 1. 321.

## —With what Followed.

*Beat.* \* \* Hero; Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sinks into his grave.

*M. A., II: 1. 230.*

**WORD.—Ill, Poisons Liking.**

*Hero.* \* \* One doth not know  
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

*M. A., III: 1. 233.*

## —Power of one.

*Boling.* How long a time lies in one little word!  
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,  
End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

*R. II., I: 3. 690.*

**WORDINESS.—Deafening.**

*Aust.* What cracker is this same, that  
deafs our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

*K. J., II: 1. 651.*

## —Woman's, dangerous.

*Edw.* A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,  
To make this shameless callet know herself. —

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,  
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;  
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd  
By that false woman, as this king by thee.  
His father revell'd in the heart of France,  
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,  
He might have kept that glory to this day:  
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,  
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal day;  
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,  
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,  
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept.

*H. VI., 3 pt., II: 2. 966.*

**WORDS.—Abundant.**

*Lor.* O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickys word

Defy the matter.

*M. V., III: 5. 382.*

## —Before Blows.

*Bru.* Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"

*Cas.* Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too:

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*J. C., V: 1. 1348.*

## —Bitter.

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Tit. And., I: 2. 1205.*

## —Bold, become Wounds.

*Dun.* So well thy words become thee as thy wounds:

They smack of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.

*M., I: 2. 1358.*

## —Defiant, Ridiculed.

*Bast.* \* \* Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks,  
and seas;  
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke,  
and bounce;  
He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,  
But buffets better than a fist of France:  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with  
words,  
Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.  
*K. J., II: 2. 654.*

## —Dying, Enforce Attention.

*Gaunt.* O, but they say, the tongues of  
dying men  
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:  
Where words are scarce, they are seldom  
spent in vain;  
For they breathe truth, that breathe their  
words in pain.  
*R. II., II: 1. 692.*

## —Fitting.

*Paul.* \* \* I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true.  
*W. T., II: 3. 591.*

## —Honest plain.

*Biron.* Honest plain words best pierce  
the ear of grief.  
*L. L., V: 2. 302.*

## —Immodest.

*War.* 'T is needful, that the most im-  
modest word  
Be look'd upon, and learn'd: Which once  
attain'd,  
Your highness knows, comes to no further  
use,  
But to be known, and hated.  
*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 4. 801.*

## —In Excess.

*Cost.* I marvel thy master hath not  
eaten thee for a word, for thou art not so  
long by the head as *honorificabilitudinita-*  
*tibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-  
dragon.  
*L. L., V: 1. 292.*

*Sil.* A fine volley of words, gentlemen,  
and quickly shot off.

*Val.* 'T is indeed, madam; we thank  
the giver.

*Sil.* Who is that, servant?

*Val.* Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave  
the fire: Sir Thurio borrows his wit from  
your ladyship's looks, and spends what he  
borrows kindly in your company.

*Thu.* Sir, if you spend word for word  
with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

*Val.* I know it well, sir: you have an  
exchequer of words, and, I think, no other  
treasure to give your followers; for it ap-  
pears, by their bare liveries, that they live  
by your bare words.  
*T. G., II: 4. 55.*

## —Instead of Bullets.

*K. John.* \* \*  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
They shoot but calm words, folded up in  
smoke.  
*K. J., II: 1. 652.*

## —Mere empty.

*Tro.* Words, words, mere words, no mat-  
ter from the heart;  
The effect doth operate another way. —  
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change  
together. —  
My love with words and errors still she  
feeds;  
But edifies another with her deeds.  
*T. C., V: 3. 1140.*

*Clo.* \* \* words are grown so false,  
I am loth to prove reason with them.  
*T. N., III: 1. 554.*

*King.* \* his plausible words  
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,  
To grow there, and to bear.  
*A. W., I: 2. 498.*

## —No Garb of Wisdom.

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.  
*Ther.* 'T is no matter; I shall speak as  
much as thou, afterwards.  
*T. C., II: 1. 1113.*

## —None for Villains.

*Macd.* I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier  
villain  
Than terms can give thee out!  
*M., V: 7. 1385.*



## —Power of Uttering.

*Serv.* \* \*

He utters them as he had eaten ballads,  
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

*W. T.*, IV: 3. 603.

## —Right, medicinal.

*Paul.*

Not so hot, good sir;  
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as  
you,—

That creep like shadows by him, and do  
sigh

At each his needless heavings,—such as  
you

Nourish the cause of his awaking: I

Do come with words as medicinal as true;

Honest as either; to purge him of that  
humour

That presses him from sleep.

*W. T.*, II: 3. 591.

## —Sweet.

*Cas.* \* \*

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*T. C.*, V: 1. 1343.*North.* \* \*

And yet your fair discourse hath been as  
sugar,

Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

*R. II.*, II: 3. 697.

## —Their Power.

*Gaunt.* \* \*

Where words are scarce, they are seldom  
spent in vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their  
words in pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more  
Than they whom youth and ease have taught

to glose;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their  
lives before:

The setting sun, and music at the close,

As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 692.

## —Utterer gives them Character.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a choleric  
word,

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

*M. M.*, II: 2. 153.

## —Windy Attornies.

*Q. Eliz.* Windy attornies to their client  
woes,

Airy succeders of intestate joys,

Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they  
do impart

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*R. III.*, IV: 4. 1035.

## —Wise.

*Tro.* Well know they what they speak,  
that speak so wisely.

*T. C.*, III: 2. 1122.

## WORK.—Baseness.

*Fer.* \* \* My sweet mistress

Weeps, when she sees me work; and says,  
such baseness

Had never like executor.

*T.*, III: 1. 21.

## WORLD.—A Stage.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world,  
Gratiano;

A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*M. V.*, I: 1. 362.

## —Its End.

*Pro.* \* \*

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous pal-  
aces,

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a wreck behind.

*T.*, IV: 1. 28.

## —Sick of its Falsity.

*Tim.* \* \*

I am sick of this false world; and will  
love nought

But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may  
beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,  
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

*T. A.*, IV: 3. 1309.

**WORMS.—The End of Man.**

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper? Where?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.

*H.* IV, 3. 1422.

**WORST.—To be Shown first.**

*Ulyss.* \* \*

Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,

And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,  
The lustre of the better shall exceed,

By showing the worse first.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1111.

**WORTHLESSNESS.—Of Grecian Dames.**

*Ene.* \* \*

The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

*T. C.*, I: 3. 1110.

**WOUND.—A small, fatal.**

*Mer.* \* \* But 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*R. J.*, III: 1. 1239.

**WOUNDS.—Cæsar's three-and-twenty.**

*Oct.* \* \* I draw a sword against conspirators:

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds  
Be well aveng'd.

*J. C.*, V: 1. 1348.

**—Disprove Treason.**

*Hot.* \* \*

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

Never did bare and rotten policy

Colour her working with such deadly wounds,

Nor never could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly;

Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 3. 732.

**—Honorable, Graves.**

*Vol.* O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for 't.

*Men.* So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings 'a victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

*Vol.* On 's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

\* \*

*Men.* True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! Marcus is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

*Vol.* I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

*Men.* One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

*Vol.* He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

*Men.* Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave.

*C.*, II: 1. 1161.

**—In front.**

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he! Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death.

*M.*, V: 7. 1385.

**—Not Felt in War.**

*P. Hen.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:

And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive

The prince of Wales from such a field as this.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., V: 4. 760.

**—Of Soldiers, have Claims.**

*Alcib.* \* \*

Rich only in large hurts:—All those, for this?

Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate

Pours into captains' wounds? Ha! banishment?

It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'T is honour, with most lands to be at odds;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as  
gods.

*T. A., III: 5. 1302.*

#### WRINKLES.—Falstaff's.

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away  
vilely since this last action? do I not bate?  
do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs  
about me like an old lady's loose gown; I  
am wither'd like an old apple-John.

*H. IV., III: 3. 749.*

#### —Wrought by Time.

*Æge.* Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since  
you saw me last;  
And careful hours, with Time's deformed  
hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in my face,  
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my  
voice?

*C. E., V: 1. 212.*

#### WRONG.—Elements Employed to Punish.

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom  
destiny  
(That hath to instrument this lower world,  
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caus'd to belch up you, and on this  
island,  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst  
men  
Being most unfit to live. I have made you  
mad;  
And even with such-like valour, men hang  
and drown  
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my  
fellows  
Are ministers of fate; the elements,  
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as  
well  
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-  
at stabs  
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
One dowe that 's in my plume; my fellow-  
ministers

Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
Your swords are now too massy for your  
strengths,

And will not be uplifted. But, remember,  
(For that's my business to you,) that you  
three

From Milan did supplant good Prospero:  
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit  
it,

Him and his innocent child: for which foul  
deed

The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the  
creatures,

Against your peace. Thee, of thy son,  
Alonso,

They have bereft; and do pronounce, by  
me,

Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death  
Can be at once) shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard  
you from

(Which here in this most desolate isle, else  
falls

Upon your heads) is nothing but heart's  
sorrow,

And a clear life ensuing.

*T., III: 3. 25.*

#### —The Doing of, bitter.

*Lew.* There 's nothing in this world can  
make me joy:

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet  
world's taste,

That it yields naught, but shame and bitter-  
ness.

*K. J., III: 4. 663.*

#### WRONGS.—Great, a Whetstone.

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your  
sword: let grief

Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, en-  
rage it.

*M., IV: 3. 1380.*

#### —Heaven must Avenge its Own.

*Gaunt.* \* \*

Let heaven revenge; for I may never lift  
An angry arm against his minister.

*R. II., I: 2. 687.*

**—Not Self.**

*York.* My lords of England, let me tell  
you this, —

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,  
And labour'd all I could to do him right :  
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,  
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,  
To find out right with wrong, — it may not be.

*R. II., II: 3. 699.*

**—Ought to be Listened to.**

*Ajch.* \* \*

When we are wrong'd, and would unfold  
our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person,  
Even by those men that most have done us  
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
(Whose memory is written on the earth,  
With yet-appearing blood,) and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms :  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

*H. IV., 2 pt., IV: 1. 795.*

**—Sympathy for.**

*Bru.* \* \*

Mine's not an idle cause: the duke him-  
self,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 't were their  
own ;  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen  
be.

*O., I: 2. 1494.*

**—To be redressed.**

*Plan.* \* \*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,  
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort : —  
And, for those wrongs, those bitter inju-  
ries,  
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house, —  
I doubt not, but with honour to redress :  
And therefore haste I to the parliament ;  
Either to be restored to my blood,  
Or make my ill the advantage of my  
good.

*H. VI., 1 pt., II: 5. 877.*

## Y

**YESTERDAYS.—Lights Fools to  
Death.**

*Macb.* \* \*

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.

*M., V: 5. 1384.*

**YIELDING.—In Desperation.**

*Ant. S.* Am I in earth, in heaven, or in  
hell?

Sleeping, or waking? mad, or well-ad-  
vis'd?

Known unto these, and to myself dis-  
guis'd!

I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

*C. E., II: 2. 199.*

**YOUTH.—A Model.**

*Val.* \* \*

Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,  
Made use and fair advantage of his days ;  
His years but young, but his experience old ;  
His head unmellowed, but his judgment  
riper ;

And, in a word, (for far behind his worth  
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)  
He is complete in feature, and in mind,  
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

*T. G., II: 4. 55.*

**—Bragging, Counterfeiting.**

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa ; but in such a  
habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished



With that we lack. I'll hold thee any  
wager,  
When we are both accounted like young  
men,  
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
And speak, between the change of man and  
boy,  
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing  
steps  
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,  
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint  
lies,  
How honourable ladies sought my love,  
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;—  
I could not do withal: then I'll repent,  
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd  
them:  
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
That men shall swear I have discontinued  
school  
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my  
mind  
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging  
Jacks,  
Which I will practise.

*M. V., III: 4. 381.*

—Carelessness becoming to.

*King.* \* \* For youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery it wears,  
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds.

*H., IV: 7. 1427.*

*Ant.* To him again: Tell him, he wears  
the rose  
Of youth upon him; from which, the world  
should note  
Something particular.

*A. C., III: 11. 1565.*

—Frivolous.

*Por.* \* \*

Such a hare is madness, the youth, to  
skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the  
cripple.

*M. V., I: 2. 363.*

*Cleo.* My sallad days;  
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in  
blood,  
To say as I said then!—

*A. C., I: 5. 1547.*

*York.* \* \*

The open ear of youth doth always listen;  
Report of fashions in proud Italy;  
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation  
Limps after, in base imitation.  
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,  
(So it be new, there's no respect how  
vile,)

That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?  
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,  
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

*R. II., II: 1. 692.*

—Its Beauties.

*Tro.* \* \* Whose youth and freshness  
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the  
morning.

*T. C., II: 2. 1114.*

*Laer.* \* \*

In the morn and liquid dew of youth.

*H., I: 3. 1397.*

—Its Degeneracy.

*King.* I would I had that corporal sound-  
ness now,  
As when thy father and myself, in friend-  
ship,  
First tried our soldiership! He did look  
far  
Into the service of the time, and was  
Disciplined of the bravest: he lasted long;  
But on us both did haggish age steal on,  
And wore us out of act. It much repairs  
me

To talk of your good father: In his youth  
He had the wit, which I can well observe  
To-day in our young lords; but they may  
jest

Till their own scorn return to them un-  
noted,

Ere they can hide their levity in honour,  
So like a courtier: contempt nor bitterness  
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they  
were,

His equal had awak'd them; and his hon-  
our,

Clock to itself, knew the true minute  
when

Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,  
His tongue obey'd his hand: who were be-  
low him,

He us'd as creatures of another place;  
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low  
     ranks,  
 Making them proud of his humility,  
 In their poor praise he humbled. Such a  
     man  
 Might be a copy to these younger times;  
 Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate  
     them now  
 But goes backward.

*A. W.*, I: 2. 498.

—**Its Vices Redeemed.**

*P. Hen.* \* \*

So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
 And pay the debt I never promised,  
 By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;  
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more  
     eyes,  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I  
     will.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., I: 2. 730.

—**Sins of, Exaggerated.**

*P. Hen.* So please your majesty, I would,  
     I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
 As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge  
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal:

Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd, —  
 Which oft the ear of greatness needs must  
     hear, —  
 By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmon-  
     gers,  
 I may, for some things true, wherein my  
     youth  
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
 Find pardon on my true submission.

*H. IV.*, 1 pt., III: 2. 947.

—**To be Dealt with mildly.**

*York.* The king is come: deal mildly  
 with his youth;  
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage  
     the more.

*R. II.*, II: 1. 692.

—**Will not Endure.**

*Clo.* O mistress mine, where are you roaming,  
 O stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
     That can sing both high and low:  
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
     Every wise man's son doth know.

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
 Present mirth hath present laughter;  
     What's to come is still unsure:  
 In delay there lies no plenty;  
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
     Youth's a stuff will not endure.

*T. N.*, II: 3. 548.

# Z

**ZEAL.—Only Needs a Signal.**

*K. Edw.* Brave followers, yonder stands  
     the thorny wood,  
 Which, by the heavens' assistance, and your  
     strength,  
 Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.  
 I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:  
 Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

*H. VI.*, 3 pt., V: 4. 989.

**ZED.—Surplusage.**

*Kent.* \* \* Zed! thou unnecessary let-  
     ter!

*K. L.*, II: 2. 1456.

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# GLOSSARY.

## ABBREVIATIONS.

<i>Ang. Sax.</i> , Anglo Saxon.	<i>O. Eng.</i> , Old English.	<i>Fr.</i> , French.
<i>Ger.</i> , German.	<i>Obs.</i> , Obsolete.	<i>Goth.</i> , Gothic.
<i>Heb.</i> , Hebrew.	<i>Vul.</i> , Vulgarism.	<i>Lat.</i> , Latin.
<i>O. Fr.</i> , Old French.	<i>Col.</i> , Colloquial.	<i>Span.</i> , Spanish.

A-BIRDING, hawking.	BASILISK, a fabulous serpent.
ÆILARDS, a peculiar glance of the eye.	BASTA, enough.
AFFECT THE LETTER, to alliterate.	BASTARD, common sweet wine.
AFFIN'D, related to.	BATE, flutter.
AGATE, anything diminutive.	BATTALIA, the order of battle.
AGLET-BABY, image on a tag of lace.	BAVIN, brushwood burning quickly.
AGNIZE, to avow.	BEADSMEN, priests.
ALDER-LIEFEST, dearest of all.	BEARING-CLOTH, rich mantle to carry to baptism.
ALEVEN, ( <i>Vul.</i> ) for eleven.	BEING FAP, ( <i>Vul.</i> ) intoxicated.
ALL-AMORT, quite dispirited.	BELDAM, grandmother.
ALL-CLINQUANT, glittering, shining.	BE-METE, measure.
ALMS-DRINK, drank to relieve another.	BE-MOVED, persuaded.
AMAIMON, chief devil.	BESTRAUGHT, mad, distracted.
AMES-ACE, the lowest throw.	BEZONIAN, a scoundrel.
ANCHOR'S CHEER, hermit's cheer.	BILBERRIES, whortleberries.
ANTHROPOPHAGINIAN, one who eats human flesh.	BILBO, a sword.
APPEACHED, impeached.	BISSON, blind.
AQUA-VITÆ, not brandy, but usquebaugh.	BITE UPON NECESSITY, go to the wars when needful.
ARGOSIES, ships of great burthen.	BLENCH, start, or fly off.
ARMIPOTENT, all-powerful.	BLISTERED BREECHES, puffed out.
AROINT, ( <i>Ang. Sax.</i> ) away, run.	BODG'D, probably boggled.
ARRAS, tapestry.	BOHEMIAN TARTAR, one of wild, strange appearance.
ARTS-MAN, a man of art.	BOLTERED, smeared.
ASSINEGO, an ass.	BONA-ROBAS, ladies of pleasure.
ASTRINGER, a falconer.	BONNY PRISER, prize-fighter.
AT-HIS-VERY-LOSE, the moment the arrow is loosed.	BOSHY, shrubby, woody.
ATOMIES, old form, atoms.	BOURN, a limit; a rivulet or brook.
AYE, ever, always.	BRACH, female hound.
BACCARE! go back, retire.	BRAVERY, fine dress.
BALK, argue.	BREAK UP THIS CAPON, carve.
BANBURY-CHEESE, a very thin cheese.	BREAK WITH HIM, cease talking with him.
BARBASON, the name of a demon.	BREED-BATE, causer of strife.
BARM, yeast.	



- BREW, draw.  
 BRIB'D, stolen,  
 BRIZE, house or gad fly.  
 BROWN AND WHITE BASTARD, mixed wines.  
 BUCKRAM, a stiff cloth.  
 BUCK-WASHING, beating clothes on a board.  
 BULLY-ROOK, (*Vul.*) sharper.  
 BUNTING, a bird resembling lark  
 BURN DAYLIGHT, waste no time.  
 BUSSING, kissing.  
 BUZ, term of greatest contempt.  
 BY COCK AND PYE, (*Vul.*) an oath, being  
     a corruption of the name of Deity and  
     Pie, the sacred book of offices.  
 BY GIS, probably a corruption of Jesus.  
 BY MY HALIDOM, (*Ang. Sax.*) haligdom,  
     sacrament.  
 BY THE ROOD, image of Christ on the cross.  
 BYRLAKIN, (*Col.*) by our lady's kin.  
 CACODÆMON, evil spirit.  
 CADENT, falling.  
 CADDIS, coarse serge; worsted ribbon.  
 CAIN-COLORED, yellow.  
 CALIVER, an arm lighter than a musket.  
 CALLET, a scold, a drab.  
 CANARY, a quick dance.  
 CANDLE WASTERS, (*Vul.*) for students.  
 CANKER-BLOSSOM, a worm that eats the  
     heart of buds.  
 CANKER IN A HEDGE, a dog rose.  
 CANTLET, a corner.  
 CANZONET, a short song.  
 CAP-A-PIE, from head to foot.  
 CAPRIOIC, caprice.  
 CARACKS, Spanish galleons.  
 CARBONADO, to cut or hack.  
 CARDECUE, fourth part of a crown.  
 CARKANET, a necklace.  
 CARLOT, (*Ang. Sax.*) bondman.  
 CARP, to censure.  
 CARRION, (*Vul.*) a term of contempt.  
 CASE, (*Vul.*) skin.  
 CASQUE, a helmet.  
 CASSOCK, a soldier's loose coat.  
 CATAIAN, (*Vul.*) sharper.  
 CATES, dainties.  
 CAUTELOUS, dejected, treacherous.  
 CAVETO, a hollowed molding.  
 CAVIARE, roes of fish, a luxury.  
 CEASE, extinction.  
 CENSER, perfuming pan.  
 CHAFE, to rage.  
 CHAPMEN, merchants.  
 CHARACTERY, writing by strange marks.  
 CHARE, a task.  
 CHARLES' WAIN, the constellation of the bear.  
 CHARNECO, sweet wine.  
 CHAUDRON, entrails.  
 CHEVERIL, a glove of kid.  
 CHEWET, a noisy chattering bird.  
 CHILDIS, productive.  
 CHOPINE, high shoe or clog.  
 CHOUGH, jack-daw.  
 CINCTURE, a belt.  
 CITAL, reproof.  
 CLACK-DISH, beggar's box with loose lid.  
 CLAPPER-CLAW, to beat.  
 CLINQUANT, glittering.  
 COCKLE, a small velvet cap.  
 COCK-SHUT-TIME, twilight.  
 COCYTUS, a river of Epirus.  
 COG, to talk to no purpose; to load dice.  
 COIGNE, corner-stone; a jutting point.  
 COLLIED, smutted with coal.  
 COLLOP, a piece of flesh.  
 COLOQUINTIDA, pith of a species of cucumber.  
 COMMODITY, interest or selfishness; things  
     bought of usurers.  
 COMMONTY, comedy.  
 COMPASSED-WINDOW, a circular or bow.  
 COMPTIBLE, accountable.  
 CON, to give.  
 CONEY-CATCHING, cheating.  
 CONSTER, to construe.  
 CONVERTITE, convert.  
 COPATAIN-HAT, a high sugar loaf hat.  
 COPE, vault of heaven.  
 COPPED-HILLS, hills rising to a head.  
 CORAM, a corruption of quorum.  
 CORANTOS, a dance.  
 COROLLARY, a surplus number.  
 CORRIVAL, a competitor.  
 CORROBORATE, to strengthen.  
 CORSLET, a little cuirass.  
 COTED, to overtake.  
 COUGHS, jack-daws.  
 COUNTERFEIT, portrait.  
 COUNTERPOINTS, counterpanes.  
 COWL-STAFF, a pole for carrying basket with  
     ears.  
 COXCOMB OF FRIZE, a cap of coarse cloth.  
 COY, to soothe or stroke.  
 COYSTRIL, one carrying, but not using arms.  
 CRACK, a boy.

CRACK-HEMP, a rascal.  
 CRANTS, (*Ger.*) garlands.  
 CRESCIVE, constantly increasing.  
 CRIED I AIM? did I give you encouragement?  
 CUCKOLD, a man whose wife is false.  
 CULLION, a despicable fellow.  
 CURST, shrewish.  
 CURSY, old word for courtesy.  
 CURTAIL-AXE, a cutlass.  
 CURTALL DOG, a worthless dog.  
 CUSTARD COFFIN, crust of a pie.  
 CYGNETS, young swans.  
 CYPRUS, thin transparent crape.  
 DAFF ME, put me off.  
 DAFF'D, put aside.  
 DANCE THE HAY, a round country dance.  
 DANKISH, damp.  
 DARKLING, in the dark.  
 DAUB, disguise.  
 DAY-WOMAN, a dairy woman.  
 DEARN, lonely, obscure.  
 DEBONAIR, affability, gentleness.  
 DEBOSHED, corruption of debauch.  
 DECKED THE SEA, covered.  
 DEFEATURES, (*Obs.*) defeats.  
 DEFEND, forbid, prohibit.  
 DERACINATE, to pluck up by the roots.  
 DESCANT, variations.  
 DEW-LAP, the flesh upon the human throat.  
 DIBBLE, tool for making holes in the ground.  
 DILDOS AND FADINGS.  
 DIS-BENCH, to drive from a bench.  
 DISCANDY, to melt.  
 DISGRACE OF DEATH, obscurity of death.  
 DISME, tithe or tenth.  
 DISPOS'D, inclined to be merry.  
 DOIT, a small coin.  
 DOLE, portion.  
 DOUBLE, full of duplicity.  
 DOUT, do out, obliterate.  
 DOWLE, particle of down.  
 DOWN-GYVED, hanging down.  
 DRACHMA, silver coin worth eighteen cents.  
 DRAFF, offal.  
 DREADFUL LAY, fearful wager.  
 DRIBBLING, small, weak.  
 DRUMBLE, slow or sluggish.  
 DRY HE WAS, (*Vul.*) thirsty.  
 DUCDAME, the burden of an old song.  
 DUN'S THE MOUSE, probably, be still.  
 ECSTASY, insanity.

EFTEST, quickest.  
 ELD, age.  
 ELF-SHIN, eel, long, thin.  
 ELVES, imaginary beings.  
 EMBOSSED, foaming.  
 EMPEY, power.  
 EMPOISON, to poison.  
 EMPRY, (*Obs.*) sovereign command.  
 ENCELADUS, powerful giants.  
 ENSHIELD, to cover.  
 EPHESIAN, (*Vul.*) toper.  
 EQUIPAGE, personal effects.  
 ESPERANCE, hope.  
 EVERLASTING LEIGER, resident ambassador.  
 EXCREMENT, hair or beard.  
 EXPEDIENCE, expedition.  
 EXSUFFICATE, (*Obs.*) probably, swollen.  
 EYAS-MUSKET, sparrow-hawk.  
 EYNE, (*Obs.*) plural of eye.  
 FADGE, suit, or agree.  
 FADOM, (*Ang. Sax.*) fathom.  
 FANTASIED, filled with fancies.  
 FARDEL, a burden carried.  
 FAR-FORTH, in advance.  
 FARTHINGALE, a hoop petticoat.  
 FAULCHION, a broad sword.  
 FAULT AND GLIMPSE, faulty glimpse.  
 FEDERARY, confederate.  
 FEE FARM, prolonged.  
 FEEDER, (*Obs.*) servant.  
 FEERE, companion or husband.  
 FEODARY, an old law term.  
 FERN SEED, invisible seed.  
 FILE, list.  
 FILLIP, smart sudden blow.  
 FINE ISSUES, great ends or purposes.  
 FIRE DRAKE, will-o'-the-wisp.  
 FITCHEW, a polecat.  
 FLAMEN, priest.  
 FLAP-DRAGON, raisins in burning brandy.  
 FLEERING, to mock.  
 FLEW'D, having hanging chaps.  
 FOIN, fence.  
 FOISON, abundance.  
 FOND, foolish.  
 FORFEITS, faults, crimes.  
 FORGETIVE, from forge, to invent.  
 FORMAL MAN, in his right senses.  
 FOOT-CLOTH, a robe reaching the ground.  
 FORTH-RIGHTS AND MEANDERS, straight and wandering paths.  
 FOUL, homely looking.

FOUL BUMBARD, dirty drinking can.  
 FOUL JAFE, dirty rascal.  
 FOX, (*Vul.*) sword.  
 FOYSONS, plenty.  
 FRACTED, a part displaced.  
 FRAMPOLD, uneasy, troublesome.  
 FRANKLIN, freeholder.  
 FRET, stop of a musical instrument.  
 FRIPPERY, old clothes shop.  
 FUMITER, fumitory.  
 FUSTY, mouldy, ill-smelling.  
 GABARDINE, a coarse cloak.  
 GALLIASS, a large galley.  
 GALLY-MAWFERY, the whole fair sex.  
 GAME OF TICK-TACK, complicated backgammon.  
 GAN VAIL HIS STOMACH, to lose heart.  
 GARDED, ornamented, trimmed.  
 GARISH, showy.  
 GENTILITY, politeness, urbanity.  
 GIB-CAT, a mutilated cat.  
 GIG, a kind of top.  
 GIGLOTS, women of loose character.  
 GILDER, a coin.  
 GILLYVORS, gilly flowers.  
 GIMMAL-BIT, a ring bit.  
 GIVE ME NOT THE BOOTS, (*Vul.*) do not ridicule me.  
 GLEEK, to joke.  
 GOBBETS, mouthfuls.  
 GOD'S SONTIES, God's saints.  
 GOOD-JER, "what the devil."  
 GOOD SPRANG MEMORY, quick.  
 GOOD WORDS, pot herbs.  
 GORGET, neck armor.  
 GORSE, species of furze.  
 GOSS, kind of low furze.  
 GOSSIPS, sponsors, midwives.  
 GOURD AND FULLAM, false dice.  
 GRAINED FACE, furrowed.  
 GRANGE, large detached farm house.  
 GREE, agree.  
 GREEN SLEEVE, popular old song.  
 GRISE, a step.  
 GUERDON'D, rewarded.  
 GUILD, deceiving.  
 GYVES, fetters.  
 HAGGARDS OF THE ROCK, a wild hawk.  
 HAGGISH, ugly, horrid.  
 HAGGLED, cut into small pieces.  
 HALF-CUPS, only half removed.  
 HALLOWMAS, first of November.

HAS CENSUR'D HIM, passed sentence on him.  
 HATCHMENT, escutcheon.  
 HEDGE-PRIEST, an ignorant priest.  
 HELMED, steered.  
 HENCHMAN, an attendant on foot.  
 HENT, (*Ang. Sax.*) seized, held.  
 HER THRUMM'D HAT, coarse woolen hat.  
 HEST, command.  
 HILDING, cowardly.  
 HIS COMPETITOR, partner, not rival.  
 HOLY ALES, church ales.  
 HOLY ROOD, the cross.  
 HOODMAN, blind man.  
 HOT-HOUSE, a bagnio.  
 HOUSEHOLD COAT, arms on colored glass.  
 HOXES, cutting the hamstrings.  
 HUMOROUS, humid.  
 I BID THE BASE, challenging to pursue.  
 I GIVE THE BUCKLERS, I yield.  
 I WIS, (*Ang. Sax.*) undoubtedly.  
 IMMANTY, barbarity, savageness.  
 IMP, bud of a tree.  
 IMP OUT, supplying deficient feathers.  
 IN SNUFF, being angry.  
 INCLE, worsted for working flowers.  
 INCONY, a term of endearment.  
 INHIBIT, forbid.  
 INKLES, inferior tape.  
 INTENABLE, incapable of holding.  
 INTERMISSION, delay, dilatoriness.  
 INTRINSICATE, entangled, perplexed.  
 JACK-A-LENT, a puppet.  
 JACK GUARDANT, Jack in office.  
 JACK OF THE CLOCK, a figure striking the hour.  
 JERKIN, a short coat.  
 JESSES, short straps about a hawk's foot.  
 JUDICIOUS EYLIADS, soft glances.  
 JUNKETS, sweetmeats, dainties.  
 KAM, crooked, awry.  
 KEECH, a mass of fat.  
 KEEL THE POT, cool the pot.  
 KERN, low Irish footman.  
 KERNES AND GALLOWGLASSES, light and heavy-armed foot soldiers.  
 KEY-COLD, stone cold.  
 KIBES, chilblains.  
 KICKY-WICKY, a jade.  
 KITCHEN MALKIN, the kitchen wench.  
 KNAP, to break off short.  
 KNAPPED, nibbled.  
 KNOT, band of persons.

- LABRAS, (*Span.*) lips.  
 LACED MUTTON, a courtesan.  
 LAMPASS, swelling of the roof of the mouth.  
 LAND DAMN, correcting to purpose.  
 LAND-RAKER, a foot-pad.  
 LAPWING, bird that cries the most where its nest is not.  
 LASHED WITH WOE, united as with a thong.  
 LATCH, to catch.  
 LATTEN BILBO, long and thin blades.  
 LAUND, lawn.  
 LAVOLTA, an old dance.  
 LAW OF WRIT, rules of composition.  
 LAY HER A-HOLD A-HOLD, to lie as near the wind as possible.  
 LEAVE ME YOUR SNATCHES, cease your sharp answers.  
 LEAVEND, not hasty.  
 LEETS, a court; a law-suit.  
 LEGERITY, lightness, nimbleness.  
 LEMAN, lover.  
 LIBBARD, leopard.  
 LIEGE, sovereign.  
 LIFTER, a thief.  
 LIKE URCHINS, OUPHES, AND FAIRIES, assuming the shape of hedgehogs, elfs.  
 LIMBECK, worm of a still.  
 LINSTOCK, a match-holder.  
 LITHER, flexible, pliant.  
 LITTLE EYASES, nestlings.  
 LOACH, a small prolific fish.  
 LOCKRAM, cheap linen.  
 LOFFE, (*Obs.*) laugh.  
 LOUTS, an awkward fellow.  
 LOWTED, baffled and insulted.  
 LOZEL, (*Ang. Nor.*) worthless fellow.  
 LUCE, a full grown pike.  
 LUNATIC BANS, lunatic curses.  
 LUNE, a fit of madness.  
 LUSH, juicy, succulent.  
 LUSTIQUE, cheerful, pleasant.  
 MACULATE, impure.  
 MALT-HORSE, a slow, heavy horse.  
 MAMMERING, to hesitate.  
 MAMMOCK, a large round hill.  
 MANDRAGORA, a genus of plants.  
 MANKIN, mop made of clouts.  
 MARCHPANE, a delicious confection.  
 MEAZEL, scurvy low fellow.  
 MESH'D, mashed or mingled.  
 METE-YARD, measuring yard.  
 MICHER, a truant.  
 MICKLE, much.  
 MIDDLE-EARTH, the world.  
 MILK-SOP, bread sopped in milk.  
 MILL-SIXPENCE, the first milled money.  
 MINCE, trip away.  
 MINOTAUR, a fabled monster.  
 MISANTHROPOS, a hater of mankind.  
 MISCONSTER'D, misconstrued.  
 MISPRISED, mistaken.  
 MODERN, slight, trivial.  
 MODULE, model.  
 MOCKWATER, water drained from dung hills.  
 MOME, fool.  
 MONTH'S MIND, strong inclination.  
 MOONCALF, imperfectly developed fœtus.  
 MORRIS-PIKE, a Moorish pike.  
 MORSEL, a small person.  
 MORT, dead.  
 MOST CONTRARIUS QUESTS, cross or contrary questions.  
 MOTION, puppet show.  
 MOULD-WARP, the mole.  
 MOUNTEBANK, a quack.  
 MOUSED, mangled by the mouth.  
 MOUSE-HUNT, a weasel.  
 MOY, a piece of money.  
 MULLECHO, a skulker.  
 MUMBUDGET, a cant term for silence.  
 MURE, to inclose in walls.  
 MUSCLE-SHELL, a simpleton standing with his mouth open.  
 MY DAM'S GOD, SETEBOS, the supreme god of the Patagonians.  
 NAY-WORD, a watchword.  
 NEB, the bill of a bird.  
 NEELD, same as needle.  
 NEEZE, (*Obs.*) to sneeze.  
 NEIF, the hand or fist.  
 NEINY, people.  
 NIGHT-RAVEN, owl.  
 NINE MEN'S MORRIS, a game of nine pieces.  
 NOOK-SHOTTEN, irregular coast line.  
 NOTT-PATED, hair cut short and round.  
 NOURISH, to support.  
 NOWL, head.  
 OBSEQUIOUS, careful of funeral rites.  
 OCCURRENTS, incidents.  
 OLD-FACED ANCIENT, patched flag or standard.  
 ONEYERS, accountants of the exchequer.  
 OPPUGNANCY, opposition.  
 ORGULOUS, proud, disdainful.



ORIENT, bright or sparkling.  
 ORISONS, prayers.  
 OSTENT, show, appearance.  
 OUPHE, a fairy, a goblin.  
 OUT OF ALL NICK, out of all reckoning.  
 OUT THREE YEARS, quite three years.  
 OVER-SCUTCHED, dirty or grimed.  
 PALING, a fence.  
 PALLIAMENT, a white robe of lambskins.  
 PANTLER, officer in charge of the pantry.  
 PARCEL BAWD, partly a bawd.  
 PARD, a leopard; any spotted beast.  
 PARLE, speech.  
 PARLOUS, perilous.  
 PARMACITI, spermaceti.  
 PASH, rough pressure.  
 PASSY PAVIN, an old dance.  
 PATCHES, fools, clowns.  
 PATEN, small plate used at the altar.  
 PAUCAS PALLABRIS, (*Span.*) few words.  
 PEACH, to turn informer.  
 PEIZE, to weigh.  
 PELTING, paltry.  
 PELTING FARM, mean.  
 PERDU, on the watch.  
 PERDURABLY, everlastingly.  
 PERDY, corruption of par dieu.  
 PEREGRINATE, having traveled.  
 PERGGING, cheating, thieving.  
 PERIAPTS, amulets or charms.  
 PERPEND, consider attentively.  
 PHEER, mate or companion.  
 PHEESE, beat, chastise.  
 PHILL-HORSE, shaft horse.  
 PICKT-HATCH, rendezvous for bad characters.  
 PIEL'D, peeled, the crown shaven.  
 PILCHARD, a fish.  
 PILCHER, scabbard.  
 PLACKETS, pockets in a petticoat.  
 PLAMER, one who cheats at dice.  
 PLANTAGE, (*Obs.*) vegetation, plants.  
 PLEACHED ARMS, folded arms.  
 POINT DEVICE, precise.  
 POINT-DE-VICE, (*Fr.*) in the extreme fashion.  
 POISON'D VOICE, probably, poisoned.  
 POKE, sack.  
 POLACK, Polander.  
 POMEWATER, sweet juicy apple.  
 POOR INFORMAL WOMEN, women out of their senses.

PORPENTINE, porcupine.  
 PORT-SHOW, appearance.  
 POSSET, milk curdled.  
 POTCH, to push.  
 POULTER, a poulterer.  
 POUNCET-BOX, a small perfumed box.  
 PRECISIAN, one who restrains.  
 PREGNANT, ready, well informed.  
 PRIAPUS, god of licentiousness.  
 PRIMERO, the oldest known game of cards.  
 PROBAL, probable.  
 PRÆAMBULET, having precedence.  
 PRONE, quick, ready.  
 PUISNE, small and feeble.  
 PUISSANCE, strength, potency.  
 PUKE-STOCKINGS, of a russet black.  
 PURSUIVANT, state messenger.  
 PUTTOCK, worthless hawk.  
 PYGMALEON'S IMAGES, his image was a virgin.  
 QUAIL, slacken, relax.  
 QUAIN, brisk, dexterous.  
 QUEASINESS, nausea.  
 QUEASY, squeamish, nice.  
 QUELL, to take the life.  
 QUERN, a hand-mill.  
 QUILLET, nicety.  
 QUINTAIN, a spindle on the top of a post.  
 QUIPS, taunts, scoffs.  
 QUIRED, put in the choir.  
 QUITTANCE, return.  
 QUOIF, a cap or hood.  
 QUOTED, regarded.  
 RABATO, a plaited ruff.  
 RABBIT-SUCKER, a weasel.  
 RACK THE VALUE, place the utmost on it.  
 RAUGHT, reached.  
 RAVEN, to eat with voracity.  
 RAVIN DOWN, devour.  
 RAW, ignorant.  
 RAYED, made dirty.  
 RAZURE, act of effacing.  
 REAR-MICE, bats.  
 RECHEAT, horn blast recalling dogs.  
 RECK, to make account of.  
 RECORDER, a flageolet.  
 RED LATTICE, the sign of an ale-house.  
 RED-LATTICE-PHRASES, ale-house phrases.  
 REECHY, discolored by smoke or sweat.  
 REEK, vapor.  
 REEKY, smoky, foul.  
 RENAGES, cast off.

RENEGE, to deny.  
 RESOLVE YOU, convince you.  
 RESPECTIVE, regardful.  
 REVERB, to reverberate.  
 RHEUM, overaction of any organ.  
 RIGO.  
 RIM, the midriff, or diaphragm.  
 RIVAGE, bank or shore.  
 RIVALITY, (*Obs.*) emulation.  
 RIVO, to be merry.  
 ROASTED CRABS, roasted crab apples.  
 ROMAGE, tumult, hurry.  
 ROINISH, mangy.  
 ROPERY, roguery.  
 ROUNDEL, a roundelay.  
 ROUNDURE, (*Fr.*) circle.  
 ROW, successively.  
 RUDESBY, a rude rough fellow.  
 RUFFLE, noisy, turbulent.  
 RUMP-FED, fed on offal.  
 SACHERSON, a famous bear.  
 SACK, white Spanish wine.  
 SAGITTARY, a fictitious animal, man and horse.  
 SALLET, helmet.  
 SALVAGES, savages.  
 SCALL, a term of reproach.  
 SCAMELS, limpets.  
 SCARFED, decorated with flags.  
 SCATHFUL, destructive.  
 SCONCE, helmet, old term for head.  
 SCROYLE, a man of scrofulous habit, a leper.  
 SCRUBBED, stunted.  
 SCUT, a tail.  
 SEA MONSTER, hippopotamus.  
 SEAR UP, probably, soldering.  
 SELD-SHOWN, seldom.  
 SERPIGO, a disease of the skin.  
 SHAFT, a thick short arrow.  
 SHARDBORNE, with wings like shards.  
 SHARDS, broken pots.  
 SHENT, ruined.  
 SHIP-TIRE, ribands floating like streamers.  
 SHIVE, slice.  
 SHOG OFF, (*Vul.*) will you go?  
 SHOTTEN, one that has spawned.  
 SHOUGHS, cross between dogs and wolves.  
 SIMULAR, a pretender.  
 SITH, since.  
 SITHENCE, (*Ang. Sax.*) since.  
 SKAINS-MATES, cut-throat companions.  
 SKIN, to cover superficially.

SLOPS, large loose trousers.  
 SMOCK, a long coarse garment.  
 SMUG, affected neatness.  
 SNEAK, a street musician.  
 SNEAK-CUP, one who evades drinking.  
 SNEAP, a reprimand.  
 SNEAPING, nipping.  
 SNICK UP, (*Vul.*) go hang.  
 SO-HOUGH! an old hunting cry.  
 SOLIDARES, small pieces of money.  
 SOUSE, to plunge into water.  
 SOWTER, a cobbler.  
 SPILTH, any thing spilt.  
 SPITAL-HOUSE, a hospital.  
 SPOTTED, stained, guilty.  
 SPRIGHTED, haunted.  
 SPRINGE, a noose to catch a bird.  
 SPRING-HALT, probably, string-halt.  
 SQUASH, an unripe peascod.  
 STALE, laughing stock; a trap or decoy.  
 STALKING HORSE, a pretense.  
 STANIEL, a base kind of hawk.  
 STARKLY, stiffly.  
 STATIST, a statesman.  
 ST. COLM'S INCH, a small island.  
 STIGMATIC, a criminal branded.  
 STITHED, stith, strong, rigid, an anvil.  
 STOCCADO, a thrust with a rapier.  
 STOMACH, (*Obs.*) appetite.  
 STRAPPADO, a military punishment.  
 STRICTURE, strictness.  
 STUFFED, furnished.  
 SUQURE OF SENSE, full compass of sense.  
 SURCEASE, to stop.  
 SWART, to make tawny.  
 SWASHER, one who boasts of valor.  
 SWASHING, noisy blustering.  
 SWINGE-BUCKLER, a bully.  
 SWOUND, to swoon.  
 TAFFETY, very thin silk.  
 TALLOWKEECH, fat of an ox rolled up.  
 TARRE, to stimulate or set on.  
 TARRIANCE, delay.  
 TAXATION, censure, satire.  
 TEEN, sorrow, trouble, grief.  
 TEMPORARY MEDDLER, time-serving.  
 TESTERNED ME, given me a sixpence.  
 THE EATING CANKER, caterpillar.  
 THE MOATED GRANGE, a large farm house.  
 THE NUTHOOK HUMOR, calling a man thief.  
 THE SWEAT, the plague.  
 THE TRIUMVERY, three cornered gallows.

- THICK-PLEACHED, thickly interwoven.  
 THIRDBOROUGH, an under constable.  
 THRASONICAL, bragging, boasting.  
 THREE-PIL'D, the finest kind.  
 THREE VENIES, touches, or hits.  
 THROSTLE, machines for spinning.  
 THY VILD RACE, natural, inherited disposition.  
 TIGHTLY, quickly.  
 TIKE, a clown.  
 TIRE-VALIANT, resisting fatigue.  
 TIRING-HOUSE, the dressing room of theatres.  
 'T IS IN HIS BUTTONS, he is the man for it.  
 TO AFFY, to betroth.  
 TO BIDE, to abide, endure.  
 TO BOTTOM, to wind as on a spool.  
 TO CART, to draw through the town on a cart.  
 TO CLIP, to embrace, to strike.  
 TO DANCE BAREFOOT, to be an old maid.  
 TO GIRD, to taunt, or sneer at.  
 TO GLEEK, to mock, scoff.  
 TO GLUT HIM, to swallow him.  
 TOIL, enclosure.  
 TO POINT, perfection.  
 TO ROOK, to squat down.  
 TO SLUBBER, neglect.  
 TO SPERRE, to defend by bars.  
 TO TAKE THE HATCH, to leap a hedge in fear.  
 TO TROW, to believe.  
 TOUZE, to pull or tear.  
 TO WEET, to know.  
 TRAJECT, Venetian ferries.  
 TRAY-TRIP, a game at dice.  
 TRENCHED IN ICE, cut or carved in ice.  
 TRICKSY, quick, clever, elegant.  
 TROSSERS, close fitting breeches.  
 TRUCKET, a flourish on the trumpet.  
 TUCKET-SONANCE, trumpet flourish.  
 TURN HIS GIRDLE, to give a challenge.  
 TWIGGEN, covered with wicker work.  
 UMBER, a dusky yellow earth.  
 UNANEL'D, without extreme unction.  
 UNCAPE, digging out the fox.  
 UNEATH, not easily.  
 UNHAIRED, beardless.  
 UNHOUSED, free from domestic care.  
 UNHOUSEL'D, without the sacrament.  
 UNION, a precious pearl.  
 UNSHAK'D, unmoved by solicitation.  
 URCHINS, hedgehogs.  
 USANCE, interest on money.  
 UTIS, a merry festival.  
 VAILING, bending, bowing.  
 VAIL YOUR REGARD, lower.  
 VANT-BRACE, armor for the arm.  
 VELURE, shaggy hair.  
 VIED, hazarded.  
 VILLAIN, slave.  
 VINEW'DEST, (*Obs.*) mouldy, musty.  
 VIZAMENTS, deliberations.  
 WALL-EY'D, large, white, distorted.  
 WAPPENED, debilitated by disease.  
 WARDER, truncheon.  
 WASSAILS, (*Ang. Sax.*) merry-meetings.  
 WATER-RATS, pirates.  
 WEALS-MEN, statesmen, politicians.  
 WEB AND PIN, diseases of the eye.  
 WELKIN, the vault of heaven.  
 WEZAND, windpipe.  
 WHELK'D, varied with protuberance.  
 WHERE HE MEAL'D, sprinkled, defiled.  
 WHITING-TIME, bleaching time.  
 WHITSTERS, bleachers of linen.  
 WILD MORISCO, morris-dancer.  
 WILTOL CUCKOLD, one who consents to his wife's infidelity.  
 WOODCOCK, a foolish fellow.  
 WOOLWARD, the wool next the skin.  
 WOOSL-COCK, a blackbird.  
 YARE, quick.  
 Y-CLEPED, called.  
 YOU FIRY OES, anything round.  
 YOU MUST BE PREECHES, flogged.  
 YOUNKER, a young fellow.  
 ZANIES, a fool's baubles.

SUPPLEMENTARY INDEX,

INCLUDING

SUBORDINATE CHARACTERS AND CHARACTERS UNQUOTED.





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<b>Adrian.</b> —A lord.	<i>T.</i>	<b>Dennis.</b> —Servant to Oliver.	<i>A. Y.</i>
<b>Alexas.</b> —An attendant on Cleopatra.	<i>A. C.</i>	<b>Diomedes.</b> —An attendant on Cleopatra.	<i>A. C.</i>
<b>Anne Bullen.</b> —Maid of honor, afterwards Queen.	<i>H. VIII.</i>	<b>Diomedes.</b> —A Grecian commander.	<i>T. C.</i>
<b>Archidamus.</b> —A Bohemian lord.	<i>W. T.</i>	<b>Dion.</b> —A Sicilian lord.	<i>W. T.</i>
<b>Audrey.</b> —A country wench.	<i>A. Y.</i>	<b>Doctor Butts.</b> —Physician to the King.	<i>H. VIII.</i>
<b>Balthasar.</b> —Servant to Romeo.	<i>R. J.</i>	<b>Dorcas.</b> —A shepherdess.	<i>W. T.</i>
<b>Balthazar.</b> —Attendant to Don Pedro.	<i>M. A.</i>	<b>Duke of Bedford.</b> —Brother to the King.	<i>H. V.</i>
<b>Balthazar.</b> —Servant to Portia.	<i>M. V.</i>	<b>Duke of Burgundy.</b>	<i>H. V.</i>
<b>Bardolph.</b>	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>	<b>Duke of Florence.</b>	<i>A. W.</i>
<b>Bates.</b> —A soldier.	<i>H. V.</i>	<b>Duke of Gloucester.</b> —Brother to the King.	<i>H. V.</i>
<b>Bernardo.</b> —An officer.	<i>H.</i>	<b>Duke of Norfolk.</b>	<i>R. III.</i>
<b>Bishop of Lincoln.</b>	<i>H. VIII.</i>	<b>Duke of Suffolk.</b>	<i>H. VIII.</i>
<b>Bianca.</b> —Sister to Katherine.	<i>T. S.</i>	<b>Duke of York.</b> —Cousin to the King.	<i>H. V.</i>
<b>Bullcalf.</b> —A recruit.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>	<b>Dull.</b> —A constable.	<i>L. L.</i>
<b>Caithness.</b>	<i>M.</i>	<b>Dumain.</b> —A lord attending on the King.	<i>L. L.</i>
<b>Canadius.</b> —Lieutenant-general to Antony.	<i>A. C.</i>	<b>Earl of Cambridge.</b> —Conspirator against the King.	<i>H. V.</i>
<b>Capucius.</b> —Ambassador to the Emperor Charles.	<i>H. VIII.</i>	<b>Earl of Salisbury.</b>	<i>H. V.</i>
<b>Cardinal Campeius.</b>	<i>H. VIII.</i>	<b>Earl of Salisbury.</b>	<i>H. VI., 1 pt.</i>
<b>Christopher Urswick.</b> —A priest.	<i>R. III.</i>	<b>Earl of Surry.</b> —Son of the Duke of Norfolk.	<i>R. III.</i>
<b>Cicero.</b> —A senator.	<i>J. C.</i>	<b>Earl of Warwick.</b>	<i>H. V.</i>
<b>Cinna.</b> —A conspirator.	<i>J. C.</i>	<b>Edward.</b> —Son to the Duke of York.	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>
<b>Cinna.</b> —A poet.	<i>J. C.</i>	<b>Eglamour.</b> —Agent for Silvia in her escape.	<i>T. G.</i>
<b>Claudius.</b> —Servant to Brutus.	<i>J. C.</i>	<b>Elbow.</b> —A simple constable.	<i>M. M.</i>
<b>Cleomenes.</b> —A Sicilian lord.	<i>W. T.</i>	<b>Emilia.</b> —A lady attending on the Queen.	<i>W. T.</i>
<b>Cornelius.</b> —Ambassador returned from Norway.	<i>H.</i>	<b>Escanes.</b> —A lord of Tyre.	<i>P.</i>
<b>Court.</b> —A soldier.	<i>H. V.</i>	<b>Euphronius.</b> —An ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.	<i>A. C.</i>
<b>Curan.</b> —A courtier.	<i>K. L.</i>		
<b>Curio.</b> —A gentleman attending on the Duke.	<i>T. N.</i>		
<b>Curtis.</b> —Servant to Petrucio.	<i>T. S.</i>		
<b>Dardanius.</b> —A servant to Brutus.	<i>J. C.</i>		

<b>Fang.</b> —Sheriff's officer.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>	<b>Leonine.</b> —Servant to Dionyza.	<i>P.</i>
<b>Feeble.</b> —A recruit.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>	<b>Ligarius.</b> —A conspirator.	<i>J. C.</i>
<b>Fleance.</b> —Son to Banquo.	<i>M.</i>	<b>Lodovico.</b> —Kinsman to Brabantio.	<i>O.</i>
<b>Flute.</b> —The bellows mender.	<i>M. N.</i>	<b>Lord Loyal.</b>	<i>R. III.</i>
<b>Francisca.</b> —A nun.	<i>M. M.</i>	<b>Lord Rambures.</b>	<i>H. V.</i>
<b>Francisco.</b> —A soldier.	<i>H.</i>	<b>Lord Ross.</b>	<i>R. II.</i>
<b>Frebonius.</b> —A conspirator.	<i>J. C.</i>	<b>Lord Scales.</b> —Governor of the Tower.	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>
<b>Frederick.</b> —Brother to the Duke, and usurper of his dominions.	<i>A. Y.</i>	<b>Luce.</b> —Luciana's servant.	<i>C. E.</i>
<b>Friar John.</b>	<i>R. J.</i>	<b>Lucilius.</b> —Friend to Brutus and Cassius.	<i>J. C.</i>
<b>Froth.</b> —A foolish gentleman.	<i>M. M.</i>	<b>Lucilius.</b> —Servant to Timon.	<i>T. A.</i>
<b>Gallus.</b> —A friend of Cæsar.	<i>A. C.</i>	<b>Lucius.</b> —A noble, and flatterer of Timon.	<i>T. A.</i>
<b>Geffery, Fitz-Peter.</b> —Earl of Essex, Chief Justicary of England.	<i>K. J.</i>	<b>Lucius.</b> —Servant to Brutus.	<i>J. C.</i>
<b>Governor of Harfleur.</b>	<i>H. V.</i>	<b>Lucullus.</b> —A noble, and flatterer of Timon.	<i>T. A.</i>
<b>Governor of Paris.</b>	<i>H. VI., 1 pt.</i>	<b>Lychorida.</b> —Nurse to Marina.	<i>P.</i>
<b>Gower.</b> —A gentleman of the King's party.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>	<b>Lysimachus.</b> —Governor of Mitylene.	<i>P.</i>
<b>Green.</b> —A favorite of the King.	<i>R. II.</i>	<b>M. Æmilius Lepidus.</b> —A triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar.	<i>J. C.</i>
<b>Harcourt.</b> —A gentleman of the King's party.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>	<b>Mamillius.</b> —Son to Leontes.	<i>W. T.</i>
<b>Helen.</b> —An attendant on Imogen.	<i>Cym.</i>	<b>Maria.</b> —Olivia's waiting-woman.	<i>T. N.</i>
<b>Helenus.</b> —A son of Priam.	<i>T. C.</i>	<b>Mariana.</b> —Betrothed to Angelo.	<i>M. M.</i>
<b>Henry Percy.</b> —Earl of Northumberland.	<i>H. IV., 1 pt.</i>	<b>Mardian.</b> —An attendant on Cleopatra.	<i>A. C.</i>
<b>Hostess.</b> —Now married to Pistol.	<i>H. V.</i>	<b>Margarelon.</b> —A bastard son of Priam.	<i>T. C.</i>
<b>Innogen.</b> —Wife to Leonato.	<i>M. A.</i>	<b>Margery Jourdain.</b> —A witch.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>
<b>Iras.</b> —Attendant on Cleopatra.	<i>A. C.</i>	<b>Master Gunner of Orleans.</b>	<i>H. VI., 1 pt.</i>
<b>Isabel.</b> —Queen of France.	<i>H. V.</i>	<b>Mayor of St. Albans.</b>	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>
<b>James Gurney.</b> —Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.	<i>K. J.</i>	<b>Menelaus.</b> —Brother of Agamemnon.	<i>T. C.</i>
<b>Jamy.</b> —A Scotch officer.	<i>H. V.</i>	<b>Menteth.</b>	<i>M.</i>
<b>Jaquenetta.</b> —A country wench.	<i>L. L.</i>	<b>Mercade.</b> —A lord attending on the Princess of France.	<i>L. L.</i>
<b>John Morton.</b> —Bishop of Ely.	<i>R. III.</i>	<b>Michael.</b> —A follower of Cade.	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>
<b>Juliet.</b> —Beloved of Claudio.	<i>M. M.</i>	<b>Mistress Overdone.</b> —A bawd.	<i>M. M.</i>
<b>Juno.</b> —A spirit.	<i>T.</i>	<b>Mopsa.</b> —A shepherdess.	<i>W. T.</i>
<b>Katherine.</b> —Daughter of Charles and Isabel.	<i>H. V.</i>	<b>Mouldy.</b> —A recruit.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>
<b>Lady Montague.</b> —Wife to Montague.	<i>R. J.</i>	<b>Mutius.</b> —Son of Titus Andronicus.	<i>Tit. And.</i>
<b>Lady Mortimer.</b> —Daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.	<i>H. IV., 1 pt.</i>		
<b>Lady Northumberland.</b>	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>		
<b>Leonardo.</b> —Servant to Bassanio.	<i>M. V.</i>		

Nicanor.—A Roman in the service of the Volcians.	<i>C.</i>	Sir John Coleville.—An enemy to the King.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>
Old Gobbo.—Father to Launcelot.	<i>M. V.</i>	Sir John Fastolfe.	<i>H. VI., 1 pt.</i>
Osric.—A foppish courtier.	<i>H.</i>	Sir Nicholas Vaux.	<i>H. VIII.</i>
Oswald.—Steward to Goneril.	<i>K. L.</i>	Sir Oliver Martext.—A vicar.	<i>A. Y.</i>
Patience.—An attendant on Queen Katharine.	<i>H. VIII.</i>	Sir Richard Ratcliffe.	<i>R. III.</i>
Peter.—A friar.	<i>M. M.</i>	Sir Thomas Erpingham.	<i>H. V.</i>
Peter.—Horner's man.	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>	Sir Thomas Gargrave.	<i>H. VI., 1 pt.</i>
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Peto.	<i>H. IV., 1 pt.</i>	Sir Thomas Vaughan.	<i>R. III.</i>
Publius.—Son to Marcus, the tribune.	<i>Tit. And.</i>	Sir Walter Herbert.	<i>R. III.</i>
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Pindarus.—Servant to Cassius.	<i>J. C.</i>	Snug.—The joiner.	<i>M. N.</i>
Popilius Lena.—A senator.	<i>J. C.</i>	Southwell.—A priest.	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>
Publius.—A senator.	<i>J. C.</i>	Starveling.—The tailor.	<i>M. N.</i>
Quintus.—Son of Titus Andronicus.	<i>Tit. And.</i>	Stephano.—Servant to Portia.	<i>M. V.</i>
Reynaldo.—A dependent on Polonius.	<i>H.</i>	Steward.—Servant to the Countess Rousillon.	<i>A. W.</i>
Rogero.—A Sicilian gentleman.	<i>W. T.</i>	Strato.—Servant to Brutus.	<i>J. C.</i>
Robert Bigot.—Earl of Norfolk.	<i>K. J.</i>	Taurus.—Lieutenant-general to Cæsar.	<i>A. C.</i>
Robert Faulconbridge.—Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.	<i>K. J.</i>	The goddess Diana.	<i>P.</i>
Seleucus.—Treasurer to Cleopatra.	<i>A. C.</i>	Thomas.—A friar.	<i>M. M.</i>
Sempronius.—A noble, and flatterer of Timon.	<i>T. A.</i>	Thomas Beaufort.—Duke of Exeter, great-uncle to the King.	<i>H. VI., 1 pt.</i>
Servilius.—Servant to Timon.	<i>T. A.</i>	Thomas Rotherum.	<i>R. III.</i>
Seyton.—An officer attending on Macbeth.	<i>M.</i>	Thyreas.—A friend to Cæsar.	<i>A. C.</i>
Shadow.—A recruit.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>	Timandra.—Alcibiades' mistress.	<i>T. A.</i>
Silence.—A country justice.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>	Titinius.—Friend to Brutus and Cassius.	<i>J. C.</i>
Silius.—An officer in Ventidius's army.	<i>A. C.</i>	Tubal.—A Jew, friend to Shylock.	<i>M. V.</i>
Simpcox.—An impostor.	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>	Valentine.—A gentleman attending on the Duke.	<i>T. N.</i>
Sir Antony Demy.	<i>H. VIII.</i>	Varrius.	<i>M. M.</i>
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother.	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>	Varrius.—Friend of Pompey.	<i>A. C.</i>
Sir James Blunt.	<i>R. III.</i>	Varro.—Servant to Brutus.	<i>J. C.</i>
		Vincentio.—An old gentleman of Pisa.	<i>T. S.</i>



<b>Violanta.</b> —Neighbor and friend to the widow.	<i>A. W.</i>	<b>Wart.</b> —A recruit.	<i>H. IV., 2 pt.</i>
<b>Virgilia.</b> —Wife to Coriolanus.	<i>C.</i>	<b>Wife to Simpcox.</b>	<i>H. VI., 2 pt.</i>
<b>Voltimand.</b> —Ambassador returned from Norway.	<i>H.</i>	<b>Woodville.</b> —Lieutenant of the Tower.	<i>H. VI., 1 pt.</i>
<b>Volumnius.</b> —Friend to Brutus and Cassius.	<i>J. C.</i>	<b>Young Cato.</b> —Friend to Brutus and Cassius.	<i>J. C.</i>



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: Feb. 2009

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